

PROLOGUE:

Voldemort smiled evilly as he looked down at the two Potter kids, both born on that cursed day that was to mark the birth of his downfall. The thought of such a thing was humorous at most but still, he couldn't just ignore the underlying fear of possibility.

No! He had to finish this right now. After all, he had lured the Potters away from the house and killed Sirius Black, the person who was to look after the babies, now he could finish his business and be away, making plans rather than killing babies as if he had nothing better to do.

Looking down at the first baby, he saw black hair and emerald green eyes staring defiantly at him. He so loved it when someone defied him only to die a moment later. The boy looked around as if searching for an escape route. No more than one years old, Voldemort could tell the boy would be unusually intelligent.

Out of respect, Voldemort turned and decided to kill the other boy first. Reddish brown hair and amber eyes full to the brim with tears. Now that was more like what babies should be. Avada Kedavra

The curse sped from Voldemort's wand and hit John Potter on the forehead before rebounding back with unreal speed and hitting Voldemort right in the chest. The last thing that was heard was a chilling unreal scream right when James and Lily Potter portkeyed to their house. And then...utter silence.

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Lily Potter had her head on the shoulder of her husband and was crying. While young Harry Potter was sitting in the next seat staring at his mother curiously. They were at St. Mungos and John Potter was being checked up while the rest of the wizarding world celebrated the death of Voldemort and toasted to their savior...John Potter.

Dumbledore had told both Lily and James of the prophecy and the fact that Voldemort was not dead and they both now knew the importance of their son, the boy-who-lived...John Potter.

Suddenly a healer came out of the ward with a grim looking face and led the Potter's to a private room. He told them to be seated while he began pacing behind his desk.

"Is he alright, healer?" James started.

"Yes he is in no danger, but..." The healer paused as if contemplating what to say and then turned and looked directly at James.

"He has no magical reserves left, and nothing we can do can charge his magical core."

"WHAT! Are you telling me that he is no more than a muggle?!?" James asked outraged that someone could say that after what John had done.

"No, he is more than a muggle, he still has a magical core, though he has no reserves of magic, which effectively makes him...a squib."

James was still outraged so Lily addressed the healer. "Can't you do anything, anything at all to give him magical reserves?" Lily thought of what the people would say to the boy-who-lived being a squib.

"Well..." the healer once again contemplated what to say "...there is the process of magical transfer, but to find someone his age..." he looked at Harry for a moment sitting in Lily's lap. "...no i dare not say it."

"WHAT?" James was practically on his feet now. "What you don't realize, is that this is no ordinary child, he is the boy-who-lived, defeater of You-Know-Who, we can't live in the shame if he is a squib."

"Well..if you insist..." The healer straightened himself and explained, "The magical transfer requires another child of his age and we will transfer the other child's magical reserves, leaving the one from whom is transferred, practically a squib. But nobody is actually willing to give up their child's magic and you probably wouldn't be happy if

the squib thing is transferred from one to the other..." he said finally pointing at Harry.

"Do it." Both Lily and James said simultaneously. They turned to look at each other bewildered by the other's answer and then both nodded in agreement.

"There is also the chance that the donor child will die" The healer asked, still uncertain.

Lily's determination waned as both parents went into deep thought. "Is You-Know-Who really going to return?" James questioned Dumbledore.

"There is no doubt about that, and it is also certain that he will seek to kill John." Dumbledore said serenely. Lily was still indecisive but James had already made his choice. He handed Harry to the healer. "But.." Lily was about to say before James cut her off. "John would certainly die without magic Lily, let us hope for the best." James tried to mitigate the reality of what was happening. The healer looked uncertain for a while, shooting questioning glances at both parents but at James nod and reluctantly Lily's as well, a mask of determination overcame him as he carried Harry and went into the ward that held John.

'We're sorry Harry' Both Lily and James thought as they hugged each other.

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Their sorrows were soon forgotten as the healer came out holding John and another holding Harry. Both parents rushed towards John, each thinking that the other would go towards Harry. Both decided on holding John first and then Harry. This one mistake would possibly be the biggest of their lives.

Meanwhile a reporter had reported on Harry Potter, brother of the boy-who-lived, being a squib. But even that scandal would soon vanish.

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A party was being held at Potter manor the next night. Of course it was past their bedtimes and Harry and John were expected to sleep. But could there be a party about the boy-who-lived without the boy-who-lived? John was the centre of attention while Harry was left alone in his room.

Harry sat in the center of his cot and looked at his hands. He felt, though he couldn't understand that a part of him had died. It was almost as if he couldn't find any strength in him, not even to move his body. He looked at himself as sleep overcame him, and a single tear fell from his eye for his helplessness.

The next morning, he would forget all about his helplessness that overcame him but it wouldn't do to say that he would forget it forever. For he would remember it often as he grew up, and it would give him the determination to overcome it, and come out on top.

[illegible]

The birthday

Harry and John's sixth birthday approached as not much happened before. Except the occasional accidental magic from John. The boys were treated in much the same way and occasionally John would be favored though Harry never knew and was too young to think about it. Public places where they went with John as a celebrity, the boy-who-lived, Harry wasn't taken along and was always put to sleep with the help of a charm.

Though his parents did feel a little guilty about that, so they sometimes took Harry to the muggle though Harry was extraordinary intelligent for being such a small child, he could not perceive that his parents would favor John often...yet.

Both Harry and John rushed down the stairs from their rooms on their birthday eager to see what they would get. Even after some pushing and shoving, they both reached the living room door at exactly the same time.

“SURPRISE!” Everybody yelled just as they entered, which wasn't saying there were many people. Only Remus, and Peter were invited along with their parents.

Harry eagerly went up to meet everybody while John ran straight for the stack of presents. Peter didn't so much as look at Harry before hurrying off before John. Harry got a hug from both parents and Remus as he settled down on a seat.

“John! cake first, presents later.” Lily called John over as everybody began to settle around the cake that said “Harry John-day” in some lame attempt by James to say Happy Birthday. Well, his marauder spirit was still in him. Everybody became ready as both Harry and John were about to blow the candles.

I wish I get a broom for my birthday John thought while idly seeking a glance at the pile of presents.

I am happy as it is. I don't need any stupid wishes. Harry thought not knowing that his life was about to take a turn. Or maybe it was already on a turn, he just hadn't noticed it.

After blowing the candles, cutting the cake and singing Happy Birthday quite a few times along with kisses from Lily everyone went over to the presents on John's insistence.

The first present opened was from Peter. He had gotten John a child's wand, which when you wave it, sent out colored sparks. Naturally John was pretty excited. When Harry asked where his present was, Peter became uneasy. He put his hand in his pocket and took out a stick.

"Here you go, sorry it hasn't got the enchantments but you could play with it just as well." Harry just stared at Peter knowing something was off as he put the stick on the table. As John went to open his next present, nobody noticed the stick vanishing...as if it was conjured and the magic had wore off.

Remus gave both boys small money boxes, each enlarged inside. "Now that you have grown up, you can start having some money." Remus added cheerily giving each a galleon to put in their boxes. Both boys were happy with the gift and now turned to the remaining gifts from their parents.

James picked up the last two presents and thrust one in each of their hands. "WOW! Thanks daddy" John had already torn his presents' wrapping to reveal a miniature broom. He was hugging his dad with one arm while the broom with the other.

Harry had carefully unwrapped his package to receive a board game named Risk. "What's this daddy?" Harry asked looking sceptically at his gift.

"It's a muggle board game son, your mum and Remus used to play it if I remember correctly." James replied. "That's right James, and you wouldn't ever play a muggle game." Lily replied.

"Why do I get a muggle game while John gets a broom?" Harry's voice broke through James and Lily's argument. "Because you are a muggle!" Peter replied instantly.

Harry was still confused so James took him to another corner of the room. "Look son, i think it's time we tell you" James replied with a faraway look. "Tell me what daddy?"

"Well...you must know that some kids are born in magic families that have no magic. They are called squibs..." James was now very uneasy. He couldn't believe that a child's stare would ever make him that uneasy. But the emerald eyes were looking at him inquiringly as if he was the child. "And I'm afraid you're a squib Harry."

Harry just stood there nonplussed while James gave him a small pat and returned to the rest of the people. Lily looked at James inquiringly to which James gave a small nod and said "he'll come to terms with it eventually."

Soon after James and Peter went out to watch John fly while Lily made her way towards Harry.

"I'm sorry honey. I know how you must be feeling." Lily started but Harry cut her off. "How can you know what I'm feeling, you're a WITCH!" Anger had started boiling up inside him along with tears coming to his eyes.

Not wanting to cry there, Harry ran up to his room and shut it with a bang. Running over to his bed, Harry dropped down on his bed and began to cry.

Lily meanwhile was miserable but felt a comforting hand on her shoulder. She looked up to see Remus staring at her. "I'll talk to him." he said simply before following Harry up the stairs.

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"Mind if I join you?" Remus asked from the door. When he received no reply, he entered and sat on the edge of Harry's bed.

Remus sat in silence for a while as Harry stopped crying and asked, "Why didn't you join John like Dad and Peter, after all...sniff...he can do magic".

"Magic does not define a person Harry. It is just something additional. What really matters is what's here" Remus put his finger on Harry's head "and here" he put a finger on the left side of Harry's chest.

When Harry didn't say anything, Remus took that as a cue to continue. "Sometimes, there are people who are different than those around them. You are one of them, and so am I. Other people look down on us, but you shouldn't let that put you down because you are yourself and if you accept yourself, other people will be forced to do so too."

"What's different about you Mooney, you can do magic too." Harry asked. Remus contemplated whether or not to tell the boy, but the expression on Harry's face convinced him.

"I'm a werewolf Harry." Harry gasped and looked at Remus with wide eyes. "Yes, and that's how people look at me" Remus started to get up.

"I'm sorry Mooney, I know you wouldn't hurt me. Please sit with me." Harry asked his expression softening.

"It's okay Harry. So about that accepting yourself, do you think you can do that?"

"I don't know" Harry said looking down as if inspecting himself "John will grow up to be a powerful wizard and I'll be a weak squib."

Remus now knew one of Harry's insecurities. He knew that he needed to give the boy a boost of confidence that magic doesn't really define power, although he was unsure of that himself. But the question was how.

Remus put his hand in his pocket to conjure something to give to Harry when something solid caught his hand. Carefully he took it out

and examined it. It seemed to be an intricately carved dagger. On the hilt of the dagger was a beautifully carved snake.

"Is that for me Mooney?" Harry asked eyeing the dagger. Remus was about to decline but then thought over it. He was wearing his deceased father's robe which explained that the dagger once belonged to his father. But anything that he would conjure and give to Harry would vanish in a few days if not hours. He didn't want to cheat Harry.

The look of excitement in Harry's eyes was also another thing. He was receiving a type of present that John wasn't. But then again he might accidentally injure someone while showing it off not to mention kill someone. His father had been a muggle and was a really tough person so the dagger probably represented power, especially for a non-magic person.

Harry had probably decided that the dagger was not for him judging by the defeated look on his face. Remus knew what a foolhardy thing he was doing by giving a dagger to a five year old, but Harry was mature beyond his years and would probably be able to keep it safe.

"Yes it is for you" Harry's eyes lit up. "But you have to promise some things before I can give it to you."

"Anything Remus" Harry practically pleaded.

"First of all, you are to show this to no one, so this means no showing off. Secondly, you must understand that this is a very dangerous item. You must handle it with absolute care so you don't hurt yourself."

"I promise Mooney." Harry said as Remus carefully handed the dagger to Harry. Harry felt something go up his arms and the feeling quickly took over his body. It was almost like magic. Harry reverently stared at it before taking the dagger out of its sheath and instantly putting it back in.

Remus should have checked for any magic or poison on the dagger and then, he wouldn't have ever given that dagger to Harry...

"Thank you so much Mooney" Harry hugged Remus tightly. Remus just smiled at the little kid.

"Now do you accept yourself Harry?" Remus asked.

Harry looked straight into Remus's eyes with a look of determination and courage. "Yes I do."

"Do you want to go down now Harry?" "Umm..John will still be out playing on his broom...so could we go down later?" Remus noted the use of the word "we" and assumed that the boy wanted him to stay so he just nodded.

"Nevertheless its your birthday and we might as well be having fun. Accio!". Harry looked at the door to find the muggle game, Risk floating towards them.

After they had both settled down on the floor to play it Harry asked, "What's this game all about?" "It's a game about conquering the world." If Remus had looked at Harry right then, he would've seen the smile on Harry's face widen a fraction of an inch.

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Later that night:

"You know James, you could have handled the situation with Harry a little better." Remus asked. "Nonsense Remus, you handled it just fine. He was smiling for the rest of the day."

"...I think it's about time you started sending the boys to school." Remus stated. Remus, Peter, James and Lily were all in the living room having coffee while the boys were asleep.

"Yes we know, but you have to keep in mind the safety of John. Though You-Know-Who is dead, his deatheaters are still out there." James replied.

"I know of this wizard children's school run by a friend of mine, Alice Longbottom. I'm sure I can convince her to add some extra security for John." Said Lily

“Yes the Longbottoms are a light family. They'll understand.” Remus stated.

“Excellent! Then we'll get John registered there.” Peter put in happily. Everybody seemed to agree with his idea.

“What about Harry?” Remus asked after a moment of silence.

“I know of a muggle primary school that would be perfect for him. Not too expensive and not too cheap and best of all, I went there myself when I was little”. Lily said proudly.

“But it might be a different experience for Harry, seeing as he comes from a wizarding family. Do you think it wise to send him there?”

"I enjoyed my time there and I'm sure he will too. Besides, he'll become jealous of the others if he goes with John" Lily said.

“Not to mention the shame for your family.” Peter happily put in.

So it was decided that John was to attend the School of Primary Magic while Harry would attend a muggle school.

[illegible]

A/N: NEXT CHAPTER: We get to see something of that dagger along with Harry going to primary school. Next chapter will most likely cover half if not all of the remaining time before him going to hogwarts. So stay tuned and drop a review :)

Growing Up

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Harry sighed as he lay down on his bed thinking over the past. Tomorrow would be his eleventh birthday. It would be unfair to say that he had been fine for the past five years.

Ever since learning that he was a squib, his life had constantly gone downhill. His first year after learning of his lack of magic had been the worst. He had been ridiculed at school for not knowing what basic things like T.V and video games were. The bullies had instantly jumped upon him. After the first week, he had stopped taking lunch money to school, after all what was the use if it was taken from you. Since then, he had started putting his lunch money in his money box and gone to school without it.

At home his life was even worse, emotionally if not physically. His parents constantly doted on John and his school. Never was he given any attention. The first few weeks, he would come home with awards for his outstanding performance in school, but he would only get to hear "Thats great dear" from his mother and nothing from his father. While John on the other hand was praised for even holding a wand correctly. (Wand handling was a class in his school). As if a person required a brain to do all that stuff that John got to do. Heck John was even praised once for blowing up a class room with accidental magic. His parents just went on to say "This shows how powerful our John really is".

And if that wasn't any worse, John's attitude had also begun to bother Harry. He treated Harry as if Harry was below him. And not only because of Harry being a squib as Harry found out one day, it was because John was the boy-who-lived.

/flashback/

"I get to go to Diagon Alley and you don't!" John taunted Harry. Harry already annoyed from his hard day at school retorted, "And what the hell is Diagon Alley?"

"It's a magical street filled with magical shops." John stated matter-of-factly and then immediately clamped his hand on his mouth as if he had said something he was forbidden to say. "Ha!" Harry laughed, "there is no such thing as a magical shopping street" Harry laughed but then turned to see his father in the doorway "is there dad?"

James nodded, "There is Harry".

"And you're going there today?" Harry asked intrigued.

"Yes we are", James replied nonplussed. "Can I come too?" Harry was starting to get excited, his hard day at school forgotten.

"Come with me Harry, it's time you were told something." James led Harry to another room and proceeded to tell him all about John and his boy-who-lived status. How famous he was and how bad it would seem if Harry, having no magic was to be seen walking with John.

Harry even said that he could go some other time without John and nobody would know. But James had told him that the wizarding world already knew Harry was a squib and they would be ridiculed if they were to bring him to Diagon Alley.

James had in return promised to take Harry to the zoo but Harry was heart-broken nonetheless.

/End Flashback/

One good thing that had come out of the ordeal was that when Harry had gone to the reptile section of the zoo, he could hear what the snakes were talking. Harry had in return talked with them and found out that he could, by some miracle, talk to snakes. He could swear that he couldn't talk with them before when he was little or hear them.

His parents had, by that time lost enough of his trust to warrant not being told that he could talk to snakes.

Coming back home on the last day of his first year at school, his life had taken a slight change for the better. Not that the day started like that.

/flashback/

Harry was silently walking home on a shortcut through some alleys when he bumped into some big kid, teenager by the looks of it.

“Well well well, look what we have here. Walking through our alleys, as if he owns the place. Let's give him a beating he won't forget.”

Harry wanted to run but saw that there were some kids behind him as well. There were all closing in on him. Just when the front kid was about to strike his first blow.

Some one called for him to stop. The kid turned around and Harry saw the person who had called. It was an old man leaning on a walking stick. Harry looked at him and pleaded with his eyes to help him and the old man probably understood Harry's plea and stepped forward. “Leave him” he said with menacing eyes.

The kids who were even towering over the old man stared at him as if he was crazy. Then suddenly they all decided and attacked the old man, with baseball bats in their hands, Harry didn't think the old man stood a chance.

But he was proven wrong as the old man had the boys in a heap on the floor in no time at all. Harry just stood there staring wide eyed while the old man came over and smirked at him.

/end flashback/

Harry had found out that the old man was a retired martial arts teacher from china. Harry had begged the man to teach him to fight like that but the man simply refused. Harry then told the man that he was already hated at home and at school so the treatment was no different and the man had finally relented.

So it was that Harry started training in martial arts with Master Li every day after school. He had told his parents that he would play sports after school and his parents had questioned him no further. It was a relief in one way and hurt in a way that his parents didn't care

about him that much. On holidays and weekends, Harry would tell his parents that he was going over to some friends and would continue his training with more vigor.

Master Li was always complementing Harry, something which made him feel very good inside. Master Li had also stated that he had never seen a kid learn martial arts as fast as Harry. Harry, on the suggestion of Master Li had also started building his body physically. Harry had started to run the whole way to school instead of catching a bus from nearby like he used to. He could feel his stamina slowly building up. He would get up quite some time before school and do some stretching and exercises that Master Li had suggested along with some slashing movements with the knife Remus had provided, though Master Li didn't know about that.

Slowly but surely his body was developing stamina, speed and strength. After one year of training, Harry felt confident that he could hold off any bullies. So Harry entered his third year at school. It was a tough year to say the least. In the start Harry would fight any kid that tried to bully him. Sometimes getting beaten badly for his initiative but sometimes he would come on top. Harry learned that with some bullies, it was better to avoid than to fight, their age and strength gave them a huge advantage. Harry started avoiding these bullies but he was confident that some day, he would get them.

The rest had started to leave Harry alone as he had made a name for himself in the school. A kid who could fight. But Harry thought of it more as a defense. Harry didn't know how his mother could've attended such a school. But then again, she was a girl, and girls were left alone.

Harry had started the school in 2nd grade and was a fourth grader now. And it was one of those days that he had met Adam Mathew. He could remember it all too clearly.

/flashback/

Harry was running as fast as he could, there was a seventh grader after him (the highest class that was offered in the school). He had

been a fool to even stand up to a seventh grader let alone insult him as he had done. He turned around a corner and wham!

He had bumped into another kid. The seventh grader approached the two fallen kids. He started to pick Harry up when the other kid kicked the seventh grader in the shin. The seventh grader released him and turned to the other kid when Harry punched him in the face. Already out of balance, the seventh grader fell down.

Harry and the other kid ran from the spot until they were quite a distance away from school. Both out of breath stood and panted to catch their breath. "Adam Mathew, third grade" the other kid said, extending his hand. "Harry Potter, fourth grade" Harry shook his hand.

Harry looked at Adam to see black hair and matching black eyes that had a deep look of sadness in them.

/end flashback/

That day had started a friendship between them that grew stronger as the days passed. Harry could relate to Adam who was an orphan living with an uncle that was slightly abusive. Though never a victim of abuse himself, Harry could feel the pain of his friend.

At home Harry would keep to himself. Always anticipating the next day of training and spending time with his friend Adam. His parents didn't mind his new attitude much, though Remus, in a few of his visits was slightly upset. He would encourage both his parents to spend more time with him but they would shrug it off saying that Harry was happy spending time with his muggle friends.

Remus hadn't mentioned the knife once since giving it to him, so Harry thought that he had probably forgot about it.

During Harry's fourth year at school (fifth grade), Master Li had agreed to start weapons training. Harry's early age flexibility coupled with his amazingly fast reflexes would make his weapons training go smoothly. Harry started that year with a long stick.

Unknown to Harry, Master Li often had doubts about teaching such a young child. He felt that Harry should be playing with kids his age and stuff that normal children do but Harry's determination had completely thrown him off. The kid was as determined as he was able. In today's age, people were rarely determined to learn martial arts, especially kids with their electronics and videogames. But this kid was different, there was something special about him.

In this year, Harry was finally able to hold off any bully the school could offer, even seventh graders. Of course having a friend to look after your back contributed to that. Adam had managed to gain Harry's trust, something few people ever did. The only other people being Master Li and to a lesser extent, Remus.

By his fifth year (sixth grade), on Harry's own insistence, he had started training how to effectively use and throw a dagger. It had taken a week for him to convince Master Li. Everything that Harry learned with Master Li, he would repeat with his own dagger at home.

Another interesting activity had caught his attention at school. Play darts. Harry knew it helped him with his aim and he was determined to excel in it too. After half a year, he had become very proficient in throwing toy darts. He was itching to try out real ones but didn't know where to go.

On Adam's suggestion, he ended up buying a professional dart board and darts from his saved money. He had put it up in his room and would practice it. His parents had protested against such a thing but he had finally made them accept, saying that they couldn't understand such things like they had always told him, that he couldn't understand magic things. It felt nice to be able to finally throw the phrase back.

His life at home had passed by in a daze. The only time he spent with his parents was during Christmas and birthdays. The rest of the time, he did his best to avoid them. It wasn't like his parents hated him or something, it was that they doted on John too much for his liking which resulted in ignoring him and Harry could now say that even he ignored them.

In Harry's fifth year (sixth grade), he and Adam were both given a wide berth by the students. They enjoyed themselves that year, and found that their friendship ran beyond simple survival from school bullies. To an observer at school it would seem that they were both normal kids enjoying themselves, while at home, each had their own problems.

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Harry had until now, not really come to terms with his magic or lack thereof. At school he had his own problems to keep himself occupied and now even they were beginning to go away. He knew that no matter how much he tried, he could not simply let go of anything related with magic and start off in the muggle world.

Childhood dreams of becoming an auror like his father had been quashed on his sixth birthday but there still remained a glimmer of hope. He had grown up learning about everything magic and until his sixth birthday, his everything had been magic.

Up until now, he had sought refuge in the muggle world, but now knowing that tomorrow, on his birthday John would get his Hogwarts letter, he couldn't hold it back in. Harry started to cry burying his face deep inside his pillow.

Hogwarts, how beautiful and yet terrible it seemed to him. Growing up hearing stories of his mum and dad going there, he still couldn't believe that John would be going there and he wouldn't. After learning of a squib, he hadn't thought about Hogwarts. But it was all brought down on him like a dead weight when John had boasted about it.

Harry felt his tears come anew. He took out his dagger and lay on the bed, clutching it to his chest. It was in such a state that he fell asleep.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry came down depressed on the morning of his birthday. As he entered the kitchen, he saw John excitedly talking to his father about pranks he would be playing when he went to Hogwarts.

Harry sat down on the dining table as his mother brought him breakfast. "Harry dear, make sure you're home before sunset this evening, we'll be having the birthday party then." his mother announced. Harry sighed. On most of his birthdays, he would spend time with Master Li until nightfall. And come home to find most of the guests gone and only Remus and Peter there. He would get his presents and a bit of cake before heading off to bed. His parents didn't care that much thinking that he probably celebrated with his friends.

Harry nodded at his mother. After all it would be just as much as John going to Hogwarts party as the birthday.

Just then an owl came fluttering in and dropped a letter on John's lap. His parents immediately went to John's side and waited with baited breath as he started opening the letter. Nobody noticed a second letter being dropped on Harry's head.

Harry stared wide-eyed at the Hogwarts crest on the later before opening it.

Dear Mr. Harry Potter

You have been accepted at Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry...

"No!" Harry practically yelled. This got his parents' attention who turned to look at him. His mother was just staring at him which his father snatched the letter from his hands. Crushing the letter in his fist, his father roughly pulled Harry by the arm to the fireplace.

Dragging Harry with himself, he threw flew powder and yelled "HEADMASTER'S OFFICE, HOGWARTS!"

[illegible]

A/N: IMPORTANT: HARRY IS STILL A SQUIB, NOT A WIZARD AND WILL REMAIN SO FOR MOST OF THE STORY. Don't be disheartened though, he WILL be powerful.

To somehow get his lost powers would underestimate the title of the story. Next chapter we will get an explanation of why Harry was selected to go to Hogwarts and what a squib can and can't do. Also what classes Harry will take. (It's not as if he can attend them all!). Hope that will clear up some things.

Explanations

Dumbledore looked up to see a furious James storming up to his desk, his son Harry in tow. He threw the crushed letter at Dumbledore who caught it in air with a flick of his wand. Another flick and the crumpled paper was all straightened. Dumbledore's eyebrows rose to his hairline as he read the letter.

"Well?" James asked impatiently.

"I'm afraid this is out of my control." Dumbledore explained calmly while James blew up. "WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN? YOU BLOODY WROTE THE LETTER!".

"Sit down James! And you too Harry, we'll have everything cleared up in a moment." Dumbledore had stood up and was reflecting an aura of power and authority. Harry was awed by the power that Dumbledore showed. It was nothing short of wonderful, but he, Harry would never be able to come close, no matter how much he tried, after all...he had no magic.

"As you know, that babies are signed up for Hogwarts, when they are born. And Harry was born a wizard like any. And even after the magical transfer, transferring all of Harry's magic to John, I think Hogwarts still recognizes him as a student. Which is why the automated invitation letter." Dumbledore said after sitting down. By the looks on James' and Harry's faces, he could tell that he had said something wrong.

Harry's face was showing pure and utter shock. While James looked uneasy, glancing towards his son. Dumbledore, immediately recognized his fault, but could not at this moment, do anything to solve the situation.

Harry turned his face towards James, an accusing look in his eyes. "Why?" he asked, his voice heavy with emotion. All of his finally built up wall against magic had finally come crashing down. His magic was now running through John. His Magic!

James turned his face towards Dumbledore not able to look Harry in the face. "Albus, could we obliviate him?" But Dumbledore shook his head, "He's too young, it could cause everlasting damage."

"Look Harry, let me explain. John was dying and he needed your magic to keep him alive. And believe me son, to us, both of your lives are far more important." James tried to explain missing the raised eyebrows of Dumbledore, but unknown to both of them, Harry didn't miss it.

Harry promised himself that he would get to the bottom of this. He would find out what this magical transfer was all about. And what the hell was obliviate? Whatever it was, he knew he couldn't rest without knowing what it was. But despite himself, Harry just nodded at his father.

James smiled at Harry and nodded back before turning back to Dumbledore. "I'm sure you'll take care of everything Dumbledore? I hope we don't have to bring him back here." James said as if that cleared the matter up.

"You are mistaken once again James. Hogwarts has a set of rules in place. Once a student has set foot in Hogwarts, he will have to come back unless he himself does not want to. I would be removed from the headmaster post by Hogwarts herself if I don't do anything in my power to make sure he attends. But that could all stop if the student himself is unwilling."

James' face turned from disappointment to anger to hope as he turned towards Harry. "Harry, you don't want to go do you? We'll have you attend the best college or University or whatever if you reject your offer to go to Hogwarts."

Harry couldn't believe what he was hearing, he would actually be able to attend Hogwarts. It doesn't matter if he couldn't do magic, he was going to attend Hogwarts! He didn't even consider what his father was saying before yelling out "I want to go!"

James was furious to say the least. "You tell me Dumbledore! How the bloody hell can he even SEE Hogwarts?, let alone attend it. And

what the hell will he do when the others are doing magic! The shame of what will happen once the Daily Prophet gets a hold of it. Not to mention the fact that I won't be able to show my face to anybody who has a child at Hogwarts!"

"I'm afraid you haven't done your research on Squibs James, even though you have a son who is one. How does Argus Filch see Hogwarts, after all, you discovered he was a squib in your third year. What you don't understand, is that a squib is technically, a wizard without an ability to do magic. All things that require magic on the wizards' part, a squib can't do. But other things that only require the presence of a magical core, and not any magic on the wizards' part, a squib can do. So a squib can use the floo and portkey methods of travel, but can't apparate. He can use almost all magical items, including a broom. He could even speak a magical language if he learned it. But I'm sorry I can't do anything for the public reaction."

Harry meanwhile was heartbroken. All those times, when John had gotten magical items for gifts, starting with the broom, he himself could've gotten those and used them. But his parents were too stinking ignorant!

James was still fuming when Lily flooed in with John. When they had sat down, Dumbledore once again explained everything to them. John was looking at Harry as if he was crazy. Lily meanwhile asked Dumbledore, "Will he attend all the classes?"

Dumbledore shook his head. "I'm afraid that even though he is a squib and not a muggle, that is not possible. He will only attend History of Magic, Potions, Herbology and later he can take Arithmancy, Ancient Runes, Care of Magical Creatures and Divination. You'll find his item list to be modified accordingly. Do you still want to attend Harry?"

Harry nodded eagerly. He would've accepted even for a single class. "This is madness Dumbledore and you know it! Will he be sorted?" James was trying to calm himself down and think rationally.

Dumbledore nodded. After that James stood up abruptly and left. Lily followed worried that James would do something stupid and John left

with a glare at Harry. As Harry approached the fireplace, he turned towards Dumbledore and asked, "Is Magic power?, sir?"

Despite disagreeing with the answer himself Dumbledore replied in the negative. Without another word, Harry left. For another child to say such a thing, Dumbledore would have been alarmed of another Tom Riddle episode. But Harry was a squib and so he wasn't too worried. The greatest weakness of Voldemort, to underestimate was also present in the great Albus Dumbledore. If he had known the future, he would have been worried...really worried.

X-x-x-x-x

"Adam, I'm sorry." Harry said, his head bowed. "What the hell do you mean you're sorry, you are going away to some boarding school and of your own choice no less." Adam was pacing around while Harry was sitting on the ground leaning against a tree.

Harry had just finished explaining that he was going to Hogwarts. "Adam, you don't understand..."

"what don't I understand!?"

"..it has been my dream since very early to go to Hogwarts. And then all my dreams were crushed and now I finally have a chance to go there and prove myself." Seeing the sad look in Harry's eyes when he mentioned his dream was crushed went a long way in calming Adam down.

"I'm sorry Harry, I didn't mean to yell at you, it's just that I'll be so lonely here without you. Nobody else understands me and my life." Adam said with a defeated look.

"I swear that one day, I'll beat the shit out of your uncle and free you." Harry said with a determined look in his face. Adam smiled at his only friend. Life would really suck without a friend like Harry.

X-x-x-x-x

The next day found the Potters in Diagon Alley. People turned to stare with awed looks at the boy-who-lived and looked curiously then at Harry Potter but soon turned their gazes back to John.

James and Lily were looking at John with pride in their eyes. This was their day, and they wouldn't let anybody ruin it. "Oi Potter! What's the squib doing here?" James turned furiously to look at a smirking Frank Longbottom with his wife and kid.

James hurriedly pushed his family towards Gringotts, their first stop. The trip to the Potter vault didn't take that long.

James thrust a bag full of galleons in Harry's hand. Probably a lot more than he would've meant to but he needed to get this down. "Harry, Son, I know it hurts but could you please shop by yourself and meet us at the Leaky Cauldron at noon. You saw the kind of reaction we get when you are around so I hope you understand." James didn't wait for Harry's reaction and was off with a pat on his cheek. Lily and John in tow. Lily looked back at Harry with a sorrowful look on her face while John smirked at him, happy to get all the attention.

Harry went to Flourish and Blotts first, after some directions. He picked up a book on Magic Transfer, a book on squibs, his school books for Herbology, History of Magic and finally potions. He knew that he could get the rest of the items on his list in a short time so he sat there in a corner in the bookstore and started reading a random book on Potions. He was confused as to why he could take potions as it was a quality subject despite what his father said about it. Moreover, he didn't know what a person could do with Potions except making some calming draughts and dreamless sleep ones.

The book was titled, The Art of Potion Making, by Severus Snape. Curiously Harry looked at his booklist and there it was. His potions teacher would be Professor Severus Snape. Now more interested in the book, he opened it.

I do not expect most people to understand the subtle art of potion making. Most people are too foolish to see beyond the end of their wands. Potions is an art in a way different and more elaborate than anything a wand can do.

I expect most people to think that Potions isn't magic at all. It is just mixing ingredients in the right order and the right time. But it goes far beyond that. Do they not see the magic when they are cured of incurable diseases? Do they not see the magic when a poison kills a person so brutally and thoroughly that no spell could stop it?

One single potion would be all it would take to take out a room full of fully trained wizards. And similarly a single potion could defy the poison of even the most deadly of creatures. Not to say that such potions would be even relatively easy to make.

Potions can be used for a variety of purposes. While most book on potions tend to concentrate on the healing side of potions. I will focus on the darker side of potions...

That was all Harry needed to convince him of the truth of those words. He ended up buying the book along with all seven years books on Potions. The shopkeeper eyed him warily when he checked the Potions book by Snape but didn't question anything.

Harry bought a bag from the next shop to put all his books in, magically expanded on the inside of course. He bought an Intermediate set for Potions from the Apocathery, something along OWL level. He didn't buy a trunk as his father had already said he would give him his old trunk so Harry went to Madam Malkin's Robes and bought his standard Hogwarts set.

Harry browsed around Diagon Alley and even took a look at the weapons' shop to see what they had. And they had a lot. "What's this suit for?" Harry asked.

"That's Dragon Hide armor, very expensive and extremely hard and resistant to spells." The shopkeeper said proudly.

"So, nothing is stronger than Dragon Hide armor?" Harry asked, his curiosity piqued.

"Well, there is Basilisk Armor but it's very hard to come by and even more expensive. I doubt any spell could get through that except the

really powerful ones. We have a single vest of that here and it's more expensive than two whole suits of Dragon Hide."

"How much does a Dragon Hide suit cost?" Harry asked.

The shopkeeper smiled at him. "five thousand galleons". After that there was not much point in staying there. Harry would have wanted to buy it but knew it was well out of his range. He barely had fifty galleons left. Which was still a lot for a kid. He planned to save it and put it in his bag.

Hurrying off to the leaky cauldron Harry met with his parents.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry opened his father's old trunk to find a cloak and a piece of parchment. He could sense the cloak was something magical. He put it around himself and looked in the mirror. Invisible! So this was an invisibility cloak. He looked at the parchment, it was old and dusty, perfect for hiding something. Harry could sense that this too was a magical item. Harry smiled at the items and packed them along with the rest of his things.

Harry went down that night to find his dad arguing about something. Tomorrow, they he and John would be boarding the Hogwarts' express.

"I'm sorry John, I just can't find them." James was saying to John.

"I think I left them with Sirius..." James explained and then was pale faced at the mention of Sirius. He still missed his best friend more than anything. Remus came occasional but he could never fill the gap that Sirius had left open.

John knew better than to ask his dad for his old cloak and map again. Whenever Sirius was mentioned, his father would be in a mood for the whole day. "Are you guys looking for something..." Harry asked. John turned to look at him.

“Nothing you could find...squib” John said before storming out of the room. James himself was upset and therefore didn't berate John for saying that. Harry quietly made his way to the dining room where his mother served him dinner with a smile.

His mother was unpredictable. Some times she treated him the same as John, as if there was no difference. That was probably the time her motherly instincts took over. Other times...well she would just go along with James.

Harry slept peacefully that night. Knowing he would have a rough day tomorrow, he tried not to think too much on that. What would come, would come and he would face it head on..

[illegible]

A/N: Next chapter...the much awaited sorting! As well as difficulties for Harry. I want Harry to grow up very fast. But that might make the story more of a summary. Tell me how much chapters should i write for his first year? I'm thinking three maybe five.

R&R!

Starting Hogwarts

Harry woke up to the commotion coming from downstairs. Looking at his watch he saw that he barely had half an hour before the train left. His parents hadn't thought to wake him up in the hope that he wouldn't go. 'Not gonna happen!' He thought to himself.

Thankfully, he was already packed, so he hurriedly changed clothes and went downstairs dragging his trunk behind him.

"Oh, Harry dear, you're awake! Have some breakfast." Lily exclaimed though her face was flushed. Harry controlled his anger, though it felt good to know that at least his mother felt a little guilty. His father came in at that moment, and proclaimed that John was finally packed and they were ready to go.

Then his eyes fell on Harry. "Good morning Son, have you packed?". Harry looked at his father incredulously and pointed towards the trunk he held in one hand. James nodded and turned towards the floo. John came in and his excitement fell a little upon seeing Harry ready.

James was holding floo powder and beckoned John to come, soon John was gone and James followed. Lily soon followed, "Come along Harry, they'll be waiting on the other side." And then she was gone.

Harry grabbed his trunk and after grabbing a sandwich from the table followed through on the floo. He landed in a heap on the floo at the platform and his trunk bumped him on the head. "OW!" rubbing his head he got up and looked at his surroundings. The platform was brimming with people, all parents saying goodbye to their children. He looked around to spot his parents having a conversation with the Weasleys.

He caught the eye of the youngest weasley daughter who smiled at him. He smiled back but didn't go near. After all, his anger at his parents hadn't dissipated. If they weren't going to wait for him, then he wasn't going to follow along like a bloody pet!

Pulling a proud look over his face, he went straight to the train. Finding an empty compartment in the back he put his trunk under his seat, he locked the door. He sat down with a sigh. His anger dissipating and replaced with sadness. He took out his dagger, which he always kept with him in an inside pocket, pulling back his arm, he hurled the dagger straight at the compartment door. With a whoosh and thump, the dagger was stuck in the door before he could blink.

He pulled it out with some effort and started practicing his moves with the dagger. It always helped him to calm down. He didn't realize but the dagger always gave him a sense of comfort and ease. It was almost like magic...

X-X-X-X-X

The train soon came to a stop and Harry got out like the rest of the students. Like the rest of the students, he was simply awed when he got his first sight of Hogwarts. It was beautiful, it was magic. It was like seeing magic for the first time.

McGonagall soon led all the first years to the great hall. He had up until that point kept a low profile, but knew that soon enough he was going to be singled out, as soon as his name was called out.

He kept waiting as the students were sorted, soon it came to Potter. John Potter. The hall was filled with excited whispers. Gryffindor! Once the hat called out, most of the school was applauding, except the slytherins that is.

Harry was confused, his name should have been called before John but oh well. He braced himself for his name calling but it didn't come. His confusion turned to utter frustration as the rest of the students were sorted. Finally the last student was sorted into Hufflepuf and he was left alone. Student were waiting for him to be sorted when Dumbledore stood up.

"It is my pleasure to announce that for the first time in history, a squib has been accepted in Hogwarts!" Dumbledore proclaimed cheerfully as if it was the best thing that had happened. Unfortunately, the rest

of the school did not share his views. Every eye turned to stare at Dumbledore as if he was crazy, and then snapped to Harry.

“Harry Potter!” Dumbledore said. Whispers had gone up once again at full blow. Every student was looking at him in a hostile manner. As if a mouse had decided to visit a house of cats. Silently, everyone was praying that he wouldn't get sorted in their own house. What a shame that would be!

McGonagall beckoned Harry towards the seat with the sorting hat and Harry finally put it on. Afraid that he wouldn't be sorted and would have to go back home.

Well what have we got here? A squib in Hogwarts? The hat said though it sounded amused more than anything. Plenty of bravery there, not a bad mind either, and loyalty to friends. But what is this? Dear dear, more ambition than I have ever seen and that is saying something. Wit and cunning along with your tremendous ambition, it can be none other than, SLYTHERIN!

Harry took the hat off, himself feeling shocked. He knew of course all about Slytherin from his dad, nothing good too. He felt bad because his dad would be ashamed of him to be sorted in Slytherin. Not that he was ever proud of him. That thought made him angry even more than he was sad. Who cares! He thought to himself.

Meanwhile the rest of the school was utterly perplexed. A squib in Slytherin! It was laughable and so they laughed. Laughter erupted from all the houses except Slytherin. They all looked gloomy. Some were looking murderous even. But none of them even came close to the expression their head of house wore.

As Harry made his way towards the Slytherin table, he was stopped by a firm grip on his shoulder. He yelped in pain but the grip didn't lighten. “Where do you think you're going?” He turned to see Severus Snape up close, looking murderous.

“Follow me!” Snape hissed before storming out of the hall. Harry reluctantly followed. He was once again led to the headmasters office.

On the way, they passed the hospital wing, Harry couldn't possibly comprehend how many times he was going to visit there.

"Listen to me! Once Dumbledore comes back from the welcome feast, you are going to beg him to put you in Gryffindor! Do you hear me? You do that or you'll wish you were never born. Live in my house and I'll make your world a world of pain!" Snape was saying that all while grabbing him by the collar.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry walked along the dungeons feeling defeated. After a much heated discussion, the headmaster had finally convinced Snape that there was no way Harry could be re-sorted. Harry was feeling depressed while the headmaster and Snape discussed him like he was an unwanted thing that Dumbledore was convincing Snape to take.

Still in a bad mood, Harry followed Dumbledore's directions towards the Slytherin common room. Harry didn't know the kind of reception he would get but guessed it would be far from good. Harry stood outside the slytherin common room contemplating how to enter. The common room was bound to be full of kids at this time.

Maybe he should wait until everyone goes to sleep before going in. Damn! He kicked the wall, he was not a coward. He knew he would have to face everything eventually and no time like the present to face it. Pureblood He said the password as the portrait of Salazar Slytherin himself opened forward.

Every eye turned to him as the portrait swung open. And before he could even take the first step inside. He was hit full on by a Jelly Legs, followed by a bone-breaker, followed by a stunner. All these hit him in so little time and he was blasted out in the dungeons. He heard the portrait door slam behind him as he lay in the dungeons, unable to do anything.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry lay there as helplessness overtook him. He was feeling extreme pain in his legs, where the bone breaker and jelly legs curse had impacted. But was unable to do anything. Thankfully he was stunned so he couldn't move his legs even if he wanted.

Harry mentally sighed as he tried to relax himself in the current situation. Suddenly he felt a sizzle where his dagger was stored. And a feeling went through him. The next moment he found himself able to move again completely free of the stunner. He was amazed, and guessed that there really was something magical in the dagger.

His amazement was shortlived as he felt more pain in his legs. He knew he couldn't spend the night like this so he started to make his way towards the Infirmary. Slowly and painfully but surely he found the infirmary. Knocking hard, he found himself face to face with Madam Pomfrey. "Oh dear!" Escaped her lips as she looked at his condition.

And so Harry found himself spending his first night in the Hogwarts Infirmary, under the effect of Skele-grow which was painful in itself. Tears started to leak from his eyes both from the emotional and physical pain that he had suffered. After a long time, Harry brushed away his tears, his sadness to be replaced by determination. There was only one thought running through his head. He would make them all pay!

X-x-x-x-x

Harry woke up in the morning to find himself in no pain laying in the hospital wing. After a quick checkup with Madam Pomfrey, he was free to go. He came straight down for breakfast in the great hall, already cleaned up from the hospital wing.

There was only one thought running through his head as he made his way to the great hall. He needed some way to block the spells thrown at him by the wizards. Of course one way was to dodge and he promised to make himself better at that too but still he would become some sort of practice dummy for the rest of the students if he didn't do something.

As Harry entered the great hall, all eyes turned towards him. Most people gave him a glare and went back to breakfast while some slytherins smirked. Harry ended up sitting at one end of the slytherin table farthest from head table and thankfully the rest of the slytherins as well.

After eating breakfast still contemplating on his current situation, Snape came over to the table handing over their schedules for classes. When he reached Harry he simply dropped the paper to the ground. Then stepping over it, he headed off.

Feeling humiliated and angry Harry bent down to pick up the paper when some slytherins started to wave their wands and made the paper float in mid air. Harry lunged for it but they just floated it away. By now the entire school was watching and laughing and Harry was really starting to get riled up.

Harry turned towards the headmaster to find him sitting there with an amused smile on his face and his eyes on full twinkle. Controlling his anger lest he made a fool of himself, Harry's hand whipped through the air and caught the parchment so fast before anybody could blink.

Not even waiting for a response Harry hurried outside. Harry looked at his timetable to see that he had the first periods before lunch off. As he was only taking Potions, Herbology, History and Astronomy, he had quite a lot of free time. Harry didn't plan to sit idly by in those free periods.

Harry headed off to the library straightaway. After a whole period of looking through some books, Harry couldn't say he was pleased. Most of the books on defensive magic were focused solely on spells. Then there was a book describing pendants that held magical properties which would defend a person. But these pendants were expensive and he didn't have much money. The third thing he found was Rune magic for defense, and even at Hogwarts, Runes were simply studied and not taught how to cast. The Book on runes mentioned that Runes were cast with a wand. (there goes all my hope, all wizards can have their wands stuck up their...) Though at the end of the book there was a passage on the possibility of a Rune without wands.

Rune casting requires the magical signature of the person casting the rune. The generally acceptable method would be to use a wand which draws on the magical reserves of the wizard for a magical signature. Through extensive study, it was found that Runes could also be cast with the blood of the caster, provided he has a magical core. In this case, the Runes take their toll on the blood of the wizard rather than his magical reserves. Though generally people tend to ignore such methods due to the amount of gore it causes.

At least that had been promising. Though it made him a little sick and he was in no hurry to try out something like that anytime soon.

Harry went down for lunch but as soon as he entered the great hall, he was confronted by none other than John Potter.

"Hello Harry, how was your day?" John asked smiling. Harry was about to reply before John cut him off. "Did you learn any new spells?..oh, i forgot, you're a squib!" John's smile transformed into a smirk as Ron and Seamus guffawed behind him.

Feeling angry Harry grabbed the front of John's shirt and held him close to himself. "Watch Yourself." The deadly green eyes burning holes into John's eyes. John stammered in fear for a moment, taking a step back before regaining his composure.

His face once again turned into a smirk. "Oh I forgot, Mum and Dad sent a letter for you, they weren't pleased." John handed Harry a letter before walking off to the gryffindor table.

Harry once again sat on the far side of the Slytherin table and opened the letter.

Harry

The Potter's are an old pureblood family rumored to be descended from Godric Gryffindor himself. Never since the beginning of the Potter line has there ever been a Potter in a house other than gryffindor. So as you can imagine, it is with shame that we admit that our son has been sorted into Slytherin.

Slytherin, the house of You-Know-Who himself, filled with dark wizards. Harry we fear that the path you have taken may lead you down to darkness from which there is no return. Son, repent now and apologize. Then we will take you out of Hogwarts and send you to a muggle school where you will grow to be a wonderful young man.

It is with great sorrow that I inform you that never has there been a squib in the Potter line. We are giving you an option. Leave the magical world, you do not belong here. We will provide for your muggle education and give you money to spend until you become a working man in the muggle world. We await your answer.

Your Parents

To emotions in Harry began to wage a war. Sadness and Anger. Eventually anger won out and Harry took out his quill with a smirk on his face. Sadness would come later. He wrote just one line on a parchment.

You are no parents of mine! GO TO HELL!

He folded the parchment and went towards the owlery to tie it to the family owl. As soon as the owl flew away, Harry felt his legs go weak as he fell to his knees in the owlery. He cried for a few minutes before pulling himself back together. He had learnt not to cry for anything his parents did. Calming himself for a few moments before Harry headed off to Potions class.

X-x-x-x-x

The class started with name call. And Snape didn't even call out Harry's name who was sitting at the back of the class. Harry learnt afterwards that thankfully that was a good thing as Snape called out John Potter's name.

Snape tormented John Potter for most of the class and totally forgot about Harry. It may also have helped that John was a Gryffindor. So Harry found himself enjoying the class at the back of the room. His

martial arts had allowed him great hand-eye coordination and he was making no mistake cutting or pouring anything in the cauldron.

By the end of the class, Harry had the best potion which was near perfect. Snape looked over his potion for a minute and nodded before moving on to take some points off of John. No matter how much of a slimy git he was, the Potions master did appreciate well made potions.

When Snape asked each of them to bottle their potions, Harry bottled his potion in two vials and handed one to Snape before cleaning off. He knew there was a curse that would cause boils to erupt all over the person. It was handy to keep an antidote in hand.

Snape asked them all to write an essay on the observations of making the potion. Harry knew he could do that easily. They made the same potion for the next two periods until at least half of the class could make an acceptable one. Harry got himself filled vials of the anti-boil potion (as he liked to call it) after class as a result. At most two vials could be filled from the cauldron they were using. So Harry now had three filled vials of anti-boil potion. He owl ordered more empty vials from the apocathery as he knew he would store every potion they made.

This also led Harry to studying the hex that caused the boils. Now he could identify the curse even if it was flying at him at top speed, which actually happened his second day. Harry found himself drinking a vial from his bag (magically expanded) before the boils could erupt fully.

His other classes were not as exciting. History of magic was pretty boring and despite any promises Harry made to himself to do well in class, he found himself sleeping through it. Astronomy was similar to what the muggles taught. And the magical side of it wasn't revealed until NEWT level so Harry wasn't so interested. Herbology was at least more interesting. Harry found out that Herbology was more than just gardening. He found himself subconsciously connecting a few plants to the few potions ingredients he had read about.

But Potions was fast becoming his strong point. Nobody in the class ever had a better Potion than Harry Potter. And for that he was thankfully getting some twisted sort of appreciation/ignorance from

Snape. The Slytherins, Harry thought were giving him a break so he could feel easy and let his guard down before attacking again. Harry himself worked really hard to keep a low profile. Rising early in the mornings, eating breakfast/lunch/dinner when the great hall was sparsely populated, going to bed late at night and finally spending more time in a corner in the library.

Harry knew that this was the calm before the storm. He could feel the tension building up. He knew the slytherins were planning something. On top of that, the gryffindors were also planning something. Some of his fellow slytherin first years looked like they wanted to talk to him but were too afraid of the rest to come forward. It was finally on Friday that the storm finally came. Starting with flying lessons...

[illegible]

A/N: well, the cliffy just came to me. Anyways next chapter, we see what will happen and some information about what Harry studies in the library.

Flying Lessons

Harry stood next to his broom as every kid was saying 'up!'. Flying lessons with the Gryffindors. He should have recognized the signs earlier. The way John was looking at him and the way Draco Malfoy was looking at him.

When everybody else had their broom in their hands, Harry bent down to pick his own. He could fly a broom but couldn't summon it from close range like wizards could. Oh well, at least he could fly it. He had always been envious of John for that.

Madam Hooch blew her whistle as most kids kicked off. Everybody began to fly on their own without considerable difficulty. Harry himself was feeling quite comfortable flying at a steady and slow speed. It was then that a Slytherin fell down although it looked like he faked it.

He was now carrying what looked to be a broken arm. Harry knew it wasn't broken but Madam Hooch was convinced by the amount of crying the boy was doing. She picked him up and started towards the Hospital wing. "I've placed a barrier around the pitch and make sure you don't fly too fast." With that she was gone.

From the large distance, Harry could almost swear he saw the injured Slytherin boy winking at him as he was taken towards the castle. He didn't have much time to contemplate it as almost as soon as Madam Hooch was gone, he saw from the corner of his eye a red light heading towards him. Instinctively, Harry moved out of the way and turned to face his attacker. John Potter.

Harry was about to say something to John when he felt his dagger in the inside of his robe vibrate a little. Once again instinctively, Harry moved out of the path and turned to see a spell where he had been moments ago. Harry saw that this time, the attacker was Draco Malfoy. Not questioning the response of his dagger or anything, Harry leaned on his broomstick and shot towards the other end of the pitch just as John released another spell.

The hexes were even more dangerous when he was a broom because he might end up falling down. Harry thought of heading

towards the ground but knew he would be slower on the ground. Nevertheless Harry inched closer towards the ground. By now both Malfoy and John were headed towards him spells ready.

Harry ducked and dived under both spells but Malfoy and John were ready for more. By this time, most of the slytherins had also joined with Malfoy. Most were aiming spells at him. Letting instincts take over, Harry ducked, dived, barreled, rolled whenever he felt the need. Dodging all over the pitch, not one spell had hit him yet.

Snape looked at Harry Potter from the owlery, and started to observe. He knew what the first year slytherins had planned, he had clearly read it in Malfoy's mind. He was impressed with the flying of Harry Potter, to say the least. But he knew it wouldn't last forever. Amused, he patiently observed what would happen to Potter when the first spell hit, and everything after.

It wasn't until five minutes that Harry Potter was hit with a simple spell that knocked a person back a step. On the broom this would be dangerous. Malfoy smirked seeing his spell hit. "Oi Potter! one point to Slytherin for the hit" He yelled at John.

Harry barely caught himself on the broom and straightened himself only to be hit with another similar spell. This time Harry was not so lucky and was left halfway off the broom. "Take that Malfoy! One point to Gryffindor!" John called out.

By now most of the Gryffindors and Slytherins were in on the "game". Gryffindors were thinking of it as a way to curse a Slytherin while the slytherins were cursing him for being a squib. Of course with John and Draco, it was personal enmity.

Harry managed to get himself back on the broom but shot forwards without looking back. When he reached the end of the quidditch pitch, he felt his broom coming to a stop, it would go no further. 'Damn that barrier!'

But he had no more time to think as spells were heading towards him. Making a half loop, he headed back upside down towards the crowd

of students. Twisting himself upright, Harry smirked as an idea formed in his mind.

The students were surprised to see Harry coming towards them rather than going away from them. They immediately started sending spells. Harry dodged spells until he was in the center. From here he shot straight up. Spells crossed from where he was in the center and ended up hitting most of the students themselves.

Some students fell off their brooms while most landed purposely, being hit by a spell or another. Harry looked down to see half of the students now out of the "game". The other half were coming straight towards him.

Another swirl through the students ended up with only a quarter of the students remaining. Though Harry by that time was sprouting a scarred back from a nasty hex, along with boils on both of his legs. Harry contently ignored the irritation and pain, knowing that now not the time for that. His back was bleeding lightly and Harry knew he needed to get to the hospital wing soon.

Harry knew that John and Draco were the main attackers and if he took them out, the fight would finally end. Using his broom's maximum speed Harry headed towards Draco. He shot straight into Draco, but he already had his fist out which connected with Draco's stomach and Harry could hear the bones break. Draco convulsed in pain while Harry's dagger alerted him of another spell. Arcing around Draco, Harry headed straight towards John. The spell aimed for him ended up hitting Draco.

Harry didn't even turn to look back as he was heading towards John. John now knew the danger and shot off. Harry gave chase but he had to admit, that John was a good flyer. Luck was on his side this time as Harry felt the barrier approach and hence John stop. Harry didn't even stop to consider anything before landing a punch straight into John's face. John's nose broke and blood started seeping out.

By this time Harry heard a furious roar "STOP!". He turned to see a furious looking Snape standing there. Harry just smiled, his back was

bleeding and he was feeling light headed. He glanced once at Snape who was staring straight at him before he lost consciousness.

X-x-x-x-x-

Harry woke up that night in the hospital wing and grimaced as he felt pain in his back trying to sit up. Where Draco learned such a curse and at such a young age, he didn't know. Though he knew that Lucius Malfoy was probably a deatheater, judging by his James's ramblings that he used to hear.

He glanced over at the next bed and saw John with a bandage over the nose. It would probably be fixed by morning but Harry had still felt really satisfied taking out his frustration on both John and Draco. He knew he'd get punished for that though, having no idea what was going on in the headmaster's office.

X-x-x-x-x

Headmaster's Office, Hogwarts:

"What happened Albus?" Lily Potter asked, the question of the day. Albus turned to look at Snape. "I'm afraid only Severus can answer that question." Dumbledore raised his eyebrows to indicate Snape to start.

Everybody, that is Lily, James, Minerva and Albus turned towards Snape. Snape smirked at them all, oh how he was going to love telling this. "I was looking from the owlery, Well it all started with a slytherin boy being injured, the work of Gryffindor's probably." Minerva was about to say something but Albus shushed her with a raise of hand. Snape knew that it was all a plot but he wasn't about to make his slytherins look bad.

"Then Madam Hooch took the boy to the Hospital wing, and set up a boundary around the pitch. And that's where the fun began." Snape drawled. "It seemed that the golden boy already had some plans and as soon as Harry was in the air, he and some friends of his started cursing Harry. I admire the boy for his flying though, he went ten

minutes, dodging and showing excellent skill on a broom without getting a spell on him.”

“Enough of Harry's flying abilities, on with the incident!” James snapped abruptly. Snape raised an eyebrow at James. Potter was not happy to hear about his son's flying abilities. Maybe it was the son that James wasn't interested in. Ha! Even the lightest of families could be so prejudiced, i never knew.

“Am I to understand that your slytherins played no part in this?” Minerva huffed. Albus raised his eyebrows as if expecting Snape to answer truthfully.

Snape nodded, knowing that he couldn't lie in front of Albus. “Yes, they got involved in it. Almost every first year was throwing spells at Harry by that time.” Snape continued but was cut off by Lily. “The Slytherins should be expelled for this!” Snape noticed that she hadn't spoken up when he had started with John.

“Anyways...”Snape continued “..Harry Potter then thought of a very brilliant tactic, a sign of his cunning no doubt. He went straight into the crowd of students sending spells his way. I would say a slytherin plan masked by gryffindor foolishness.” Minerva objected to it but was once again silenced by Albus.

“Naturally, the dumb students ended up hitting each other, though Harry didn't come out of it unscathed either.” Snape grimaced at the mental image of what followed. “Anyways, i knew this was getting out of control so i summoned my broom and flew over there.”

“Now Harry was injured and he probably wanted to take out the main people behind the assault.” Snape cringed mentally at the image of Draco getting hurt. “He flew at top speed straight towards Draco Malfoy and punched him straight in the chest, which results in Draco being in the hospital wing. And Harry was injured by the spells which is why he is in the hospital wing.” Snape finished his account. 1...2...3 Snape counted mentally.

“WHAT!” James stood up. “What happened to John, why is HE in the hospital wing?” James roared.

"I must've forgotten." Snape continued innocently. Then smirked at James which seemed to infuriate James further. "Well...Harry turned towards John and flew straight at him. John flew away like a coward and Harry gave chase. John had probably forgotten about the boundary and was slowed down as it approached. Harry meanwhile approached him and punched him in the face, like he deserved in the first place, I think his nose was broken and he was bleeding by the time I reached there." Snape smirked at James again.

"Oh no" Lily gasped. James meanwhile was angry and headed out straight towards the hospital wing.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry sat in the library and sighed as he remembered the last day's events. He slowly rubbed his hand on his face where his father had slapped him. Well, he couldn't have expected to get away with called his father a "bloody fool". Though Snape had seemed amused leaning against the doorway. His father had then slapped him for the first time in his life. His punishment as his father announced, as if the slap wasn't enough, was that he wasn't allowed home for christmas. His mother had then told him that she would convince his father to change his decision. After a quick hug, she had left but hadn't returned after that.

But despite what his father said, he was going to board the Hogwarts express at the start of winter break. Then he had some errands to go on. Hopefully, no one would notice. (As if!)

This has gotten too far. I can't possibly call those fools parents anymore. Dotting over John like the sun shines out of his ass.

He had started looking ways to imitate spells in some muggle fashion since then. He knew potions would play a part. But other than spiking their drinks, how was he to use potions? There had to be some other way to use potions as an offense.

He was already treading on dangerous ground he knew. Sleeping in the dungeons with all those snakes. Snakes! They were another

option but he didn't want to use them. It would only draw him under suspicion and he wanted to keep a low profile for now. He knew how people viewed parselmouths, he had read up on them during the first week.

Back to the matter at hand. Due to some sneaking around using his invisibility cloak, he knew the older slytherins were now going to get involved. And though he could possibly face the younger ones, he knew he was nowhere near ready to face an OWL or NEWT level slytherin.

Finally, he found something in a book in the restricted section. (the advantages of having an invisibility cloak)

The Injection of Potions in Blood:

Although Potions are effective when they are drunk, it is nothing compared to the effect when they are injected directly into the blood. When Potions are drunk, only a tenth of the Potion is taken by the blood (the intended effect) so when a Potion is injected in the blood, it will thus be ten times more effective than drinking it. Which is why healers inject Potions in the blood using muggle technology (syringes) for very serious condition patients.

There are some potions which cannot be injected in blood like the Polyjuice potion, animagus potion and quite a few others. Similarly, there are some Potions which can not be drunk, they are directly injected in blood. These are called blood potions and they have been banned for over a century.

Ancient wizards injected potions with the worst kind of poisons into the blood. Unlike drunk potions, the effect of injected potions is immediate (unless the potion has a naturally delayed effect). Also used were torture potions which are also banned and a person even found in possession of one is sentenced for life to Azkaban.

Although many wizards find it difficult to inject potions in blood, it is infact easier. Though i will not speak of other options, the most commonly used one is the use of a blade. Blades naturally soak magical potions and hence it is difficult to see if there is any potion on

it. I will however speak of a potion which is used to identify poisons (or other potions) on a blade...

Harry copied the potion (ingredients and method) to reveal poisons on a piece of parchment. He had always felt something in his dagger. As if it held magical secrets. First was when it had taken him out of a body-bind on his first night. And then at the flying classes, it acted as a magical alert.

Harry shut the book as he heard Madam Pince approach the restricted section. As Harry went back to his dorm to put his cloak back in his trunk, he thought about other ways to inject a potion in blood. Still questioning himself Harry opened his trunk.

He put his cloak on the bottom of the trunk, beneath all his cloaks when his hand brushed something. Harry withdrew it and mentally kicked himself for not thinking of it sooner. DARTS!

From that day onwards, Harry would take his darts and dart board out with him in all of his morning runs. After his morning runs and exercises, he would stick the board somewhere and start throwing darts, aiming to increase his accuracy and speed of throwing.

X-x-x-x-x

At dinner, the next day, Harry was called by Snape to come to his office by seven. So Harry found himself treading silently towards Snape's office. Walking only in shadows, looking ahead before turns, Harry found himself finally at Snape's office.

He was called in when he knocked and saw Snape sitting on his desk and another student, fifth year by the likes, sitting in a chair. Harry, at Snape's gesture took the other chair.

"Mr. Potter, this is Marcus Flint, captain of the Quidditch team. And after looking at your skills last Friday, I would like for you to join the quidditch team." Snape stated.

"What!" Flint yelled but was silenced by a look from Snape. Harry nodded, feeling very happy inside. "Yes, thank you professor!" Snape nodded in his direction before turning to Flint.

"Flint, he is your new seeker, and mark my words, If I find anyone has hexed him during practices, they will find themselves facing my wrath." Snape barked.

"Understood?" He questioned both of them. When both nodded, he informed them of the Gryffindor vs Slytherin match three days before the Christmas holidays and dismissed them both.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry was stunned, he couldn't believe his good luck. He was accepted on the quidditch team, the youngest seeker in a century. And best of all, there wouldn't be a repeat of the Friday fiasco. He was under no delusions however, the beaters were still allowed to send bludgers his way, and in a way he was hoping they'd do that. He was willing to challenge himself that far.

Harry quickly hid behind a suit of armor as he saw a few fifth year Slytherins approaching. It was a good thing too as they had their wands in their hands. After the Friday episode, Draco had left him alone, while John was busy with his own things. Along with Granger and Weasley, they were investigating something by the looks of it. John was also probably under instructions from his parents to leave him alone too.

By Breakfast the next day, it seemed the whole school knew of his acceptance into the Slytherin quidditch team. Everybody was chatting loudly about it. The Gryffindors were the loudest, taunting the Slytherins of how low their standards had gone. The Slytherins were angered but couldn't do anything under the fierce gaze of their head of house.

After breakfast, Harry had a run in with John. "So Harry, the slimy git may be mistaken but I know you can't match me in quidditch, after all, I was taught by James Potter, 'extraordinary Gryffindor play' himself." John puffed proudly.

"I'm sorry, I was under the impression that James joined the Gryffindor team in his 'second' year. I'd be hardpressed to keep up with that wouldn't I, after all, being the youngest seeker in a century, I beat father by...a year i suppose." Harry smirked at the expression on John's face and left him gaping after him.

"Dad'll hear about this Harry, and he won't be pleased." John called after him. "See if I care!" Harry replied before going out of the great hall.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry took a seat at the back of the last lesson, Potions, for the day. It was Halloween and everybody was eager to get to the feast. Harry couldn't help but wonder how it was that he had survived till Halloween without getting any major injuries. Of course he had to regrow bones in both his legs...thrice, spent a day that he couldn't think a coherent thought due to some hex, was forced to vomit whenever a particular slytherin seventh year was near (effects of a curse) and last but not the least tripped twice on the stairs and ended up breaking one organ or the other. But overall considering most slytherins had grown up learning dark arts, it was as if they were leniant.

Harry knew they didn't want any permanent injury on him lest their "seeker" ended up in the hospital wing during the quidditch match. Speaking of quidditch, his practices had gone well for the most part and he couldn't help but think that even though the beaters aimed bludgers at him more than anyone else, his flying was improving. He judged his flyings on the time it took for the first bludger to hit and the number of bludgers that hit. Amazingly, he had gone through the last practice without getting hit, a feat which even earned him a complement from Flint.

His free time was divided between looking up potions and any curse/spell related to the potion in the library and brewing those potions in any empty room he found in the dungeons. He stocked up on all his potions, some he made more than other. He knew that Professor Snape knew he brewed potions in his free time, but it

seemed that his head of house had given him free reign to do so. He also had yet to try his "injecting potions into the blood using darts" theory.

Snape called everyone to attention and Harry was brought out of his musings. "Today, we will be brewing a potion usually taught during your third year. Though i expect most of you to just blotch it up, there are some who are capable of brewing it." Here Snape looked at Harry.

"It is a potion that allows quidditch balls to neglect air resistance. So no matter how windy the weather is, quidditch balls are never affected. They also slow down of their own accord, the air has no effect on them whatsoever. The instructions are on the board. You may start."

Harry knew what this meant. This was a way from Snape to congratulate him on making the quidditch team. Harry nodded at Snape and started with the potion. It was fairly tricky and by the end of the class, only Harry had a perfect potion. Snape nodded at him before turning to the rest of the class. "It seems as if you are all no more competent than the normal bunch of incompetents I get. Class Dismissed." Snape drawled.

When every body was out, Snape turned to see Harry coming towards him. "Class is dismissed ." Snape explained.

"I know Sir, I just wanted to ask a few questions about the potion." Harry replied. At Snape's nod, he continued, "How is the potion applied to the quidditch balls and will it work for other objects as well?" Harry asked.

"The balls are dipped into the potion and left in it for at least an hour. And yes it will work for all objects though heavier objects require more time in the potion and lighter objects require less time. The snitch for example requires fifteen minutes." Snape explained.

"Yes Sir, and Thankyou" Harry said hoping Snape would get the hidden message. It seemed Snape was not head of Slytherin for nothing as his eyes narrowed, meaning he got the message.

x-x-x-x-x

A/N: Next chappy: The Halloween feast...the first quidditch match...and start of Harry's detour at the holidays.

Anyways thanks for reading and please drop a review!

Halloween and Christmas

Harry was sitting calmly eating dinner at the Halloween feast like the rest of the students when Quirrel came bursting through the door. The instant action caused Harry's hand to automatically make his way towards his dagger in an inner part of his robes. Harry relaxed as he saw quirrel announcing about a troll loose in the dungeons and fainted.

Harry narrowed his eyes as Quirrel fainted. He could easily pick out Quirrel faking the faint but it seems no one else picked up such a thing.

As everybody was silenced and ordered to make their way towards their common room, Harry parted ways with the Slytherin crowd. He knew once they reached the common room, they would all be frustrated and there was a high chance that he would end up hexed.

Harry had no place in mind as he made his way to another part of the dungeons, but carefully avoided any teachers. Turning around a corner, Harry found himself looking straight at the Troll. The Troll was coincidentally also looking straight at Harry.

Harry was caught off guard as the Troll suddenly swang his club at him. Luckily, his fast reflexes, honed by his training and martial arts allowed him to role out of the way, unscathed. The Troll steadied himself as Harry took out his dagger. He had yet to hurt anyone with the dagger and he found himself anxious for his first strike.

This time when the Troll swang his club in a vertical motion, Harry jumped to the side and in a flash brought down his dagger on the back of the hand of the Troll. It instantly released it's club and howled in pain before turning a darker green than it already was and fell on the ground.

Harry went to check up on the troll and found it dead. He didn't think the wound on it's hand was enough to kill it, but apparently, his dagger hid many secrets. Harry looked amazedly at his dagger for a few moments before the reality of the situation stuck him. If the teachers found out, they would question how the Troll was poisoned

and it would lead them to his dagger. He needed to do get out of here and fast.

Harry was still running when he reached the Slytherin common room. Most of the students were relaxed by now and no one noticed him slipping in. Quietly as possible, Harry made his way to the dorms and was asleep soon.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry sighed as he made his way towards the Quidditch pitch, thankfully, no one knew that he had killed the Troll. The teachers had been vary at first about another monster in the school but soon they calmed down. Meanwhile, The rumor mill had been running high for the students. Most claimed that Snape had somehow killed the Troll using dark arts. Speaking of Snape, the Potions Master would sometimes give Harry an odd glance but then he would shake his head as if thinking of something utterly stupid.

Harry meanwhile, did more to stay and remain unnoticed than ever. Which also resulted in him getting less hexed. Harry was thankful at those times that he didn't attend the other classes. That would have just put him on the spotlight, ready to be hexed. But then again, if he had been capable of attending the other classes, he would also have been capable of blocking the hexes. Harry shook his head to clear those depressing thoughts.

Turning to the matter at hand, the Quidditch Match with Gryffindor. Harry looked down at the school broom in his hand with disdain. He probably had enough money to buy a better broomstick, but he was not going to waste it for something as stupid as a sport. But this match would also decide how the Slytherins would treat him for the rest of the year. (or at least until the next match) Flint had made sure Harry knew the consequences of losing enough times.

As the match started, Gryffindor scored within a minute making most of the stands, erupt in cheers. Harry watched for a while as Gryffindor practically thrashed Slytherin. The gryffindor chasers were fast and very well coordinated. Their keeper had saved ninety percent of the shoots his way. And their beaters were even making life hell for the

tough bunch that were the Slytherins. Of course their bludgers had yet to touch him but there had been a few close calls. The only thing lacking in the Gryffindor team, he saw, was their seeker. He was simply too distracted watching the game than the snitch.

Harry was not so stupid, sure he watched the game from time to time, but he did that while circling the pitch. He had already seen the snitch once, but it was too far away and his broom didn't have the required speed to catch up before the snitch vanished again.

The next time he saw the snitch Gryffindor were leading 200 to 60. He knew that a few minutes later, it wouldn't matter if he caught the snitch. It was close enough, but more closer to the Gryffindor seeker, he thought. He made a mad dash towards the snitch which also alerted the Gryffindor seeker. They were both on opposite sides of the snitch and the snitch seemed to hover in between them.

Suddenly he felt his dagger give a warning. It was nothing physical like vibration but merely a signal to his mind. Reacting on instinct, he immediately raised his altitude and saw a bludger at top speed whizzing past where he had been and straight into...the Gryffindor seeker.

The snitch meanwhile had dived and he immediately followed into a dive. He pushed his broom to its limits as he felt the broom reaching his top speed. The ground was approaching fast and therefore he couldn't wait to reach the snitch. The snitch still wasn't quite within his grasp but he gambled as he lunged forwards with one hand. He caught the snitch and forced the broom away from the ground emerging in an upside down position from the dive.

The Slytherins went wild. They had won the match 210 to 200. And everyone was stood testament to the amazing flying of their seeker. The Gryffindors were shocked. As the saying goes "All is well that ends well", and apparently, this hadn't ended well for them.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry smiled as he shut the door to his compartment in the Hogwarts express. He locked it but knew anyone could unlock it with a simple

“Alohomora”. He couldn't help but wonder that life had almost been pleasant the past three days, starting after the quidditch match. The Gryffindors had given him a few hexes but he was spared any from his own house which he was still thankful for. And now he was making his way back from Hogwarts.

Only John knew that his parents had forbidden him to come home, and thankfully, he didn't know that Harry had boarded the express. The wonders of a certain invisibility cloak. Harry opened his trunk first and pulled out his bag of galleons. It now contained roughly 100 galleons. 40 of them from his last trip to Diagon Alley, 40 of his savings as a child and the rest were owed to him by his parents for Christmas shopping (by owl ordering, his parents thought).

Harry contemplated his options, he could go to Master Li but no, he couldn't brew potions or something like that there. He could go to Remus but he didn't know where Remus lived. He could go to Adam, and he planned to do that too but he didn't think he'd be able to stay there. And that left living on his own in some rented place. But who would rent a place to a kid?

It seemed he had already subconsciously decided on that last choice as he looked down at the prepared potions. Aging potions and eye color changing ones. He had successfully prepared the aging potion in three tries. (Geez! It was OWL level) . The eye color changing one's so he wouldn't be recognized in the least, after all, the most striking physical feature of his was his blazing emerald green eyes, or so Adam had said.

He had prepared potions for Adam's uncle which he would give to Adam who would slip them in his uncle's drink. It would make Adam's uncle more calm and happy and therefore he would abuse Adam less. Harry rubbed his temples. It was the most he could do for now. Adam was more of a brother to him than John ever was and it hurt him to see Adam abused.

Thinking of John made him think of the magical transfer and Harry found himself very angry. He had finally read the book on it and found out all the dirty things about it. The transfer could only be done if the people involved in it were babies with their magic not fully adopted to

them. That meant no reversing for him and John. And furthermore, the process was dangerous for the donor. His parents had risked his life to save John's magic.

He had never found himself this furious at his parents before. He had never actually thought about getting revenge on them for all that they had done to him. They were going to pay. Harry felt a warming sensation from his dagger that helped him calm down. He took it out and stared longingly at it. It was his, it had been his since the day he had learned he was a squib. It was like a companion to him.

The dagger had started giving him more sensations after he had used it on the troll. It would calm him when his anger got out of control. It would encourage him when he felt depressed. Other people might think him crazy for this but he knew the dagger had an essence of its own. It gave him feelings! That made him all the more eager to reveal the secrets of it. Which is why, his first errand was to prepare the poison revealing potion, after getting a place to stay that is.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry had now drunk both the aging and the eyecolor changing potions and was now making his way towards Gringotts in Diagon Alley. He had flooed from Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$. Harry changed ten galleons into fifty pounds and left Gringotts and Diagon Alley. Harry finally found a worn down muggle hotel after wandering for over an hour. The cost was low and it wasn't crowded. Moreover, everybody minded their own business. He booked a room on the far corner of the Hotel, near the back exit and paid for the full fifteen days of his holidays. The total bill amounted to 45 pounds.

Harry looked at his room with disdain but shrugged, it wasn't what he was used to but at least it was shelter. Harry locked the door and pulled a potions book out of his trunk and began to read. At dinner time, Harry heard a knock on the door and dinner was provided. Harry looked warily at his dinner but didn't complain. He ate it in silence without another word and left the plates outside of his door before locking it again and continued with the book.

Harry sighed and put the book away. He heard the loud tick tick of the clock before it stuck midnight with a particularly loud click. He wanted to try a few potions that were in this book, the book by Professor Snape, but the ingredients for most of them were out of his range. He simply didn't have enough money to buy them.

Tomorrow he was going to buy ingredients for the Poison revealing potion for his dagger. He still didn't know how much that cost but hoped his ninety remaining galleons could cover it. He thought about selling Potions but until he could actually produce higher level Potions, which would require expensive ingredients, his Potions wouldn't produce much income. Harry drifted asleep thinking of Snakes and Daggers and Potions.

X-x-x-x-x

"...and powdered doxie wings" Harry read off from his list of ingredients at the apocathery. The shopkeeper collected all those items and put them in a bag. Harry asked for the total price and received an answer "30 galleons". Harry asked the shopkeeper to pack another bag of the same items. After all I might mess it up the first time. Well I might even mess it up the second time but I don't have that much money left. Harry looked at his remaining 30 galleons.

Harry put the bags in his trunk which he had also brung to Diagon Alley. He headed next to a Trunk Shop. Harry asked the owner to put a permanent voice activated Shrinking and Enlarging charm on it. Harry also asked him to enlarge the space in it and make compartments for books, clothes, potions and one for other things. He had heard that modifying trunks was less expensive than buying new ones. So Harry also told the shopkeeper to add a security ward and key only him by his magical signature.

Harry left the shop holding a shrunken Trunk and ten galleons less. Harry then went into a Gift shop to buy christmas presents for his parents and John. (No matter how much he hated them, he still couldn't get himself to not give them something for christmas.) Well his hate did show on the presents he bought. A miniature broomstick that flew around, for John, A lily flower that shed it's petals but didn't run out of them in a glass block, for Lily, And a fake wand that sent

sparks when you waved it for James. Harry smirked as the presents were packed and ordered to be sent on Christmas to Potter manor. It all costed him about five galleons. If this didn't hint how much he didn't like his parents, he didn't know what did.

Harry heard screaming from the next shop and went in to investigate. It was a pet shop and it seemed they had a dangerous pet on the loose. Harry inquired about the pet from the sweating shopkeeper. "It's a magical cobra. It can disguise itself in the surroundings making it very hard to find. And we have yet to remove its' venom!"

Harry looked around the shop and could just see something moving out of the corner of his eye. The cobra had gone under a table in the corner of the shop. Harry went closer, the shopkeeper was warning him not to go closer but couldn't come close himself out of fear. Harry leaned under the table and the Cobra was just ready to strike when Harry hissed in a low volume. \$ Wait \$

The cobra hesitated and Harry looked back to see that the shopkeeper hadn't heard anything. \$Who are you, who speaks our tongue? \$ The cobra asked still poised for striking. \$ I'll explain later. Could you please get in the box so I could take you out of here? I promise to release you as soon as we get out. \$

The cobra didn't look pleased but did get into the glass box near Harry. Harry picked up the box and went over to the shopkeeper. "How much for it?" Harry asked. The shopkeeper was startled but replied, "Since you are the one who recaptured it and since we still haven't removed it's venom, I'll be glad to rid of it for five galleons." Harry tossed the amount at the shopkeeper and headed out.

In a deserted corner, Harry released the five feet long black snake and told it to slither inside his coat and not to be seen. The remaining galleons Harry converted into Muggle Money. (He did keep some for Knight Bus charges.) Harry then ventured into Muggle London. He bought a nice overcoat for Master Li and a large box of chocolates for Adam for their presents.

Harry called the Knight Bus and went over to his hotel. He set everything up for the preparation of the Potion and added the

beginning ingredients. Instead of setting up one cauldron, he set up two, incase he messed up with one. He needed them to simmer for eight hours before adding the rest of the ingredients. Harry decided to pay a visit to Master Li.

After a quiet tea where Harry told Master Li very vaguely of his hardships at school. He told Master Li his interest in learning how to throw darts quickly and efficiently. Master Li questioned where he would need darts. Harry told Master Li a bit of his world. Of a world filled with Monsters and Magic but didn't say more.

Master Li, to his credit didn't question him further. Either he believed the truth in Harry's eyes or he thought Harry crazy. Harry liked to think that Master Li believed him. Harry learned that day to throw darts using the wrist instead of waving the whole arm. He ate a nice lunch where Master Li told him of his own adventures as a child. Harry listened intently. They went back to practicing darts afterwards. When evening rolled around, Harry took his leave and promised to return on Christmas day.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry added one of the final ingredients and stirred the potion clockwise until it turned green and then stirred it anti clockwise until it turned brown and then once again stirred it clockwise until the potion turned an opaque black. He added the doxy wings and the potion turned a translucent black.

The potion was finally ready. The other potion had been ruined somewhere along the third last ingredient. Harry took out a roll of Potion's Parchment from his intermediate set. (It was a parchment that allowed a potion to write something on it.) Harry carefully lowered his dagger into the potion until it was bubbling. The bubbling indicated that it needed an outlet for the information. Harry immersed the parchment completely into the potion and let it drop to the bottom. The bubbling soon stopped and the parchment whipped into the air. Harry caught it and his eyes went wide as he read it.

The Dagger Of Slytherin

contains: (poisons)

Basilisk Venom

Runespoor Venom

Manticore Sting

contains: (other)

Dragon Blood

Magicus Concealment Potion

Invisibility Potion

Unknown

“Holy Shit!” What was more staggering than all those was that his precious dagger was actually the Dagger of Slytherin. The rest could be expected if you actually consider it the dagger of Slytherin but Shit, was it dangerous.

“Wow” Harry just couldn't believe it. Perhaps the Magicus Concealment Potion concealed all the magic of the Dagger. And these were only Potions and Liquids that were immersed in the dagger. He couldn't wait to find out the enchantments on it. Harry looked at the dagger in a new light.

But the cobra was getting restless so Harry let it out. Harry named the Cobra, Sable. The cobra it seemed wasn't that old, which accounts for why it got caught. Harry spent the rest of the night chatting with the Cobra to calm it down and occasionally glancing at his dagger.

Harry fell asleep that night promising himself to visit Adam tomorrow.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry quickly crept into the house through the back door. Adam had told him that he was given a small room at the back near the kitchen

as Adam was forced to cook. Harry quickly entered through the kitchen, it was 9 am so he hoped Adam's uncle was at work. Harry found a door at one side of the kitchen, other than the door leading to the living room.

Harry gently pried it open. He could see Adam on a small bed reading a book. Harry let out a breath he had been holding and pushed the door fully open. Harry hadn't taken the aging potion today which was why he was his usual self.

Adam looked up and was shocked to see Harry standing in the door way. He faltered for a second before running toward's Harry and embraced him. Harry returned the embrace and could see that Adam was shaking and crying. Harry calmed the boy down and made him sit.

"Tell me what's wrong Adam? Do the bullies still beat you?" Harry asked, concerned. "Harry I'm so glad to see you!" Adam said wiping his tears. "No, the bullies have left me alone, and mostly everybody has. My uncle beats me occasionally but he has always been doing that, so it's not much different..."

Adam continued when Harry prompted him. "...it's just that, after you went away, I started feeling so lonely. No one at school can understand me. It's just so lonely without you Harry...you are like a guardian to me, like an elder brother...you give me hope."

Harry calmed him down. "I'm here now so don't worry. I don't know what I can do about your loneliness when I go to School but I have something to help you with your uncle." Harry pulled out the vials of Calming Draught that he had prepared.

"This liquid will calm your uncle for a whole day. Just three drops in his drink is all it'll take for a day." Adam stared at Harry. "Is this some kind of drug?"

Harry sighed. He would have to explain it to Adam. "Look Adam, It's time I told you something..." Adam relaxed, ready to hear the story. "I go to a school where they teach you magic. It's a school of magic.

This is a potion. We brew it in our potions class.” Adam's eyes were getting wider and wider.

Finally after some explaining, Adam knew enough about Hogwarts, though nothing about Harry being a squib. Adam accepted the potion from Harry too and they planned on how to give it to his uncle. They finally decided that they would put it in the morning tea that Adam prepared for his uncle.

Harry visited Adam the next day and the day after that and so on until Christmas. There had also been occasional visits to Master Li. At other times, Harry would study by himself in his hotel.

X-X-X-X-X

On Christmas day, Harry received his presents from his “family”. It seemed that they had the same ideas when it came to giving presents as Harry had. Harry got a muggle solar system model from his parents (though Harry suspected his mother was the only one behind it) and a miniature flying broom from John. Harry smirked at that.

Harry first made his way to Adam's house. His uncle was out of the house for some party and so they both sat in the living room. Harry gave his gift to Adam who was very happy with it but after a minute became silent and sad.

On Harry's inquiry, Adam replied that he didn't have money to buy anything for Harry. Harry cheered him up saying that it didn't matter. They watched the TV until lunch time when Adam made lunch for them. Harry hadn't felt this happy at any christmas he had spent with his parents.

When Harry's uncle returned, Harry suggested Adam to give him a strong dose of the potion so his uncle would allow them to go out.

Harry and Adam made their way towards Master Li's house where Harry gave Master Li his present and Master Li gave Harry a fine set of darts in private as his present. They all enjoyed a happy dinner that

night, and Harry couldn't ever remember having this fun. Perhaps this is what it felt like to have a loving family.

A/N: Next chapter : well...i can't tell u :P OH yeah please REVIEW!

Occlumency

Harry carefully stepped out of his compartment when someone bumped into him. He was on his way back from the holidays. "What the hell are you doing here?" Harry looked into the confused face of none other than John Potter.

"None of your business!" Harry shoved past him and made his way out. He missed the smirking face of John Potter though. Like John had something up his sleeve. But Harry found out soon enough, the next morning in fact.

X-X-X-X-X

"HARRY JAMES POTTER!" Lily's voice rang through the hall at breakfast. Harry cowered away from the howler. The whole school was watching. "How dare you go away on your own to someplace without telling us? You could've been killed! We will have a talk about this!" The letter burst into flames.

Harry looked up to see Snape making his way towards him. "Headmaster's Office Mr. Potter, it seems your parents..." Snape's lips curled "...are here."

Grudgingly Harry followed Snape to Dumbledore's Office. "Don't look the headmaster in the eye." With that, Snape left him. Harry didn't have much time to ponder over it as the doors were opened and Harry was greeted by the sight of his infuriated parents.

Harry's mother gathered him up in a hug. When she separated, she gave him a small jerk. "Where were you?" She asked with warning in her tone. Harry smiled, "I was under the impression that you didn't care."

"Of course we care! We're your parents, aren't we?" James asked angrily. "Did you know how much worried your mother and I were last night?"

"Well, it was foolish of you guys to worry seeing as I had already returned." Harry answered which infuriated James even more but Dumbledore intervened here.

"Harry, please, I would like to know where you were during the holidays," Blue eyes twinkling and staring straight at Harry.

Harry avoided direct contact with Dumbledore's eyes, "I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW! I HAVE HAD ENOUGH" Harry turned towards his parents. "YOU PRACTICALLY WORSHIP JOHN AND NEGLECT ME. AND NOW THAT I GO TO VISIT SOME FRIENDS, YOU'RE THE FIRST TO QUESTION ME. SO SHUT UP!"

Harry calmed his rising temper. At this rate, he'd no sooner take out his dagger and stab the lot of them. Before he would say anything he'd regret in the future, Harry immediately made his way out.

X-X-X-X-X

Dumbledore stared pointedly at the shocked parents. "I don't think we should call him back again. Let him settle his anger and maybe over the summer, you can ask him where he went."

"Yes, thank you for the suggestion Albus, we'll go with it", said Lily, standing up. James was shaking his head, "Was it my failing as a father?" But Lily immediately shook her head. "Don't be silly James, look at the bright boy John that we raised, even if Harry is a little angry, he'll grow out of it eventually." Both Albus and James nodded their heads.

"I think he has already grown out of it and seen the fools that are his parents, Potter", Came a voice from the door. James, enraged, turned to see a smirking Severus Snape standing in the doorway. "No one asked you Snivellus" James snarled.

"Come on hon, let's go see John before going home." Lily said, turning to the doorway. James reluctantly nodded and followed, still staring hard at Snape.

“Oh and remind your imbecile of a son that he has detention with me tonight, Potter. And I mean the foolish Gryffindor one”. Snape’s voice could be heard even as James descended the staircase.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry twirled the dart in his fingers. Imbued in the dart was a mild Itching potion. Another dart with the cure was safely tucked in his pocket. He didn't want to cure his target so soon. But sadly, he would have to, because he needed to check how the darts worked. The target had chosen himself ofcourse, Harry would go as far as to say that the target had volunteered.

Harry smirked as he stood hidden in the shadows. Malfoy wouldn't know what hit him, and after how he cursed Harry at breakfast, he deserved it. Just as Malfoy rounded the corner, the dart was out of his hand.

Malfoy bended down to see what had bitten on his leg. Harry couldn't throw a dart fast enough to cause any real damage on its own, but at least it had pierced the skin, which was the intended effect. Very soon Malfoy was itching all over, the thing that had bitten his leg now out of his mind as he tried to scratch his back.

Unfortunately for Harry, Snape came around the corner to find Malfoy like that. Speaking the countercurse, Snape looked around and his gaze fixed on Harry. Harry cursed himself for forgetting to use the invisibility cloak.

As soon as their gazes met, Harry found the whole incident flashing in front of his eyes. When Snape broke off, Harry had the feeling that Snape had also seen what he had. Harry stored that thought for later as he turned to face the matter at hand.

Harry saw a look of amusement in Snape's eyes. “Well well well Mr. Potter, you certainly seemed to have found a way to curse your fellow students.”

Harry gave a sigh of releif, but Snape turned serious that moment. “Next time make sure it isn't a Slytherin, and as punishment for that,

you have detention with at eight o'clock tonight." With that Snape was off, his robes billowing behind him.

Oh well, you can't get away with cursing a Slytherin in front of Snape, can you? Harry thought.

X-x-x-x-x

Snape sat in his private quarters contemplating on what he had seen today. If this wasn't proof of the boy's Slytherin nature then he didn't know what was. Harry Potter, and what an enigma he was. Certainly nothing like his father or that dumb brother of his. The only failing that he could see was that the boy was a squib.

He thought about reporting the incident to Dumbledore but then thought better of it. It was a dangerous business throwing darts at people, but he would cover up for Harry Potter for now. The boy was using potions in such an innovative way. His talent for potions was unquestionable. The only question now was, should he actively take any steps for the boy's progress?

An Apprentice has a nice ring to it, but not so soon thought Snape. He needed to check out some things first so he headed off towards his personal library. Not to mention it would piss James Potter.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry cautiously opened the door to Filch's office. This would be the first time he would meet Filch on a personal basis and from what he had heard, Filch's detentions were the worst.

"Needn't be 'fraid Potter. You're one of us." Filch's voice rang through the room.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked. "You like me, are a squib." From those words on Harry found himself conversing with Filch for the rest of the hour. This certainly seemed like the start of a friendship. It would also be beneficial, thought his Slytherin side. Filch told him of his hatred of Wizards due to their proud attitudes, but his love of magic. Filch told him that most squibs integrated into the muggle

world, but he, like Harry, couldn't leave all this behind. But most of all, Filch told him of the hardships that a squib faced in the magical world, the discriminating laws and their inability to find a job even in things that squibs could actually do.

After the hour was up, Filch looked at his watch. "Come, it's time we met some members of the Brotherhood." Filch declared as he got up.

"Isn't time for the detention over? What's the Brotherhood? And where are we going?" Harry asked all at once.

"Yes time is over but no one would question me if I kept you up till midnight, I have a reputation after all. The Brotherhood is a secret organisation of Squibs and other magical creatures but it's complicated and I can't explain and as for where we're going, we're going to the forbidden forest."

Harry followed Filch out of the school, through the grounds and into the forbidden forest. Harry had questioned Filch on the 'Brotherhood' but it seemed that even Filch didn't know much.

After a long walk, they came to a clearing where two men in brown cloaks and a man in a black cloak, stood. "Leave us for a moment, Argus" The one in the center, the black one, which Harry guessed to be the leader, spoke.

Filch bowed before leaving. In that time, Harry observed them. The black one had a sword on his back and his face was completely blocked by the shadow of his hood. The brown ones had their hoods off, and Harry could clearly make out two rugged but still handsome faces. Their eyes were alert and searching everywhere for any impending danger.

After a moment the man in the black cloak stepped forward. The moonlight allowed Harry to now see the lower half of the man's face. He looked old from what Harry could see.

"Hello Harry, we have heard reports from Argus about you. At first, we did not want to, seeing as you were a Hogwarts student and

brother of John Potter but now we have been convinced otherwise.” The man said.

“I don’t understand.” Harry couldn’t make head, nor tail of it.

“Do not worry Harry, in time you will. We know of the hardships that you face and we promise you Harry that it will stop soon. As soon as you learn what I am about to tell you to learn.” The man waited until Harry nodded before continuing.

“You are to learn an art called Occlumency, it is the act of guarding the mind and keeping your secrets safe from invasions.” Harry mentally reviewed seeing Snape stare at him straight in the eye and he understood, Snape had read his mind. Harry nodded, now getting why Occlumency was necessary. The man pulled a book out of his cloak and handed it to Harry.

Harry looked at the book that was simply titled ‘Occlumency’. He flipped it open to find the pages smooth and printed like muggle books. “Muggle printing?” Harry questioned.

Harry could see the man’s lips twitch. “....All in good time Harry....all in good time.” The man motioned for his two partners (or body guards probably?) to come closer. When they were close enough he turned towards Harry. “Inform Argus when you are done.” With that all three men vanished in a burst of black smoke that dissipated into the air in moments.

Harry heard Filch coming and was soon headed back towards the castle. The journey passed in silence as Harry contemplated what had happened.

X-X-X-X-X

Harry sat alone in a secluded part of the library. He had gone over all the theory behind occlumency that the book provided. It had been a month since he had gotten the book. He was now mentally prepared for the practical part.

Harry heard a clock strike midnight, the gong resonating in the library. He needed absolute silence for the first part of the task. Harry started to concentrate and soon the gong from the wall clock though sounding was no longer heard by the conscious part of his brain.

All of his senses were now being transferred to his subconscious to handle and his conscious was prepared for the task at hand. Harry felt a pull and soon he was in his own mind, a void of darkness with memories floating randomly looking like bubbles. This was the dangerous part. Concentrating more, he felt a pull at his magical core. If he had seen his physical state, it was profusely sweating. Harry pulled and pulled but his magical core didn't seem to be able to do what needed to be done. Gathering up his effort again, he tried once again, this time he tried to pull at his magical core with even greater concentration.

Through utter concentration, he finally felt his core give. Suddenly threads of light penetrated the void of darkness in his mind. Finally, his part done, he couldn't hold his concentration any longer, he let go of everything. Now that his magical core had been linked to his mind, it would stay linked.

Harry gave a huge gasp as his senses returned to his conscious. Already tired from the ordeal, Harry slipped unconscious.

x-x-x-x-x

Harry lay on his back staring at the starry night. It was two months after his first practical experience with occlumency. He had steered clear of both Snape's and Dumbledore's (as he assumed what Snape had meant by not looking him in the eye) eyes so they wouldn't try legilimency on him. During the second stage of Occlumency, legilimency was very counter-productive.

This stage included going through his previous memories and making them stationary with the help of his magical core. You could arrange the memories in any pattern that you liked and the book gave several different patterns to choose from but Harry decided to make his own. He arranged his memories in the pattern of a spider web with the

most important at the center. He used the threads from his magical core to link the memories.

Tonight was the final day of his arranging his memories. After that, the memories would collect around his pattern in the same way that he had defined his pattern. Then he would only need to do this to secure important memories closer to the center. Harry placed the final memory into place and then let go and came back to consciousness.

Now came the third and final part of the occlumency exercise. This part included building defenses and practicing against a legilimens. After making basic shields, he thought he would report to the brotherhood. But he wanted to test his shields against Snape first.

X-X-X-X-X

For the next couple of months, Harry often stared at Snape in the eyes and as soon as he felt his shields starting to break, he broke eye contact. He knew he risked Snape finding about the brotherhood but hopefully Snape would just think that he figured legilimency was being used on him and started practicing occlumency.

And so it continued. Snape was playing along for now and as long as Harry was getting his shields improved, who was he to complain? Besides the Occlumency thing, Harry was still doing amazingly in all of his classes. He had also tried more dart experiments and all of them seemed to have been working perfectly. He still had to hide it though and after a strike, and the effects observed, he would knock the person unconscious and remove his dart.

Snape was probably the only person who could have pointed to Harry after students found themselves in the hospital randomly but he had not and for that, Harry was thankful. In order to effectively throw darts and not been seen, Harry had been forced to improve his abilities to remain unnoticed. He could now successfully move through halls without being seen. This also had the fortunate side-effect of not being cursed as much.

John had been involved in his own things and had ignored Harry completely. The quidditch matches had gone flawlessly and Harry had won every single match for Slytherin. For that alone, he now had an almost curse-free pass from his own house mates.....almost.

X-X-X-X-X

It was finally the second last day at Hogwarts. They were going to board the Hogwarts express the next morning. Harry had planned to meet the brotherhood that night, after the End of Term feast. He had already told Filch and the brotherhood had been informed.

Harry was called to Snape's office fifteen minutes before the feast. Entering after being permitted, Harry was ordered to sit.

"Hello Harry" Snape started, Harry was perturbed by the use of his first name and from Snape nonetheless.

"I have observed your excellent potion making skills throughout the year. Not to mention your use of darts." Snape continued. "I have seen you show skills beyond any of the students here, matched and surpassing my own at your age." Harry's heart swelled with the unexpected praise and coming from Snape, this really was something.

"I will get straight to the point Harry, I want you to become my apprentice." Snape finally said with a sigh.

X-X-X-X-X

Harry entered the great hall still in a stunned state. Snape had offered him apprenticeship, given him a book on the different types of apprenticeships and asked him to consider it during the summer holidays. Snape expected an answer from him on the first day of his second year. Hell Snape had even given Harry the choice for the type of apprenticeship he wanted.

Still in a daze, Harry went through dinner. Shaking his head, Harry cleared his and using occlumency techniques perfected from practice,

he was finally able to clear his mind of all emotions and think logically. He would need that for the upcoming meeting.

Dumbledore stood up when the feast was finished. "It seems that Slytherin are leading on the house points. But I would like to announce some final points." Dumbledore went on to announce hundreds of house points to Gryffindor's like John, Weasley and Granger for being intelligent, playing chess and showing bravery.

Naturally the whole Slytherin house was outraged and even Harry couldn't contain his anger. All of his points from potions and quidditch.....for nothing! But Harry couldn't let this go on, he jumped on top of his table.

"I think it is time for...." But Dumbledore was cut off as Harry started speaking. "It doesn't matter what you think! According to "The Hogwarts' Code", the term ends as soon as the foot for the end of term feast disappears! Even with Headmaster privileges, you are not allowed to change house points now."

The Slytherin cheers started as Dumbledore finally accepted and awarded the Slytherin house with the cup. Harry saw a genuine smile from Snape and felt a moment of euphoria that was instantly quashed by his instinctual occlumency training. He could feel no emotions.

x-x-x-x-x

Harry found himself in a similar situation as before, as standing before him was the man in black cloak and around him were the people in brown cloaks.

The man finally lowered his head and Harry could see that he was old indeed. The man stared at Harry for a moment before Harry felt a strong attack on his mind. Once again Occlumency instincts didn't even need to be prepared as they started battling the invasion even before Harry was ready. Though the invasion was strong, Harry was able to push it out after it penetrated his first layer. He had seven layers in total, seven being the magical number.

The man smiled as Harry recomposed himself after successfully throwing off the attack. The man extended his hand towards Harry, "Hello Harry Potter, my name is Gellert Grindelwald.....former Dark Lord."

X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X

A/N: Yeah I know a cliffy but it just came to me and it was inevitable. The next update won't take as much time as long as you people keep reviewing. So KEEP REVIEWING!

Oh and I needed to ask a question : SHOULD I or shouldn't I add a larger involvement of Werewolves or Vampires or both in this. The story would still go according to plan either way. Though it will be a little darker with their involvement.

Punishment

X-X-X-X-X

“Gellert Grindelwald.....Former Dark Lord”.

Harry stumbled backwards and was about to fall when he was caught by Grindelwald’s guards. Jerking his arms, he freed himself of their unnaturally strong grips. Harry immediately looked around for any outlet that he could use as a means of escape.

“At least let me explain.” Grindelwald started. Harry had by now come to the conclusion that he couldn’t escape if Grindelwald didn’t want him to. No other choice left, Harry nodded his head.

“The final battle....between me and Dumbledore took place on the streets of Hogsmeade. The thing about final battles, Harry, is that they always have a conclusion, one way or the other. And this one didn’t turn out well for me.

I was defeated by Dumbledore and I will not go into the details but let me tell you this. Even at the final point the battle could have gone either way. But Alas, Dumbledore got the better of me, he disarmed me.

I knew that I could never face Albus Dumbledore without my wand, so I just stood there, defeated. I played right into Dumbledore’s weakness. He could never murder, don’t get me wrong, he would order for someone to be executed within seconds, but he could never kill someone with his own hands, As if that is any different.

But Dumbledore was a vile bastard. ‘There are worse things than death’ he told me and stripped me of the one thing I was proud of, my magic. I was left as a squib much like yourself with a magical core inside me but no magic to call upon. He then portkeyed me to a muggle area. Though with illusions, he made it appear as if I had turned to dust.

I knew I could not return to the wizarding world. They would hunt me down like dogs. So I stayed in the muggle world which is a story unto

itself. But it is enough to say that I had a very close look at the lives of Vampires and Werewolves mingled in muggle crime. And as a squib I began to feel the neglect that they felt from the magical world.

Nevertheless, the first few years were the worst of my life, after that I began to settle, plan and build. Since then, for over five decades, me and my organization have been preparing for a day to fight for equality if not superiority over wizardkind. I have gathered squibs, vampires and werewolves (he gestured to his body guards) and even a few wizards to join me and we form what we like to know as the Brotherhood.

Five decades is a long time Harry. And believe me, we have used the time to our advantage. The element of surprise will aid us and we will be successful. And now young Harry, you can either join us or walk away without any memory of the brotherhood.”

Harry contemplated the pros and cons of joining the brotherhood. But who was he kidding? Right here was an opportunity for him to be what he had always wanted. A part of something big and important. But the deciding factor was the thought that John wasn't involved in it in anyway, so he joined.

Right after Harry agreed, Grindelwald used Legilimency on him and after a short struggle, broke through his mind, when Grindelwald came to the memory of Harry's acceptance, he felt the emotions and decided that Harry was loyal. He broke out and nodded at Harry who was holding his head in his hands.

“You are now a member. As your first assignment, I ask you to improve your occlumency skills during the summer. Though you may be able to block normal attacks, your mind can not yet face the brunt of a full blown legilimency attack. We shall meet again in your next year.”

Harry still had a lot of questions and a big headache but before he could ask anything, Grindelwald and his bodyguards disappeared in a blast of smoke, that strangely wasn't suffocating in the least. Cool! Harry thought, maybe I would be able to do that someday. A smile graced Harry's face as he made his way back to the castle.

X-X-X-X-X

Harry sat in the last compartment of the Hogwarts Express, alone. He let out a sigh, it would've been good to have a friend right about now. He shook his head and used his occlumency to clear his mind of negative thoughts. He needed to look at the future now.

He was now a part of the brotherhood. He would be important, more important than John could ever be. And Harry promised himself that. And it was when Harry was high on that thought that John entered the compartment.

"What do you want?" Harry asked harshly. John looked taken aback, "I had come to apologize you brat! But now I don't think I will." John said. Hermione spoke up from behind him, "We just wanted to help you Harry, you don't have any friends in Slytherin so maybe we could be your friends from now on."

Harry stood there stunned. If there was one thing he hated more than neglect, it was pity. And it was one of the reasons he didn't like Remus Lupin too much. "As if I need your friendship," Harry dismissed them both.

Ron Weasley came bursting into the compartment, and grabbed Harry by the collar, "Listen you snake, your brother is a hundred times the person you are. So show a little respect." Ron snarled in what he assumed was supposed to be a menacing voice.

Harry had had enough of this. He twisted the hand that grabbed his collar and Ron released it with a yelp, with his other hand, he punched Ron straight in the face. He heard Ron's nose break and let him go, facing John he already had his punch an inch from John's face before he stopped it. This could have severe repercussions at home, he wasn't a slytherin for nothing.

"Out now!." He whispered and if anybody else had been close enough besides him and John, they would've recognized it as parseltongue. John nodded, fear shown in his eyes, that voice had

scared him. He grabbed Ron and motioned to Hermione and left the compartment.

X-X-X-X-X

Harry sat on a sofa in the living room while his parents paced around. They had been quiet at the platform and had sent John to his room as soon as they had arrived.

“Why do you have to make this so difficult for us Harry?” His mother questioned. Harry looked at her as if she was crazy and didn’t even bother answering. “One month.....that’ll be your punishment.” his father said aloud. When Lily looked at James questioningly he explained.

“It’s an old pureblood punishment for children. Harry is to be locked in his bedroom (bath combined) for one month. The house-elves will provide food and that is it.” James looked at Lily, daring her to question his ability to punish his own child. But she resolutely nodded in the end.

Harry had been outraged. That meant he couldn’t visit either Master Li or Adam for a whole month! He had also planned to fly in the Potter manor quidditch pitch this summer (alone of course). Furthermore, he wouldn’t be able to even access the Potter Library, which was his only lifeline at home. He knew there was no use arguing with his father, so like a good Slytherin, he already had a plan forming in his mind.

“I’m not even a wizard! Why do you seek to apply those stupid rules to me?” Harry questioned, seemingly outraged. “Well you’ll have to follow them if you live under our roof!” Harry humphed and stormed out.

Harry heard his mother half-heartedly pleading with his father to let him go of the punishment. And in the end his mother would always give up and agree. It had happened like this since a long time. Hopefully that would give him some time to get a few books out of the library.

Quickly running into the Potter Library, Harry went straight to the section, his parents had locked down. "Tibby" He called out a house-elf. He asked the house-elf to open the door to the "restricted" section. He was still rightfully her master and she had to obey, so the house-elf broke down the wards and opened the door.

x-x-x-x-x

Harry heard his father mutter spells and he could feel his dagger pulsing at the ward being put up around his room. He sighed as he glanced over at the dusty tome at his bedside table. At least he had managed to nick Mind Magicks.

He heard his father giving specific orders to the house-elves. Harry punched his pillow. But the frustration wasn't done yet as he punched it again and again and again. Finally when he was getting tired, he jumped off his bed.

Harry looked out the window. He opened it as the wind blew at him. He gently extended his arm but found it to be blocked by an invisible barrier. Harry let his arm drop and cleared his mind. The gentle wind hitting his face helped in soothing him. After what seemed like a long time Harry heard a crack from behind as he turned to face a house-elf with his food.

After he was done with his food, Harry opened up the tome on Mind Magic. Flipping over the long forewords, Harry finally came upon the introduction.

Mind Magics are an entirely different form of magic rather than a simple branch. It is also one of the most powerful forms of magic. A magical being is born with magic in his heart (Usual wand/wandless magic reserves), in his blood (blood magic) and in his mind (mind magic). These three along with Soul Magic (which is also responsible for the magical core) form the four fundamental inner forms of magic.

The average magical person without any knowledge of mind magics uses only around one thousandth of the magic of his brain which gives them a better memory than muggles. Mind magic utilizes the magical part of the brain.

A person who truly understands mind magic and can use it efficiently is called a mind mage. Mind Magic allows a person from breaking into another's mind to blocking it to creating illusions to modifying other peoples' memories and the list goes on. The use of mind magics has decreased with time as Wand Magic is being preferred more due to it's easy use. This has resulted in many types of mind magics to be lost.

I write this book with the intent to give away all the knowledge that I have acquired over the years relating to mind magic. In the hope that such a precious branch of magic will not be wasted away. I have no fear of anyone misusing it, for anyone who can learn it will have gained the right to use it in anyway he/she wants.

Harry was stunned. He didn't even know other forms of magic existed. This was the stuff that should've been taught at Hogwarts. He made a mental note (quite literally using Occlumency) to look up the different forms of magic in the library at Hogwarts. Since he could learn occlumency, it meant that he could use all mind magics, and maybe even other forms of magic!

Excited at the prospect, Harry flipped the page to the first Chapter. He smirked at the title.....how predictable. Occlumency

X-X-X-X-X

Two weeks.....Two weeks had passed since Harry had been locked in his room. And he was absolutely furious with his parents. If only he had another place to stay, he wouldn't have to return to this home. He would ask the brotherhood if they had an available place.

Speaking of the brotherhood, he was by now fairly confident that no one could break through his occlumency shields. He had finished the first chapter in the Mind Magics tome and that had helped a lot. He was dying to move onto the next chapter.....Legilimency.

But Harry felt as he ate breakfast that he deserved a break. He had been working most of the time for the past two weeks on his physical training (the few he could do in the room) if not on his occlumency.

Harry lay back on his bed, stretching to relax. It was then that he heard a knock on the window. Looking at it, he saw an owl trying to get in. Quickly getting up, Harry opened the window to allow the owl entry. He took the letter attached as the owl took a nip from his breakfast before flying out.

Harry tore the envelope to find two pieces of parchment. Harry read the first which looked like a familiar writing style.

One of the many benefits should you accept to be my apprentice.

S.S

Now that he knew it was from Snape, Harry eagerly looked at the other parchment. It had the logo of Flourish and Blotts on top it.

The owner of this charmed parchment is allowed any book from the Potions section of the prestigious store Flourish and Blotts, free of charge, as Mr. Severus Snape will be required to pay for them at the end of every year.

There were signatures of the owner of Flourish and Blotts and of Snape in blood at the bottom. 'Wow' thought Harry. He quickly went and opened the book on apprenticeships that Snape had given him. His decision was already made (added by anger at his parents), now he just had to choose the type of apprenticeship.

.....

At dinner time that day, Harry had finally chosen the type of apprentice he would become and the bond that he would undergo with Snape. It was a moderate type of bond, not like a strong one that could bind his will to his master and not such a weak one that the master or student could break any time. The bond would require both Master and Student willing or unwilling if it wanted to be broken. And the master would be required to care for general health and education of his apprentice.

The good thing was that while Snape could require Harry to learn something, he couldn't limit Harry's learning or forbid him to learn something. Moreover Harry didn't want a mental link with Snape, no thank you as one strong type of bond provided.

The matter decided, Harry started to add shields to his mind a last time before he would move on to legilimency the next morning.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry was doing his push-ups and there was sweat all over his forehead. He had done well to keep doing his exercises. His Legilimency had also progressed enough for him to be able to read a person emotionally.

His time being locked up was up. And anytime his father would be coming to lift the wards. He would never forget this. His mother had occasionally come by and asked if he was doing okay, but always from outside the door. John had also come once to gloat about a new nimbus broom he had received. But this was the first time his father would come.

Harry went to take a bath and when he came back, he found his father standing in the door way. His father stood there expecting Harry to go in a fit of rage but Harry kept quiet. Harry tried to read his father's emotions but found a barrier. 'Well, aurors probably learn Occlumency as part of their training.;

He wasn't a bloody emotional gryffindor. He didn't even look at his father as he made his way out. He found his mother sitting in the living room and she looked up as Harry entered. He got a mild headache as soon as he tried to read her emotions. 'There were so many!' he thought. But Harry paid her no heed as he made his way out of the house.

First things first, he needed to visit Adam.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry waited until the coast was clear as he made his way into Adam's house. He found Adam looking out the window in his small bedroom. Harry looked around the room and thought that the calming draught had probably worked. Adam's room now looked more like one belonging to a normal child. He clenched his fists, it still didn't mean his uncle wouldn't pay.

Adam looked around and caught sight of Harry. A smile graced his face as he ran towards Harry. "Guess what Harry?" He asked in excitement.

Harry thought for a moment but then relented, "What?"

"I'm a wizard too Harry just like you! I got my Hogwarts letter a week ago!" Harry smiled as he looked at Adam. 'Not really Adam, you're the wizard, I'm just a squib.' He thought.

X-x-x-x-x

A/N: Yeah I know it wasn't as long as some of the others but bear with me, the next chapter will be long and will be out really soon, I promise. (most probably this weekend). Just keep reviewing. I was very happy with the reviews on the last chapter and hope to receive a lot on this one too.

Next chapter: Master Li...Diagon Alley...finding a place to live...And return to Hogwarts

I have another question: Should I involve muggle crime and/or guns etc into the story? Werewolves and Vamps are definitely in by the way.

Don't forget to REVIEW!

The Remaining Summer

X-X-X-X-X

Harry had finally explained to Adam the circumstances regarding his own position in the wizarding world. Adam had at first been shocked and then angry at Harry's parents. "How could they do that? You should demand your magic back!" Harry then went on to explain that the magical transfer was only possible in infants and how he had learnt to accept it over the years.

Adam had by now calmed down enough so Harry started speaking, "Well, you being a wizard is a pleasant surprise but I'll understand if you don't want to associate with me anymore." Harry spoke softly, voicing one of his greatest fears.

"Gosh No Harry, you're like a brother, guardian and friend to me. I can never repay you for all the kindness you have shown me. I'm with you till the end and never think anything else." Harry used his occlumency training to control his emotions. Speaking of occlumency, he needed to teach Adam that.

Harry taught Adam the basics of occlumency for three hours straight until it was time for lunch. Adam didn't even question why he was being taught this, such was his trust in Harry. Telling Adam to keep practicing, Harry made his way towards Master Li's house.

X-x-x-x-x

"Yes, bend your body like a snake, poising for attack, excellent, now imagine your energy building up as you pull your arm back, and now the release must be instantaneous, straighten your body as you throw your dart ,like a spring that is compressed and released." Harry heard Master Li, instructing him as he poised his body and suddenly straightened his body as his arm flew forward releasing the dart that was in it. He was finally practicing with the professional metallic dart set that Master Li had given him last Christmas.

The dart flew like a bullet as it hit the board with a resounding thud. Harry looked up to see a proud smile grace Master Li's face. It made

him revel in his success. He had been practicing this technique with Master Li for the last week with plastic darts (which he had previously used at Hogwarts) and finally he had used the metallic dart (which was capable of some real damage) and succeeded.

Adam had also come along excellently in his occlumency training. He seemed to pick occlumency up even faster than Harry had. In only a week, Harry hadn't been able to sense Adam emotions any longer. With Master Li, Harry had kept up his training in full. At home, he had been practicing legilimency. His days were full and he wasn't even noticing the ever widening gap that had been appearing between him and his family...and apparently, he didn't care anymore.

As Harry wiped his sweat, he heard Master Li calling him. When Harry approached him Master Li invited Harry to sit with him and drink some tea. "We have reached a point in your training where I am unsure whether to continue or not" Master Li started.

"Why is that?" Harry asked bluntly not really knowing where this was going.

"When I accepted you, you were being bullied and you needed desperately a way to fight back. I gave you that and I believe you can successfully defend against any school bully. But last year you went to a boarding school and I believe that the reason for your learning is now beyond any school bullies..."

"but..." Harry wanted to say but Master Li cut him off.

"I am not asking you to explain it to me. Your reasons are your own. But I do need to know one thing before I can continue to train you in the more...violent...martial arts. Are you still the hunted or are you seeking to become a hunter?"

It took a few moments before Harry was able to understand the meaning behind that last question. But the answer came to him naturally. "I am seeking to become a hunter to prevent being hunted, if you can understand that..." Harry looked questioningly at Master Li.

A look of understanding passed Master Li as he nodded. "Perfectly. Tomorrow we will start a new stage of your training...blades."

X-X-X-X-X

As Harry made his way towards Adam's house, it was with a smile. It had been a week since Master Li's acceptance and he had started to learn how to wield a dagger. Master Li had been really impressed that Harry could already wield a dagger quite confidently. He gripped his Slytherin's dagger inside his jacket reassuringly.

He recalled that today was the day he was going to go with Adam to Diagon Alley to buy his things. He sighed in contentment. It had been a very drugged (with potions) uncle of Adam that had finally accepted for Adam to go to Hogwarts and reluctantly had signed the required check for his school fees. But his uncle still didn't give any money to buy his Hogwarts things.

Harry could feel the weight of the fifty galleons his parents had given him for his own school things. Harry rang the bell and soon Adam came out. As soon as their eyes met, Harry instantly pushed forward with his legilimency attack and was met by quite some shields. Harry sliced through the shields with pure force, he could've done it subtly but Adam already knew he was using legilimency so no need to hide it. Harry reveled in the feeling of legilimency, as he found the memory that he was looking for it. But as soon as he found it, he was kicked out of Adam's mind.

They both stood there panting from the effort. This was an everyday occurrence when Harry met Adam and helped improve both his legilimency and Adam's occlumency. "You're getting better" Harry told Adam who smiled, "but I'm getting even better." Harry smirked at Adam.

Soon both boys were chatting as they made their way towards Potter Manor from where Harry decided they would floo. To anybody observing, they would appear to be two normal young boys, but both had their own demons to face.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry pulled Adam along with him who was too shocked at everything he was seeing to come along on his own. Harry remembered how he had felt when he had seen Diagon Alley the first time.

First thing, the robe shop. Harry decided to continue with his robes from his previous year and payed for brand new Hogwarts robes for Adam. Adam knew that arguing with Harry about the money would do no good so he followed along.

After robes, they went to the apothecary to buy their potions stuff. Harry already had an owl level kit so he didn't really need anything therefore he only bought Adam his stuff. They decided that a pet was probably too much and really, they didn't know how much the wand would cost.

Adam was really eager to get his wand but didn't want to show it in front of Harry, who couldn't use a wand. Harry understood as Adam gazed longingly at Oleanders. So they made their way towards there.

"Hello there Mr. Potter, Unfortunately I can't have the chance to find you a wand." Ollivander came out from behind. "Unfortunately" Harry muttered. "And, I can't remember any family with those looks, you must be a muggleborn." Adam nodded.

After a few minutes of searching, Ollivander finally found the right wand for Adam. As soon as Adam held it, crimson red sparks shot out of it like fireworks. "Ah. Dragon Heartstring in Holly, a perfect combination to make a defense wand." They soon left the store fifteen galleons lighter.

Their final stop was Flourish and Blotts. They bought Transfiguration and Charms books for Adam. When they headed off towards the Defense section, they could see that it was pretty crowded. And for good reason, Harry saw his brother standing on a podium with another wizard who was apparently famous too.

They heard from someone that the other wizard was Gilderoy Lockhart. Harry asked Adam to give him his list. Looking at it, Harry could see that all the defense books were by Gilderoy Lockhart. Harry

picked up all the books that were by Lockhart and saw that they didn't actually contain any spells. They were like bedtime stories! "We don't need to buy these useless expensive books. I can tell that the defense professor is crap if he assigns these books. Harry picked up a book from the shelf and showed it to Adam (who nodded) before putting it in the bag. 'A beginners guide to Magical Defense'

Their last stop in the store was the potions section, having decided that Adam would take Harry's first year History, Herbology and Astronomy books. Harry picked up a brand new copy of the first year potions text for Adam. "Why don't I take your first year potions book Harry? We don't need to buy a new one." Adam explained.

"All my potions books will be paid for by Professor Snape as I am going to accept apprenticeship in potions from him." Harry said before putting the Potions texts for year two to five (owl) in the shopping bag. "He must be a really nice teacher," Adam commented. "Yeah...real nice," Harry replied sarcastically.

After a few more minutes in which Harry looked around the potions section, he finally found the book he was looking for. "No one really cares about semi-dark potions books around here. A book like this on defense would have been banned." Harry muttered. He showed him the cover, 'Magical Tracking : The Potion Master's approach'

"What do you need that for?" Adam asked. Harry muttered 'later' as they went up to the counter to pay for the books.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry and Adam were both sitting in the ice cream parlor eating ice-cream. It had been a tiring day. After getting their things, they had gone on to different stores including Quality Quidditch supplies and Zonko's, where they didn't actually buy anything but Harry did introduce Adam to more of the magical world.

By the time they were done, it was nearly nightfall. They hurriedly went to the Leaky Cauldron from where they flooed to Potter Manor. They had decided that Adam would put all of his stuff (except his wand) at Potter Manor until the day that they were to go to Hogwarts.

As they both floored to the Potter Manor living room, it was to see his parents and John sitting their chatting.

Everybody looked at them when Harry and Adam floored in. "Who's your friend Harry?" Lily asked. "Adam Mathew" Harry introduced him. There was an awkward moment of silence before Lily asked Adam to join them for dinner. Adam looked up at Harry for permission who nodded, knowing too well how little Adam got at his home.

Dinner was a tense affair. His parents asked simple questions to Adam who answered them. John glared at both Adam and Harry and Harry kept quiet with his eyes on his food. After dinner, Harry went with Adam to drop him off. The night was starting to get darker as they made their way out. Adam wisely kept quiet about Harry's family.

"So what was with that Potions book that you bought from Flourish and Blotts?" Adam asked as a way of starting off a conversation. Harry's bad mood instantly vanished as a smirk lit his face. "Well, we have to remove the tracking charm on your wand, don't we?" Adam pumped his fist into the air as he too smiled. He was about to say something when Harry raised his hand for him to be quiet.

"Somebody's following us." Harry whispered to Adam. Adam knew how sharp Harry's senses were so he didn't question him. Harry cautiously looked around as his hand flew into his pocket to grab his dagger.

"Grrr.." Harry whipped around as a person jumped out from behind a tree, his dagger already in his hand. The person was middle aged with dirt on his face. He wore ragged, torn clothes. The man smiled in a particularly menacing way. Harry's dagger gave a warning pulse. This wasn't your everyday beggar if his dagger had reacted that way.

The man lunged at Harry who neatly side stepped. Harry roundhouse kicked the man in the stomach as he did so. The man only grunted in annoyance at the kick as he gripped Harry's leg. He swung as Harry went flying and landed into a bush. Adam was now staring wide eyed at the fight. He pulled out his wand, unsure of what to do.

Harry slowly got up as he saw the man running at him at an unusually fast speed. Harry watched in slow motion as the man came at him. He picked up quite a large rock and threw it at full speed at the man. It hit the man in the face, who merely shrugged it off. Harry put his dagger in front of him and the man halted his approach.

"I don't know where you got that but you don't have the guts to use it kid." The man pulled out his own dagger from his pocket. Harry yelled at Adam to run but Adam was rooted to the spot. Adam was waving his wand and saying whatever came to his mind but to no effect. The man came forward and slashed his dagger at Harry who ducked and punched the man between his legs...hard.

The man stumbled back this time and Harry had the opportunity to run. As Harry was running, he saw that Adam was left behind. When he turned around, he saw that Adam was cornered with the man standing in front of him. That man has got to be something to be standing even after his punch.

Harry felt fear then, as the man raised his knife towards Adam. He didn't know what had gotten into him but he yelled as he ran as fast as he could towards the man and plunged his dagger into the man's midriff. The man fell to the ground this time and started bleeding. In a few seconds, the poison from his dagger killed the man.

Harry fell to his knees as he saw the man die in front of his eyes. Adrenaline was now gone and replaced by resentment. He had killed a man, he looked at his hands. He had taken a life, everything that his father had said about him being in slytherin was probably true, he was 'evil'. Adam put a comforting hand on his shoulder.

Adam slowly pulled Harry up. They made their way towards Adam's house, neither knowing what to say. When they finally reached his house, Adam started to say, "that man would've killed me if it weren't for you Harry, thank you." Harry only nodded as Adam bid him goodbye.

Harry felt hollow as he made his way towards his own home. He was careful to avoid the same path that he had come from. When he reached home, everybody looked up to see who had come but went

back to what they were doing when they saw it was Harry. Harry was tempted to say something, to yell out that he had killed a man, but looking at his family chatting happily between themselves, he didn't.

It was with great difficulty and a lot of use of occlumency that he went to sleep that night. And even then, he was haunted with nightmares of being sent to prison/hell.

X-X-X-X-X

It was a week later that Harry finally came to his senses again. The past days had gone by in a daze. He did his training like before but beyond that...nothing. Adam had finally gotten tired of trying to get Harry out of his shell and had explained the whole event to Master Li. Master Li had then explained to Harry that sometimes, killing was necessary and had calmed most of Harry's fears.

After that Harry had slowly began regaining his spirits. He had finally brewed the potion to remove the tracking charm from Adam's wand. Adam had started training in defense against the dark arts. He could now easily perform the disarming charm and the simple protego. A leg-locker and dizzying curse were soon added to the list.

Harry meanwhile was becoming so disjointed from his family that he couldn't stand them anymore. On his and John's birthday, he had gotten an expensive robe from his mother and a flying golden snitch from his father. He didn't think that expensive gifts could make them a happy family again and he disliked his parents the more for their presents.

He planned to run away the next summer and for that he needed a place to stay. He could always stay with Master Li but he didn't want to burden the old man anymore than necessary. Adam had also wished to stay with him and so they both began searching for a place to live for the next summer.

In the end, they decided to buy a flat in an old building. All the flats in the building had two bedrooms with a single bathroom and a living room and kitchen. They checked out the cheapest prices that were on offer and noted down the amount they would have to make by next

summer, which was roughly equal to three hundred galleons. Harry didn't know how they would get such an amount but he had a few ideas in his head that he was willing to try, to make money during the year.

x-x-x-x-x

Harry was sitting in his compartment reading his second year potions book while Adam was sitting across from him reading his defense book. They were finally going to Hogwarts. It was a while before the door flew open.

Draco Malfoy stood there flanked by his two goons. "What have you got yourself here potty, A mudblood?" Malfoy sneered at Adam. "I can tell you what you'll get yourself if you don't leave, a broken nose." Harry replied calmly from his seat. "Crabbe and Goyle here will be willing to do that to you two." Draco replied and his goons cracked their knuckles.

"Oh yeah?" Harry asked in a bored voice, raising an eyebrow. "Later Potter, I'll be watching you and your friend. So watch your back!" Malfoy said before turning to Crabbe and Goyle, "Come along, let's find the other potty, this one's boring."

The door slammed as they left. "He's a jerk who's in Slytherin. Don't worry he's just like the dog which only barks. But you better learn a locking charm before the next time we board this train, I tend to get a lot of unwelcome visitors." Harry said to Adam.

When the train arrived at Hogwarts, Harry and Adam parted their ways. As Harry went towards the carriages, he could see the black winged horses in front. Confused, he entered a carriage which contained other slytherins.

Harry entered the hall soon enough. He was anxious to see where Adam would be sorted. Pretty soon the transfiguration professor entered the hall followed by her bunch of first years. Harry smirked, he had 'forgotten' to tell Adam how the first years were sorted.

Adam looked at him questioningly at that moment but Harry only smirked in reply. The sorting hat was then brought in and it started its song telling the characteristics of each house. But Harry could care less about that, it was finally when McGonagall called out "Mathew, Adam" that he actually leaned forward.

Adam confidently strode towards the stool and placed the hat on his head. It was quite some time before the hat finally reached its decision. The hat finally yelled out Adam's new house.

X-x-x-x-x

A/N: I seem to be ending with cliffy's a lot :P. Next chapter we'll find out what house Adam is in. Anyways, please REVIEW! It's the only thing that's keeping this story alive.

Return to Hogwarts

X-X-X-X-X

“HUFFLEPUFF!” The Hufflepuff table gave generous applause. Harry was the only Slytherin to be clapping but he didn't care. Adam smiled as he saw Harry clapping. Harry chanced a glance at the head table and saw that Snape was staring at him as he had been since Harry arrived. When Snape saw Harry clapping, he raised an eyebrow questioningly. Harry merely shrugged in reply.

Throughout the feast, Harry was feeling really excited. He was going to accept an apprenticeship with Snape and he was going to meet the Brotherhood that night too. After the feast was over, Dumbledore got up and told the school the start of term notices while announcing the new DADA teacher as Lockhart. Harry looked at Adam who was looking back at him with a grimace on his face.

When Dumbledore bade everybody goodnight, Harry looked at Snape who nodded his head and left the hall in a flurry of robes. Harry knew what that meant, he was expected at Snape's office. The night has only begun.

X-x-x-x-x

“Well, I can not say I am entirely pleased but I would have been really displeased if you chose any bond lower than that.” Snape commented on Harry's choice of apprenticeship bond. Harry nodded his head in return.

“Am I right in assuming that your parents have no knowledge of this?” Snape inquired. Harry nodded once again, “yes sir”. Snape smirked. “Well thank Merlin (literally) for ancient laws and no modern law has the power to stop a master and his apprentice if they both consent.” Harry was happy to hear that, he didn't want his parents to get in between him and his education anyways.

“Very well, We have to undergo a simple ritual.” Snape took out a dagger from his pocket, he told Harry to stand back and it was then that Harry noticed the markings on the floor. First Snape cut his finger

and let three drops of blood drop into a circle on the floor. He motioned for Harry to do the same on another smaller circle. The lines on the floor glowed for a while before a piece of ancient looking parchment appeared on the floor. Snape picked it up.

When Harry inquired about the parchment, Snape replied, "Well you can not simply force someone into the bond. This parchment ensures that the donor of the blood was willing. You simply have to touch it while concentrating on the type of Apprenticeship bond you want." When Harry had done so the parchment copied itself and both parchments rolled into a scroll. Snape took one and handed the other to Harry.

"This makes the bond official. A copy will also appear in the ministry...I am sure this will reach the Daily Prophet before morning." Snape said. Harry's eyebrows shot up, this was not good. He wasn't prepared for the reaction of his parents yet. Snape it seemed knew what he was thinking but only smirked in reply while bidding him Good night.

Harry was still in a daze as he was walking along the dungeons. Just as he turned a corner, he bumped into someone, looking up he saw it was Argus Filch. "I've been looking for you Harry, come along. They're waiting." Harry knew who 'they' were and asked no questions as he followed after Filch.

X-x-x-x-x

"Hello Harry, How are you?" Grindelwald stated as he saw Harry. He nodded to Filch who gave a short bow before retreating to the woods. Grindelwald was the same and so were his body guards. "Fine" Harry mumbled, still not used to the former dark lord.

"Have a seat Harry" Grindelwald stated. Harry saw with amazement a flat rock flew towards him before stopping behind him as would any seat. "Did you...?" Harry asked Grindelwald. "Yes, it is a form of mind magic. It truly is wonderous what you can do with your mind, isn't it Harry?" Grindelwald asked as Harry nodded.

"I'll need to check your shields again." Grindelwald asked to which Harry gave his consent. Almost instantly a force was pushing against his mind, this was a stronger attack than the one Grindelwald had used at the end of last year. But Harry was able to expertly block it with his improved occlumency. Grindelwald looked amazed. "That was a truly wonderful performance Harry. I wouldn't have expected your occlumency to increase by this much over one summer." Grindelwald stated but Harry chose not to explain.

"Harry, I can sense great potential in you, and I want you to use that potential. I will be giving you lessons every month right here. For this year, I will relieve you of any assignments for the brotherhood. Those will start in their due time. Right now, I want you to learn. I will be teaching you about Magic in general, alternative forms of magic and History of magic amongst other things."

Harry nodded in eagerness. "Let us start with Magic in general as this month's lesson. "

"Magic is generally classified into external magic and internal magic. External magic is the magic of our surroundings, it is present all around us. It is the magic present in air, earth, water and fire. Do you understand what this means Harry?"

"Elemental Magic?"

"Precisely, you see, Elemental Magic is a form of external magic, though there are other elements besides these four like lightning, shadow, and many more. Now the question here is, who is able to use elemental magic?" Harry nodded, very eager to learn that specific piece of information.

"Only those who are born with a natural affinity to an element can actually call it forth and control it. Unfortunately there is no method to check whether you can actually control an element or not. Most people born with it never know about their talent and die without having known. The few who do get to know, and mind you there are quite a few, like to keep it a secret. Though there are books written by elementals that tell you of the symptoms of being an elemental, they

are generally guarded by the families and descendants of the elemental and not available in a bookstore.”

Harry nodded. The possibility of being an elemental had excited him, but he wouldn't get his hopes high. There was still the possibility that he didn't have the talent. Grindelwald went on to explain the theory behind elemental magic in general. When the lesson was finally over, he asked Harry to observe the elements around him more closely from then on. This was going to be his 'homework'. He would find if he had an unusual connection to any element in particular.

His trip back with Filch was uneventful. Soon, Harry was asleep in his dormitory.

X-X-X-X-X

As Harry made his way towards the Great Hall, there was something nagging at him. Anticipation? Dread? He couldn't tell but he knew that something was up. This was confirmed when he actually entered the hall. Everybody was staring at him. The Slytherin's looked angry, the rest of the houses looked at him in disgust (except Adam who flashed him a thumbs up) and even the staff looked weary except for Snape who smirked when Harry saw him. It all came to him then.

It seemed news of his apprenticeship had spread. He cautiously made his way towards the Slytherin table and sat down on the edge furthest from the rest of his house and nearest to the staff table. Just when he sat down, Malfoy came over, fuming. “You think you're special Potter?” Malfoy drew his wand, “Let's see how you handle this!”. Before Malfoy could even utter the curse, his wand flew out of his hand and into Snape's waiting hand who had just appeared at the scene.

“Detention at eight tonight, and return to your seat.” Malfoy bowed his head and returned to his seat. But not before mouthing “Watch your back” to Harry. Harry was still bewildered. What had gotten into Malfoy?

“Meet me at my office after breakfast . Oh and you might as well see for yourself” He said tossing Harry the Daily Prophet before walking

back towards the staff table. With dread, Harry glanced down at the paper.

The Dark Potter

It was only the previous night that it has come to the attention of the Prophet that Harry Potter,

brother of the Boy-who-lived has accepted an apprenticeship with Severus Snape, Potions master at Hogwarts.

One would ask why the Potters allowed their son to enter into such a bond with Severus Snape, former 'confirmed' Death Eater of You-Know-Who.(for more information on Severus Snape as Deatheater, see pg 4) Once contacted, the Potter's denied giving any such permission. Which leads to the conclusion that the apprentice bond could only be formed by a ritual.

Bonding Rituals are frowned upon by the Ministry and it leads credibility to the fact that Mr. Harry Potter, brother of the Defeater of You-Know-Who might actually be going down a darker path. Could the wizarding world ever have imagined a Dark Potter?

James Potter, Auror and Father of the Boy-Who-Lived had this to say, "Though I'm pained to say it, Harry is a shame to the family. Ever since he found out that he is a squib, He has been going darker and darker. I never thought I would be glad that Harry is a squib."

Indeed, as Potter is a squib, there is not much to worry about. We hope that one day Harry Potter will learn the futility of his efforts and be back happily with his loving family.

Anger. That was the only thing he felt. Dropping his spoon with a clatter, Harry abruptly stood up. Completely ignoring everybody, he walked fast out of the Great Hall. Adam too immediately stood up from the Hufflepuff table and followed after.

As soon as Harry exited the Great Hall, he saw, John coming towards him. Before John could even utter a single word, Harry had grabbed him by the collar and pushed him roughly against the wall. John was

suddenly very scared. He could see the fury burning in Harry's emerald green eyes. In another blink of the eye, Harry had his dagger out and barely an inch from John's throat.

"I have had enough!" Harry hissed before pulling his hand holding the dagger back and ready to strike. Just then a firm grip encircled his dagger arm. "Calm down Harry. Release him." Adam said. Harry released John who ran away immediately. "Come on Harry, lets go outside for a walk." Reluctantly Harry pocketed his dagger and followed Adam out.

They walked around the Lake for a minute quietly, before Harry broke the silence. "I was about to kill him." He whispered. "Yeah, imagine the reaction of the Wizarding world if you had killed the boy-who-lived." Adam said trying to lighten the mood. This had the opposite effect on Harry who frowned.

"Brighten up Harry, there are times, I too wish I could kill my uncle. And after all he has done to me, I would think it justified." Adam said. "You don't know Adam, you might want to with all your heart but after you have actually killed somebody, all those feelings are overturned and you feel you that a part of you was killed with it."

"Aw come on Harry. You think that the person you killed would've thought twice before killing you?" "I guess you're right." Harry sighed. They had come to a stop now. "Look Adam, I'm going to go down a dark and dangerous path if I have got to become somebody. And you don't necessarily have to follow me there. You have a great school, great house, you can have fun and make new friends. You don't need me."

Adam's jaw dropped. "What! And miss all the fun?" Adam asked. "Yeah right! I'm with you Harry and you shouldn't have to question that." Adam replied firmly.

"I guess I will need a hand." Harry was finally in a lighter mode. "You better learn to do a lot with that wand of yours" Harry told Adam. "Aye aye Sir!" Adam said giving him a salute which had both of them laughing. "Oh shit!" Harry just remembered. "I've got a meeting with

Snape and you have classes to attend.” They both ran towards the school.

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“You're late.” Was the first thing Snape said as Harry entered Snape's office. “Sorry sir, I had to gather my emotions.” Harry replied. “Understandable, take a seat.” Snape told him.

When Harry was seated Snape continued. “I'll start by explaining the reactions of the staff and students as I can see you don't understand.” Harry nodded. “The Slytherin's are angry because some of them had been looking forward to becoming my apprentice, especially Malfoy.” Snape's lips quirked. “The rest of the students are just showing their respect for me. And finally the professors' reactions have to do with Dumbledore.” Harry sat straighter on his seat.

“Albus Dumbledore is the head of a secret organisation known as the Order of the Phoenix. I'm sure you might have heard of it seeing as your parents are part of it.” Snape asked. Harry nodded, he had heard about that. “Of course it's not that secret, even the deatheaters know of it.” Snape smirked. “Sir, were you...?” Harry chanced a question.

“Yes, I was indeed a deatheater during the Dark Lord's reign of power. But then I joined Dumbledore's Order, and believe me, they really needed a decent Potion maker. After the Dark Lord fell, the order has gone quiet but we still meet quite a few times. Dumbledore has asked me quite a few times to choose an apprentice. He wants to secure a future potions master for the Order.” Snape smirked. “As if, I would choose a foolish Gryffindor like he hinted at. I told him I would choose when I found a worthy apprentice. I believe he is not really happy with me choosing a Slytherin and a 'dark potter' at that.”

Harry nodded, smiling. Snape continued, “I assume you have some training in Occlumency, if your subtle attempts last year were any hint.” Harry confirmed sheepishly. Then Snape looked into his eyes and he felt a strong legilimency attack on him. Catching him unaware, Snape was able to penetrate the first two layers of his mind before being blocked and thrown out.

"That was an interesting arrangement of your mind . I will not ask you why you felt the need to learn Occlumency. Let us now focus on your education in Potions. How far have you gone Mr. Potter?" Snape questioned.

"I have finished the second year course so I would be at the level of a starting third year." Harry replied. Snape nodded, "Very well, we will finish third and fourth year potions this year and fifth year during the next year so that by Christmas next year, you will have given your Potions OWL. Here is your modified Schedule for classes." Snape handed him a sheet of paper.

"I hope you will learn more than just Potions from this Mastery . You are dismissed." Snape stood up. "I hope so too sir. Thankyou."

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A month had passed by. Harry's Potions lessons had gone by extremely well. When in class, he was seperated from the rest and given seperate advanced work by Snape. Snape had also made sure that nobody would curse him like they did during his first year in the hallways. Even the Slytherins had left him alone.

The buzz from the daily prophet had also died down. Harry was surprised that there was no letter and/or howler from his parents but he didn't care either way. He kept up his physical training along with Legilimency/Occlumency with Adam. John had also avoided him.

Overall, everything was going well. He had quidditch practice that he attended. The only failing of the month, Harry thought, was that he hadn't found out any element that he had an affinity to. He had even burnt his hand in the fire!

But Harry put all that away as he was on his broom right now, in the first quidditch match of the year. Incidentally, with Hufflepuff. Adam was still cheering for him, even though the rest of his house were frowning at him. Adam had been learning a lot by himself. He was cruising through Transfiguration and Charms and would've cruised through DADA if the teacher was any good. Adam was getting real

good with a wand. He only concentrated on those three subjects though. Harry had the suspicion that Adam didn't care about those subjects in which Harry was good at. He wanted to be the one to fill the gap left by Harry being a squib. This brought a smile to his face, Adam sure was loyal.

Just then Harry thought he saw a glimmer of Gold. Immediately Harry turned his broom in that direction and shot after it. He quickly reached the maximum speed of the broom and the snitch was right in front of him. He pushed the broom further still. That was when it happened, everything seemed to go in slow motion. Harry could feel the air all around him, it was as if it was alive!. He could feel the lift his broom was reaching due to the air, heck he could feel the air under the flapping wings of the snitch.

He experienced a more elated feeling than anything he had ever felt before. The snitch was in front of him and Harry didn't even think twice before leaping off the broom and catching the snitch with his right hand. And that was when it all came to him, he was an air elemental! His first thought gave him elation. And the second thought was 'Where's my broom?' right before he fell. And a few moments later, everything became dark.

[illegible]

A/N: You know, i just couldn't keep magic away from Harry. Tell me what you think of the story. I'm still open to ideas, anything. Just REVIEW!

Next chapter: The chamber of secrets!

For fans of HP/GW please raise your hand. Those of you against the pairing raise your hand now. :P I mean review if you want or don't want the pairing. Because now is the only time the chance will come up.

The Chamber of Secrets

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Harry groaned as he slowly opened his eyes. He observed his surroundings and saw that he was in the hospital wing. Adam was sitting in a seat next to him. Adam finally noticed that Harry was awake.

"Really Harry, even I thought you wouldn't be dumb enough to just jump off a broom to catch the snitch...guess i was wrong." Adam said. "Really? Is that what it looked like?" Harry asked. "No, it looked like you started flying without a broom and then crash landed! What the hell do you think it looked like?" Harry just smiled as Adam took out his frustration on Harry, but Harry knew that Adam must've been worried about him.

"You know what the funny thing is?" Adam asked. Harry raised an eyebrow in question. "Charlie Weasley, one of the best seekers Hogwarts has seen, or so they say, jumped off his broom in his final match against Slytherin during his seventh year! Just like you did!" Adam was speaking as if the world was full of idiots. Harry instantly sat up straighter. "Weasley?" He questioned.

Adam nodded. "Yeah he was a Gryffindor, and rumored as one of the best seekers Hogwarts has produced. He got numerous offers to play professional but the idiot rejected all that and went to work with Dragons in Romania." Adam replied as if recounting exactly what he had heard. Then he paused, "Are there really such things as Dragons?" Adam asked eyes going wide. "Yeah" Harry replied.

Madame Pomfrey came over and gave him some potions. He noted the Weasley reference in his mind, but he was already feeling weary, must be a sleep potion. A few seconds later and he was fast asleep.

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When Harry woke up next, night had fallen. Harry wearily sat up on his seat and stretched. That was when he first heard the voice.

"Rip...Kill..." Harry jumped out of the bed. He recognized a snake's voice and looked around but saw nobody.

Quickly putting on his cloak, Harry made to follow the now getting fainter voice. The voice seemed to be coming from just behind the walls. In his haste, Harry didn't even see the direction he was going, as he left the hospital wing.

Harry ran faster as he quickly approached a corner, and bumped into somebody as he fell. Harry quickly got up but any trace of the voice had by now been lost. He looked down to see John Potter getting up.

"What are you doing here?" Harry asked. "I had detention with Lockhart and was making my way back to the common room." John answered but was still unsure of his words.

Harry sneered. Bloody gryffindor's didn't even know how to lie properly. As if, John was going to tell him, Harry didn't need to think twice before using subtle legilimency on John as soon as their eyes met. Harry's sneer changed into confusion.

"You heard the voice too?" Harry questioned. John was alarmed at this but nodded. "What was it?" John asked. "I don't know and I wouldn't tell you even if I did." Harry walked away. But before he was out of earshot, he burst into laughter. John Potter, the boy-who-lived, is a parselmouth and he doesn't even know it! What would his parents or rather the wizarding world say to that?

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"Wow!" Adam commented. Harry had just finished telling Adam about elemental magic and that he was an air elemental. "So you can control air, that's so cool!" Adam stated.

"No, I have the ability to control air. I still don't know how and I won't know how until I find another air elemental." Harry said in frustration. "That's pretty bad luck, I mean what are the chances of finding another, especially when people like to keep these things secret?" Adam said.

"I do have a suspicion that Charlie Weasley is one. Ever since you told me about that incident. I'm going to check it out during the winter holidays." Harry told Adam who nodded his head. Harry looked up to see Filch heading towards him. Filch mouthed 'tonight' as he passed by.

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Finally it was the night and Harry had made his way towards the usual clearing. He was eager to tell Grindelwald of his elemental abilities. Just like last time, Grindelwald appeared in a burst of smoke. But this time, Grindelwald wasn't accompanied by his two bodyguards. He just had one person with him who wore a dark green cloak and the hood covered his face.

"Hello Harry, how are you?" Grindelwald gave his customary greeting.

"I'm great sir. I also discovered that I'm an air elemental!" Harry said. Grindelwald's smile widened as he nodded his head. "That's brilliant Harry. I also forgot to mention last time, that we indeed do have an earth elemental in the brotherhood. Well, there is a fire elemental too, but she's only partially developed."

Harry was now really excited, an elemental! Suddenly, two comfortable seats made of rock sprung up from the ground. Grindelwald sat in one and gestured for Harry to sit in the other. The earth elemental stood to one side of Grindelwald.

Grindelwald did his usual check of Harry's occlumency which Harry blocked with little difficulty. Harry didn't know why, but he had decided to keep his Legilimency a secret from Grindelwald or anyone else except for Adam. Well, as far as secrets go, he was building up a fair share of them. And then there was Slytherin's dagger, about which not even Adam knew about.

"Tell me Harry. An Apprenticeship in Potions with Severus Snape. Are you sure? I mean Snape was a former deatheater after all." Grindelwald commented. Harry nodded. "Yes, I'm sure." Grindelwald smiled and nodded, happy with the response.

Grindelwald then proceeded to explain the theoretical side of elemental abilities. How each element is unique and its manifestation is unique. Finally after an hour of discussing about elements, especially air element, Grindelwald stood up from his seat. Harry followed soon after as the seats dissolved into the earth.

“Observe the ground around you Harry, can you see any trace of the seats?” Harry shook his head. Grindelwald smiled. “It is one of the benefits of elemental magic. Nature itself covers up the track somehow, so it is very hard to tell even by magical means that magic has been done.”

“Before we go Harry, let us observe a little more elemental magic, I'm sure you are eager to see more.” Harry nodded eagerly. This time the earth elemental actually raised his hand and thick vines shot out from the ground, holding all of Harry's hands and feet in place. Harry actually panicked seeing the elemental but Grindelwald just motioned for him to wait. The earth elemental then started waving his hand in a discrete pattern. The ground shook as two Golems made of sand stood in front of Harry. Harry now understood why Grindelwald needed no other guards. This was simply amazing.

The vines around his limbs lightened up before being sucked into the ground once again. One of the Golems however ran at a tree and hit it full on with his shoulder. The tree cracked. Another hit and the tree fell down. “As you can see, the earth Golems have quite enough strength.” Grindelwald commented.

“Golems are very advanced elemental magic Harry, every element has a different type of Golem. I hope to one day see an air Golem.” Harry nodded. “I assure you, you will sir.” Harry replied confidently.

The earth elemental dissolved his Golems as they merged with the earth once again. He clapped his hands this time as a boulder the size of the troll's head he had killed last year rose from the ground. It looked to be made of solid rock as it hovered in front of the elemental.

With eyes trained and honed as a seeker, Harry was able to see the elemental ready his hands for a motion. In another split second, the elemental thrust his hand forward as the rock sped towards the

direction the hand pointed to at very fast speeds before hitting a tree. The tree shook from the impact as the rock fell down.

Harry was staring. To one day have such power excited him. "Until next time Harry, try to get more in tune with your element. Good Bye." With that Grindelwald and the earth elemental both vanished in a burst of smoke.

"Bye" Harry whispered before making his way back towards the school.

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Over the next few weeks, Harry continued with his potions apprenticeship while also keeping up with his Legilimency training (he had the book on mind magicks in his trunk). He suspected that he would complete the legilimency chapter in a month. He kept his body in shape and other physical training with Adam (who had also started).

The rest of the school hadn't cursed him since school started. For one thing most of them feared Snape. The few who did dare were younger ones and Adam was more than capable of blocking their attacks. It was also due to these attacks that Adam was focusing more on defense than offense and Harry didn't stop him. It would give Adam a sense of safety too, knowing that he came from an abusive background.

Once again, Harry came to a standstill as far as his elemental ability was concerned. Sure he could now fly better, if the praise from his quidditch captain was any indication but nothing else beyond that. Harry was growing impatient.

"Damn! I can't do anything!" Harry stated. He and Adam were sitting under a tree around the lake. "Harry maybe you have to be more patient and start with the little things, I mean, I don't expect you to start hurricanes tomorrow now would I?" Harry nodded, Adam was always the voice of reason when he got too frustrated. And he, the voice of reason when Adam got frustrated.

“Adam, we need to get in contact with Charlie Weasley, I think we should go to Romania during the Christmas holidays.” Harry said. “Yeah, and get our butts fried by Dragons! Have you tried mailing him?” Adam replied.

“That's a great idea! I'll owl him!” And Harry instantly took out a quill and parchment from his bag. “Dear Mr. Charlie Weasley” Harry wrote as he spoke it out loud. “Hey what's with the formality!” Adam questioned but Harry ignored him as he wrote the rest of the letter.

Dear Mr. Charlie Weasley

As a now second year, I did not have the opportunity to meet you while you were in school. I have heard great things about you, especially your brilliance on a broom. I have been on my house quidditch team since my first year, as a seeker. They say I'm the youngest seeker in a century.

I am sure that as a seeker, you yourself can understand the thrill that goes into the chase of the snitch. To pull up from a dive at the last minute. To sway with the snitch and with the air itself. I have heard that you were one of the greatest seekers that Hogwarts has ever seen. But I find it difficult to understand why you would leave Quidditch to go in search of dragons.

I want to excel in quidditch Mr. Weasley, I want to go professional after Hogwarts. And it would please me a great deal if you decide to meet with me and give me a few tips. I await your reply very eagerly. In either case, thank you for reading my letter.

Harry

“Done” Harry declared as Adam snatched the parchment from Harry's hand and began to read it. “Uh huh, there is not even one sentence about elementals in there.” Adam declared in mock outrage. “Seriously, you hufflepuff's wouldn't know cunning if it hit you in the face.” Harry stated as he stoop up and ran towards the owlery before Adam could reply.

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Halloween approached and with it, another incident. Harry had been following the mysterious Snake's voice in the hallways when he came upon a corridor where there was water over flowing. Harry took a step back as he saw what was on the wall.

"The Chamber of Secrets has been opened, enemies of the heir, Beware". Beneath it, Filch's cat was hung seeming dead. He heard a gasp behind him and saw that John Potter was also staring at the wall. Both looked at each other as if just recognizing each other's presence.

"The voice?" Harry questioned. John nodded. Harry sighed, it must have been the snake. And what was the chamber of secrets? Suddenly, there were footsteps and soon students started to flood the corridor. Malfoy came out from the Slytherin side and said, "Enemies of the heir Beware, you'll be next Potter." Though no one could tell which Potter it was meant for. Knowing Malfoy, both.

Suddenly the staff approached and Dumbledore came forward. Filch gave out a cry as he saw his cat. He pointed an accusing finger at John and declared him the one behind it. Dumbledore told Filch not to worry as the cat had only been petrified. Dumbledore came forward then and asked John once carefully whether he knew who had did this. John shook his head and Dumbledore nodded, now moving towards Harry.

He looked Harry in the eye while asking Harry if he knew who was behind it. Harry felt a strong Legilimency attack just then. The attack was instantaneous not prolonged and similarly, the defense was instantaneous and strong. Dumbledore was pushed out. Dumbledore seemed fazed for a second before regaining his composure. Dumbledore looked worried as he surveyed Harry under scrutinizing eyes.

"I'll take my apprentice now Albus." Snape stepped forward. He knew what had happened and knew that Dumbledore would question him of how his apprentice knew Occlumency. But he could easily evade

that saying that he had taught Harry Occlumency to increase his recall and concentration.

Snape took Harry to his office and asked him to sit down. He gave Harry a cup of liquid and told him to drink. When Harry drank it, he felt warmth spreading through his body. "This is amazing sir! What is it?" Harry questioned.

"It's butterbeer. Think of it as a gift for completing the third year Potions texts." Snape declared refilling Harry's cup when it was finished with a bottle. "Dumbledore will indeed be curious about your occlumency skills Harry. It's not that it is so unusual, because purebloods often teach their children basic occlumency. But the fact is, he may have mistaken you being a squib for a muggle." Snape sneered.

When Harry started to get worried Snape raised a hand. "It is not your problem, I will handle it. You are my apprentice and I always appreciate well developed abilities. And I know you would not have been in Slytherin without your fare share of secrets."

Harry nodded. "Thank you sir, though I do wish to ask something." When Snape motioned for him to go ahead, he asked "What is the Chamber of Secrets?" And so Snape went on to explain the myth and fact story behind the chamber of secrets.

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It was finally the day before, the Christmas Holidays were about to start. Harry was a bit disappointed though he wouldn't admit it to not get even a letter from his parents asking or forbidding him to come home. Either way, he would've been happy. (Well not so happy with the latter). But it was like they had simply stopped as far as he was concerned. There was also no reply from Charlie yet.

So Harry was brooding in the hallways after dark when he heard the voice of the Snake once again. He had by now assumed that the snake was the monster from the chamber of secrets. Harry ran after it. He wasn't going to let the Snake get away this time. It led him straight to the Girls Bathroom on the second floor.

Harry concentrated as he tried to hear the faintest sound. And then he heard it, it came from one of the sinks but it was distinct. Harry tried to observe the sink, but there was no opening around it. So that meant that the snake was using...the pipes! So why stop here, beneath this toilet sink? Unless this was where the chamber was located.

Harry was getting excited. It had been long since he'd had some adventure. He looked around the sink for any switch or anything that could open a passage way. Looking at the tap, he noticed the snake carved on it. Of course, why didn't he think of it, Salazar Slytherin had been a parselmouth! "Open" He commanded in parselmouth as the sink opened up to reveal a hole the size of a person with stairs to one side. Harry carefully descended the stairs.

Harry noticed that his dagger was itching but ignored it for the moment. When he finally reached the bottom, he looked around himself to see small bones of rodents everywhere. In the midst of it all lay a giant snake skin. Harry took a step back as he saw it. The snake was Damn huge.

As Harry made his way around the Basilisk skin, he came upon another door. Trying his luck again, Harry said "open" in parseltongue and the door opened. This time, Harry came upon a long chamber. This must indeed be the chamber of secrets. As Harry stepped forward, he saw a girl first year by the looks of it turn around. The girl narrowed her eyes as she saw him. Harry observed that she was clutching a diary with one hand and her wand with the other.

"Who are you?" The girl demanded in deep voice of a boy. Judging by the fazed look in her eyes, Harry guess she was possessed. Harry didn't answer as he saw the girl clutching the diary closer to her heart. Harry vaguely remembered the girl from the sorting feast now. She was a Weasley and in Gryffindor too.

"It doesn't matter who you are, in a few minutes you will be dead. It's a pity I have to kill a fellow Slytherin." The girl said once again in a boy's voice. So the girl was being possessed by a Slytherin. Harry

concluded. The girl raised her wand and Harry took a step back this time.

The girl tilted her head as she looked at Harry strangely. "Accio Wand" She stated but nothing happened. "Where's your wand boy?" Harry was getting curious. How could any Slytherin not know him, the squib. So it must be a former Slytherin possessing the girl, Harry concluded. "I'm a squib, I don't have one." Harry said, just to see the effect it would have on a former Slytherin.

"WHAT!" The girl seemed beyond outrageous. "Well listen up boy, I am Lord Voldemort. I am the heir of Salazar Slytherin. And I will rid the world of filth like you!" Voldemort declared. Harry was alarmed now. Voldemort was definitely dangerous.

Voldemort started saying something about 'Noble Slytherin' to a statue and Harry took a step back. An entrance opened from the statue at the end of the chamber and out through it came the monster of Slytherin, a giant Snake.

Harry felt an itching from his dagger as he stared at the Snake. Harry felt a tingling in his eyes as he stared at the big brown eyes of the Snake. If he had looked himself in the mirror then, he would have seen his eyes surrounded by a faint green glow. Voldemort was perplexed. "How can this be? How can you survive the stare of the Basilisk?"

Harry noted the word 'basilisk' for later reading just as Voldemort stops talking and orders the Basilisk to attack. In a flash the Basilisk was literally on top of him and poised for a strike. Harry knew he couldn't dodge considering the wide span of the mouth of the basilisk. His dagger had started shaking. But before he could even consider another thought the Basilisk struck.

Instantly a green light engulfed Harry's entire body and the Basilisk was repelled as if it had encountered a barrier. The Basilisk shook its head and poised ready to strike once more. Harry's dagger started was by now shaking very hard and Harry put his hand inside his pocket but before he could even draw his dagger, the Basilisk struck.

Once again, the green light engulfed him and the basilisk was repelled. Harry didn't know what to do so he took out his shaking dagger which stopped shaking as soon as it was out of his pocket. Voldemort gave a gasp of surprise. The Basilisk stared hard at the dagger for a moment before bowing down in front of Harry in servitude. \$I am yours to command Master\$ The basilisk hissed.

“The dagger of Slytherin!” Voldemort stated out loud. “What's so special about this dagger?” Harry questioned. Voldemort seemed frustrated that someone who held the dagger didn't know of it's significance. “Salazar Slytherin created the dagger himself. It is imbued with deadly poisons and spells. Near his death, Salazar hid his dagger using ancient magic. No spell could locate or trace the dagger or any use of it. But the thing that makes this dagger truly unique is that its semi-sentient. 'It chooses its own destiny', according to the ancient texts. Now hand that dagger over kid and I might spare your life.”

Harry looked incredulously at Voldemort. Voldemort hadn't realized that the tables had turned. \$Incapacitate her but do not hurt her.\$ Harry ordered the basilisk. Voldemort looked alarmed for a moment before the basilisk encircled around the body of the girl. The girl lost both it's wand and the diary. The girl fainted as soon as the diary left her hand. Harry ordered the basilisk back into it's home.

Harry was observing the diary. “Tom Marvelous Riddle.” Harry whispered. It was probably Voldemort's name and his diary. Harry heard the girl waking up. Better get rid of the diary. Harry thought as he plunged his dagger into the diary. The girl meanwhile watched as Harry plunged his dagger into the diary. Black blood sprouted from the diary and soon the diary erupted into flames.

“NO!” the girl yelled. “Tom!” She ran for the diary and started picking at the ashes of the Diary. “Tom” She kept repeating. She was sobbing now. Then she controlled herself and looked up at Harry. “You killed him!” She yelled. She looked into her pocket but there was no wand there so she jumped on Harry and started to hit him with fists.

"Enough!" Harry yelled as he threw her off of him. The girl once again ran for him still in tears. This time, Harry used the hilt of his dagger and hit her in the head. The girl went unconscious. Bloody Gryffindor is infatuated with Voldemort! Harry thought as he laughed.

Harry pulled the girl over his shoulder as he made his way out. On his way out Harry viewed the skin that the Basilisk had shed. That rang a bell... "Basilisk skin" Yes, he remembered, it was one of the strongest armors. Well, thankfully only he knew the entrance to the chamber and of course there was the fact that the basilisk was under his servitude. Harry smirked, it was a feeling of power.

When Harry left the girl's bathroom with the Weasley girl still on his shoulders, there was no one present. He took off towards the hospital wing which was empty and deserted at this time of the night. Dropping the girl in a spare bed, Harry walked away.

When he finally reached his dormitory, Harry dropped into his bed. He was exhausted and was asleep before another coherent thought could form.

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When Harry woke up, he recounted what had happened last night as he got out of bed. A quick trip to the bathroom and he was on his way down the dormitory, out of the common room (it really hadn't ever become common for him) and towards the Great Hall. Well, at least he had a hell of a story to tell Adam.

When Harry was eating breakfast, he saw a school owl headed towards him. He immediately grabbed the letter from the owl and sent it off. Glancing around, his eyes caught Adam's, who jerked his head towards the doors. Harry nodded and they both made their way out.

Just as they had made their way out of the Great Hall, they were confronted by John Potter, Hermione Granger, Ron Weasley and Ginny Weasley. Harry could see Ginny was crying and the rest were seething and glaring at him. "What have you done to my sister Potter?" Ron declared pointing his wand straight at Harry. "Really

Harry, picking on a poor little first year?" John taunted. "Is that how low you Slytherins go?" Hermione stated.

"Oh Yeah and what did I do?" Harry questioned folding his arms in front of him. "You killed her friend...Tom!" Ron practically shouted. "Oh?" Harry said raising an eyebrow. "And who was Tom?" Harry asked once again.

"...I don't know...her pet!" Ron was unsure by now. Harry started laughing. "I think you guys better ask her who Tom was first." Harry was now walking away from the trio and Ginny. "I can't help it if your sister is delusional Weasley." Harry stated as he was walking away. Ron lost his temper and shouted "Furnunculus" As the curse sped towards him, Harry observed Adam taking his wand out. So he stood there right in the path of the curse though he could've easily dodged it. Just when the curse was a mere centimeter from his body, a shield simmered in front of it as the curse dissolved into nothing. Adam gestured towards the Gryffindors', "something you forgot to tell me Harry?". "It just happened last night you know..."

Harry and Adam both walked out of the castle as Harry explained the incident last night to him. Adam's mouth was wide open when Harry had finished "What kind of a snake is a basilisk?" He asked. Harry shook his head indicating that he had no idea himself. They went to their favorite spot on the edge of the lake before opening the letter from Charlie Weasley.

Dear Harry

I was delighted to hear from a young seeker such as yourself. Though I am guessing you aren't in Gryffindor, otherwise, I would've heard of you from my siblings. But youngest seeker in a century is still a great accomplishment.

I share your feelings when it comes to flying Harry. But why I chose to chase Dragons has a more complicated reason. Also I would love to be able to give you a few tips. I will be at home in England during the two days of Christmas eve and the day after. We usually have friends of Ron and Fred/George over.

I therefore invite you to come to my home on Boxing Day, that is, if you can make it. I'm sure the rest of the family will be delighted to meet you. We could even have a quidditch match. And I'll be sure to give you those tips.

My home is 'The Burrow' located at Ottery St. Catchpole or if you're using the floo, then just say 'The Burrow.' If you need directions, feel free to ask any of my brothers still at Hogwarts. It was a delight to hear from you Harry.

Charlie Weasley

Harry grinned.

[illegible]

A/N: At least there is no cliffy at the end of this chapter, just anticipation. :P. Well there goes the possibility of a HP/GW pairing not that it really matters, I apologize to the few who actually wanted the pairing.

The next chapter : Harry goes over to the Weasleys and finds his parents and John already there.

Now that you're done reading, please drop a REVIEW.

The Weasleys

X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X

They both high fived as soon as Harry took the cloak off. "You know, this is becoming a habit of mine, sneaking out of school during the Winter vacations." Harry told Adam. Adam turned towards the compartment door, wand in hand and had locked the door soon.

They both sat down on the seats. "I've got to get myself one of those." Adam gestured towards Harry's invisibility cloak.

"They're really expensive." Harry commented, "but we don't have to worry about expenses now, do we?" They both shared knowing grins.

There was a knock on the compartment window and Harry opened it to let the owl in. He took the letter from it, read it through and then nodded, smiling. "Well?" Adam asked, who had been impatiently watching him. "Oh, I had owled Charlie to ask permission to bring my 'muggleborn first year' friend along who wanted to see a wizarding house." Harry replied innocently. "Guess he agreed" Harry continued.

Adam smirked. "You sure know how to get your way with people" Adam remarked.

Finally the Hogwarts Express pulled onto King's Cross. Adam saw Harry pull out a dart from his pocket and twirl it in his hands. "What's with the darts anyways?" Adam asked.

"Oh just an extra precaution..." Harry replied. Adam raised his eyebrow but didn't comment. He hadn't seen the darts in action...yet.

X-x-x-x-x

Adam shrunk both of their trunks as they exited into Muggle London. They were making their way out of King's Cross when Harry silenced Adam with a wave of his hand. Harry stopped for a moment as he looked around. Then nodded as they made their way out. "Someone's following us.." Harry whispered. Adam nodded looking at Harry for instructions.

They were pleased to see that the streets were crowded. "We'll lose him in the crowd." Harry whispered. They both began to make their way here and there through the crowd. Every minute or so, Harry would turn and look behind. They finally into an alley that was deserted. Harry looked back and muttered "Shit" as he saw a person in a huge coat standing there behind them. They both started to run but stopped when they saw a similar man standing in front of them.

Both men were huge, their coat's partially torn and having a large amount of scars on their faces. Harry didn't waste time as the dart he had been holding in his hand. The dart whirled through the air and struck one of the men in their forehead. The man fell down. Both Harry and Adam turned towards the other one. Adam had his wand out. Adam yelled a few curses but the man avoided them, and the one that did make contact had no effect on him.

Harry took out his dagger. The man also took out twin daggers. "Adam run" Harry muttered but Adam stayed where he was. Harry pushed Adam back a little as he made his way towards the man, dagger in hand. The man began to swing both of his daggers in slashing motion and Harry was able to avoid getting cut by either dodging or by blocking with his own dagger. But the latter wasn't effective as the man easily overpowered Harry.

Harry even landed a few kicks on the man, but the man was unaffected. The same type that I killed last summer. Harry noted. Harry looked mournfully at his dagger, he was going to kill again and he knew it. Harry hesitated. The man swung his daggers again and this time, one of them cut his cheek, drawing blood. In a rage Harry swung his arm and put his dagger through the man's neck. He knew it didn't matter where he hit the man as long as he drew blood. The poison in the dagger would be enough to kill the man.

Harry sighed as he looked down at the dead man on the ground. He touched his cheek and saw that his fingers became bloodied. Never again would he hesitate to kill a man. But he didn't have time to contemplate as he heard Adam's shriek.

Harry spun around and saw that the man he had stunned using his dart (and a potion to make the person unconscious) was holding Adam in one hand and had a dagger around Adam's neck. "Drop the dagger" The man said in a raspy voice. Harry complied as he feared for Adam's life. "What do you want?" Harry asked. The man only had time to mutter "you" before Harry heard a thump and the man fell to the ground. The man started to scream before he vaporised into dust. Harry had time enough to see a knife protruding from the back of the man's head.

Adam ran towards Harry and Harry saw another person standing behind where the man had been. This person, unlike the other two who were bulky was very thin and had a smooth black cloak around him. His face was scarless and smoother than any Harry had seen. The man smiled when he met Harry's eyes. And Harry saw two of the man's teeth were long and pointed. A vampire!

Adam had apparently seen this too and they were both standing with their back to the wall, waiting for the vampire to make the first move. The vampire moved forward and picked something up from the ground, Adam's Wand!

He moved towards them and offered the wand to the two of them. Adam waited for a moment before snatching his wand out of the vampire's hand. "I mean you no harm." The vampire stated as he moved back a few paces.

Harry chanced a question. "What were those things?" he asked. "Werewolves...an abomination...animals!" The vampire answered. "They can easily be killed by pure silver." He took out another silver knife from his pocket. He walked towards the werewolf that Harry had killed. "What I want to know, is why they were after your kind..." He asked, he cleared the neck of the dead werewolf of his hair. He sank his fangs inside the neck of the werewolf. Both Harry and Adam were pretty scared now. The Vampire suddenly cut off his snack. "Unless.." he said in a loud voice looking at the two of them. But suddenly his pupils rolled back into his head as he fell to the ground immobile...as if made of stone.

"Shit, he probably drank the poison from the werewolf." Harry stated. "I don't care what he drank, I'm happy as long as he is dead. Let's get the hell out of here." Adam said. Harry nodded.

X-x-x-x-x

They had already planned this vacation out. And the first thing they needed was to get a room in the Leaky Cauldron. Soon arriving there by Taxi, they stood in a deserted alley near the Leaky Cauldron. "So I'm going to take this aging potion, and i'll become say your guardian. My name will be Thomas Mathew, ok?" Harry asked. Adam nodded. They both entered the Leaky Cauldron and Harry got a room for the both of them for the day.

They both dropped all their stuff inside and Harry gave Adam a few galleons to purchase a bottomless bag from Diagon Alley. While Adam was on his errand, Harry began to remove...the Basilisks' Shedded skin from his trunk. (He had taken Adam down there and they had shrunk the entire shedded skin. Of course Adam had quite loudly protested when Harry asked him to say hello to the Basilisk.)

Soon Adam came back with the bag and they put all of the pieces of skin inside the bag. After half an hour they had both successfully put the heavy skin inside the bag (which was charmed nearly weightless) and made their way out from their room. They both had a simple dinner and then they headed out towards Diagon Alley, bag in hand.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry took them straight towards the Weapons' shop. "Let me do the talking." Harry looked meaningfully at Adam just before they entered. The shop keeper was the same that Harry had first seen.

Harry began to look around the shop and Adam followed him though throwing questioning glances. Finally they came across a beautiful suit that seemed to be made of scales. Adam looked closely and recognised it as a basilisk's skin. That piece of crap can be made into such a beautiful armor, i never knew. Adam thought.

The shopkeeper appeared instantly behind them. "That's Basilisk Armor, smooth but very hard and given its huge resistance to spells...it makes it very expensive." The shopkeeper looked pointedly at Harry.

"How much?" Harry asked. The shopkeeper stared at Harry, he was wearing a simple cloak that showed no sign of wealth. "Ten thousand Galleons." The man declared.

Harry raised his eyebrow. "Why is it so expensive?" He asked. The shopkeeper smirked, "That's because Basilisks are hard to fine, and no one dares to go anywhere near a Basilisk's home." he replied.

"So if I purchase this skin, you won't have any anymore?" Harry asked. "I'm afraid that's made from the last piece of the skin that I had." He replied sadly. "Britain's filled with lots of purebloods..." He grinned and then became sad again. "It was great profit." He said.

Harry grinned, this bargaining was going to go pretty well...

x-x-x-x-x

An hour later, they exited the weapons' shop one hundred thousand galleons richer. The skin was enough to make twelve full suits of Basilisk armor plus two that Harry and Adam had ordered for themselves which had been part of the deal.

They went straight to Gringotts and got a vault for the both of them. Depositing most of the money in the vault, they exited their vault. They also converted enough money to cover for the cost of the apartment they were going to buy.

X-x-x-x-x

Boxing day finally arrived and both Harry and Adam became ready to go over to the Weasley's. Looking around their apartment Harry sighed in content. They had been living in luxury, their apartment looked crap from outside thus providing the perfect cover but on the inside, it was a whole new story. Both their rooms were fully decorated in their house colors. With the living room decorated in a

mix of both. Each of the rooms including the bathroom had been expanded. There was a fire in the living room connected to the floo network.

There was nothing money couldn't buy. They had hired wizards to expand the rooms and for warding over the apartment. They had also gotten a connection to the floo network. Being a squib (under an aging potion) Harry hadn't needed to provide identification to get on the floo network since Squibs weren't even registered by the ministry.

They had been to visit Master Li a few times too. Harry had also treated himself to a new Nimbus 2001 broom, which he was currently holding in his hand. Both him and Adam were dressed in startling robes for the occasion that spoke of wealth and power. Harry also proudly displayed the Slytherin crest on his robes. He understood that the Weasley's weren't that rich but he wanted to make an impression, especially in the presence of John and his parents. And if John was there, there might even be quite a few other people there too.

X-x-x-x-x

Charlie Weasley was sitting in the living room. There was a huge dinner party. The Potters' had been invited, bringing along a few other friends as well. Everybody was enjoying himself but Charlie couldn't help but sit alone. Ginny had come along a few moments ago dragging along John Potter and introduced them. John wanted to join the quidditch team next year but he couldn't help but think from his words that John didn't really understand flying.

Like he did, and like Harry did. He was about to ask them of a boy who had joined the quidditch team during his first year but stopped himself. He wanted to hear from Harry himself.

Just then, the fire in the fireplace gave a roar announcing the arrival of someone. Everybody turned to stare at the fireplace, with questioning looks on their faces. To their knowledge, all the guests were here. Out of the fireplace in a shining black robe with silver linings around the edges and a big green insignia of the house of Slytherin on his chest, came Harry Potter (though Charlie didn't know about his last name yet). Behind him, also in shining robes but in

different colors came another boy who Charlie guessed to be his friend.

Charlie jumped off the couch and made his way towards Harry. "Charlie Weasley" He declared holding out his hand. Harry shook his hand and nodded, "Harry Potter, it is a pleasure to meet you. And this is my friend Adam Mathew" Charlie raised his eyebrows, he didn't know about a Harry Potter. But he nodded his head at the both of them and replied, "likewise".

He then turned to the rest of the room and saw that everybody was shocked and staring at them. "Every body, meet Harry Potter and Adam Mathew" There was cry of outrage amongst the guests. Pandemonium broke out. Harry stood calmly as he waited for something to happen. BANG! Everybody went quiet as Mr. Weasley stood on top of a chair and looked around.

"Charlie! Are there your guests?" He asked. Charlie nodded. "YOU WILL GO HOME RIGHT THIS INSTANT! AND I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER" James Potter's voice rang out through the living room. "WHO BLOODY INVITED YOU?" Ron's yelled. "GO BACK TO YOUR SNAKE HOLE!" John yelled. But Harry tuned them all out, that is, until his mother approached him.

"Come on Harry, let's take you home, the Weasley's are angry that you came here." Lily said. "Charlie Weasley invited me mother" Harry replied. "Still, you are going home." Lily said.

"Give me one reason why!" Harry replied. Lily sighed, "your father is angry that you sneaked out of Hogwarts and came here, and you had better go home before he gets any more angry"

"Is that it mother? Not receiving a letter for months, no christmas present and now this? If this is what family means then I am TIRED of it! Enough mother! I will not go home and let us see how anyone here can make me!" Harry declared before stalking off towards the other side of the living room. "I never had a mother but looking at you, I think I don't want one!" Adam declared before following Harry. Suddenly, two curses, one from John and one from James flew

straight towards Harry and Adam. Immediately Adam had his shield up which neatly blocked both the curses. Lily Potter was crying.

“Enough!” Once again Mr. Weasley's voice rang through the hall. “There will be no curses thrown in my house. If I see anyone throw another curse again, he or she is unwelcome in this party and will be shown the door. Charlie, take your guests to another room!”

Charlie complied as he took Harry and Adam to another room. There was still quite a lot of shouting going on in the living room but Harry sat down on his sofa unconcerned. Charlie went away and came back with drinks and food. All three of them ate quietly in awkward silence.

Finally when they were done eating, Harry broke the silence. “There'll be hell to pay later but whatever, let us chat of other topics.” Harry grinned. “Yeah...topics like flying...” Charlie said as he grinned too. “and air elementals...” Harry stated.

Charlie dropped his glass on the floor. Which he repaired a moment later with his wand before asking “what did you say?”

Adam was grinning now as Harry smirked. “umm Air elementals?” He asked innocently.

“Where did you get that crazy idea?” Charlie asked though he looked uneasy. “Oh, I'm an air elemental and so are you, so why don't we go past that.” Harry replied.

Charlie sighed before nodding. “I don't know how you know but very well, I'm an air elemental. Only my father and my elder brother Bill know it. The rest do not understand the values of living in a pureblood family...and the secrets of one too.” Charlie said.

Harry nodded.

“Yes so naturally I cannot tell you of what is, a family secret, I was given the oldest Weasley memoir in existence, one from the last air elemental. And that is where I learnt a bit. But I can't tell you any more than that.”

Harry looked crestfallen. Adam intervened. "But you've seen how his family treat him. He wouldn't even know if anyone in his family was ever an elemental. And here is something you might not know, he's a squib!" Adam stated.

Charlie looked startled. "A squib?" He asked. Harry nodded, "which is why I would love to learn the only thing that I can do...train as an air elemental."

Charlie thought about it for a while before replying, "We'll need to ask my father, he might know of how to bend the rules so you can learn, but I'm not promising anything."

Both Harry and Adam were cheered by that thought.

"Now can we talk about Quidditch?" Charlie asked.

X-x-x-x-x

When Harry and Adam made their way back to the living room with Charlie, silence fell on everybody for a moment before everybody went back to what they were doing, completely ignoring Harry and Adam.

His father passed Harry at that moment, "I'll deal with you when you get home" His father muttered. Yeah right, 'IF' I get home Harry thought.

Harry was surprised to see someone he actually wanted to meet, amongst the guests. None other than 'Remus Lupin'. Lupin it seemed also made his way towards Harry, wanting to talk to him.

Charlie took Adam on a tour of the house and Harry was left to talk with Remus. "Hello Remus." Harry greeted him. "Hello Harry, I'm sorry I haven't been to the manor in quite a long time. But well, I was out of the country on errands..." Lupin replied.

"Oh and is there no such thing as an owl?" Harry asked bitingly. Remus winced. "I'm sorry Harry, I had my mind on other things."

They both sat down. "I heard you got into Hogwarts." Remus started the conversation again. "Yeah" Harry replied.

"I wanted to ask you something Remus..." Harry asked, Remus nodded. "I want to know the reason why werewolves are chasing me?" Harry asked.

Remus's eyes went wide. "You didn't..." He started to say but winced as he felt pain and stopped. "You're the..." Once again Remus couldn't continue. Remus abruptly stood up. "I've got to go check a few things Harry. Only stay in safe places Harry. ONLY!" With that Remus had fled the room. And was out and about before Harry could understand a thing.

"What the hell are you doing in my house Potter?" Ron Weasley came forward. John, Hermione and Ginny behind him. "Ooh, I just came to celebrate the death of Tom" Harry replied sweetly looking at Ginny. Ginny gave a shriek as she pulled out her wand.

"Too bad you'll be expelled if you use that wand." Harry replied.

"But I won't, I've got special permission from the ministry." John declared as he pulled out his own wand. "Yeah but you'll be thrown out of the house if you use it." Harry replied once again in an annoying sweet voice.

Ginny suddenly had an idea, she whispered it to both John and Ron who grinned. Hermione frowned when she heard it but finally nodded. "You'll pay Potter" She said before walking away.

A moment later, Harry was given a drink by Mrs. Weasley. Amateurs Harry thought. I could smell the potion in the drink a mile away. "Is this how you treat your guests Mrs. Weasley?" Harry asked. Mrs. Weasley looked genuinely confused and Harry confirmed that she didn't know anything using a bit of legilimency.

"This drink is drugged." Harry replied pointing at the drink. Mrs. Weasley suddenly yelled for Fred and George before walking away after apologizing to Harry. Charlie came back with Adam soon.

Charlie asked Harry to stay the night so he could get the answer to his question tomorrow and they would also have a quidditch match in the morning. John was also staying but Harry took that as a negative rather than a positive.

"Only if you show me air elemental tricks tonight." Harry replied grinning as Adam also nodded. Charlie finally conceded and took them out of the house and into the shed in the backyard. He pulled a lever and a trap door opened. All three of them climbed down into what appeared to be a large room. The walls and floor were made of solid stone. Though there were quite a few cushions in one corner.

"This is where I practiced my elemental magic as I was growing up." He gestured for the both of them to sit in chairs. When they were seated, the magic began.

First of all, Charlie levitated himself and flew around the room in an imitation of superman. "You can't levitate yourself with any wand magic." Charlie said as he landed. He twirled his hand and a board of wood about six inches thick that was lying on the ground stood up. Thrusting his hand forward, a dense white smoke seemed to release from his hand which flew straight at the wooden board. And to Harry's amazement, it blew a hole straight through the wood. "Concentrated air. Powerful air elementals can even make a hole through rock." Charlie stated.

With motions from his hand, he levitated a rock and made it spin at super speeds while levitating it. "Levitating even the biggest things is child's play. Summoning is pretty damn easy too. You could even summon things charmed with anti summoning charms.." Charlie smirked "...like the snitch for example".

Both Harry and Adam shared knowing grins. "And now, one of my most powerful tricks." Charlie opened his hand palm up as a rock the size of a head floated in front of him, he suddenly clamped his palm shut and the rock was crushed into tiny pieces. "The power of air pressure..." Charlie said as he sat down on a cushion, too exhausted to continue. "That's about the limit of my power. There are quite a few other tricks but they are family secrets...as in which my ancestor discovered. The fact is, there is no limit to what an elemental can do,

any elemental can do just about anything with his element, he just has to know how and has to have the right amount of power too.”

[illegible]

A/N: A bit more of the Weasleys in the next chapter. I think I left quite some suspense in this chapter :P. Fear not, it will be cleared as the story progresses. Let me remind you all that the pace of the story will slow down around the start of the fourth year because that is when the plot will really kick into phase.

Oh and before i forget...PLEASE REVIEW!!

End of Second Year

X-X-X-X-X

"There! Finally all done!" Adam declared. Harry groaned as he woke up. They had been given a room in the weasley's house to spend the night. Harry looked towards Adam's bed but saw it was empty. Glancing around the room he saw Adam standing and holding his wand out but Adam's hair had turned pink.

Harry started laughing. Adam was glaring at Harry. "Yeah, that one got through me when I woke up. The room was full of traps then. Now it's all cleared. You should thank me rather than laughing." Harry laughed more as he pulled out a vial from his trunk. (They kept shrunken trunks with them). Adam snatched the vial of potion from Harry and drank it all. His hair changed a few colors before returning to it's normal black.

They both headed down for breakfast soon after. The Weasley parents were up as well as Charlie. Charlie had a grin on his face as he greeted both Harry and Adam. Harry guessed the reason for Charlie's grin but wouldn't get his hopes up just yet.

"Guess What? Dad's agreed." Charlie told Harry as went to get something for Harry and Adam. Mr. Weasley put down the newspaper that he was holding. "Yes I have but you must swear an oath to never use any of your powers against any Weasley first." Mr. Weasley declared.

Harry was a bit perturbed by that news but agreed nonetheless. But he did add a clause of self-defense and retaliation in the oath being the Slytherin that he was. Charlie took Harry to an empty room where Harry swore the oath and by the time they returned, the rest of the Weasley family as well as John Potter were awake.

"What's wrong Harry, did Mum and Dad forbid you to come home or are you too scared to go?" John smirked. "Oh yeah, real scared." Harry replied mockingly but didn't even turn to face John.

"What are you still doing in my home Potter?" Ron practically yelled.

"I think he's asking you something John seeing as you are more the 'Potter'" Harry smirked as Ron was even further angered. Ginny was about to say something when Charlie yelled, "ENOUGH! You will treat my guests with respect just as I treat yours. Now if you all will excuse us, I think I have a Quidditch match to play against Harry."

Harry, Adam and Charlie went outside without another word. The rest were muttering to each other about the match. Unable to contain themselves, all of them followed.

Soon Charlie and Harry got on to their brooms. To his credit, Charlie actually had a decent Nimbus 2000 broom. Harry had his 2001. The snitch was released and given a full minute to disappear. And then both of them took off.

The bloody problem with seeking was, it depended too much on luck. It took five minutes for the snitch to first show itself. Harry had seen it first but Charlie was a bit closer to it. Both of them raced towards the snitch and Harry was able to cut off the difference as they were both neck to neck after the snitch.

Harry started to feel the energy in the air again but he gripped his broom tighter with one hand. Looking at the snitch he saw it turn towards Charlie as Charlie snatched it from the air. The feel of energy vanished just as Charlie snatched it and Harry understood the implications.

Charlie's siblings as well as John were clapping loudly. "You cheated!" Harry accused Charlie. Charlie looked guiltily at him for a while before smiling. "That's one reason I didn't go professional in Quidditch." They were both still hovering in the air.

"I can't control myself when the adrenaline pumps in and if that had happened in professional match, I would've been banned plus the fact that I'm an elemental would've been all over the news." Charlie sighed.

"Why do people even hide that fact anyways?" Harry asked. Charlie shrugged. "During You-Know-Who's last rise to power, elementals

were captured by You-Know-Who and were forced into submission using any means..." Charlie shuddered. "People seeking to gain power have their eye out for elementals and often used them too and it is for this reason that the rest of the world also thinks us evil."

x-x-x-x-x

Harry, Charlie and Adam were standing in the basement room for the first lesson. Charlie's siblings and John had gone to Potter Manor to spend the rest of the day. Adam went to sit in a corner to observe while Charlie started the lesson.

"Remember the feeling that you got when you jumped off your broom. Try to feel the air. You will find yourself beginning to calm down. Do not be alarmed by the different feelings you will get." Charlie instructed. Harry remembered the feeling and with a little help from his occlumency, concentrated on that sole feeling as he closed his eyes.

Adam watched as a breeze picked up around Harry, circling him and Harry's face was calm and serene. "Whoa." Charlie commented. Harry opened his eyes abruptly and the wind dropped.

"That was much more of a response from the air than I get. And you took a lot less time than I did in my first try to achieve that. I can imagine you're going to be a pretty powerful elemental." Harry looked at Adam and both of them shared grins.

"Now let's keep practicing that until you can call up your power (that's what Charlie called it) in a seconds' time, you can keep on maintaining it until you let it go yourself. Oh and try to do it with the eyes open." Charlie instructed.

X-x-x-x-x

And so they practiced until late into the evening, with breaks of course. Such was Harry's determination. In the evening, Harry and Adam went home.

Charlie took an extended leave from Romania until most of Harry's summer holidays. Harry and Adam would both floo over to the burrow where Harry would train his elemental power while Adam would learn a few spells from Charlie and practice at a corner.

Charlie seemed happy enough to be teaching both these kids, it also helped him that he could freely practice his own elemental powers which lifted his mood considerably. Charlie's younger siblings were staying in Potter manor.

Finally it was Charlie's last day at the burrow before going back to work. He reviewed whatever he had taught Harry, summoning, banishing, levitation, all the basics. From then on, Harry knew he could practice by himself. On his last day, Harry gave Charlie quite an expensive robe as gratitude for teaching him. Charlie protested at first but accepted it.

Harry and Adam still had another day before going back to Hogwarts. They had decided to pick up their Basilisk Armor from Diagon Alley. (They had received an owl that it was completed.) So it was the last day of holiday and they were walking down the streets of Diagon Alley.

The shopkeeper looked up as he saw Harry enter his shop and smiled. He went to the back of the shop and came up with two smoothly carved Basilisk Armor. "They are fitted with automatic size changing charms as you requested." The shopkeeper then began to tell them of the other features of the armor.

When the shopkeeper was done, Harry asked him something that he had in the back of his mind since the start of the holidays. "Do you sell silver knives?"

"silver knives?" the shopkeeper glanced at Harry, a hint of suspicion in his voice but answered "yes, we do." Harry waited a few moments but the shopkeeper didn't say anything else.

"Well, can you show me?" Harry asked sternly staring at the shopkeeper right in the eye. With just a touch of legilimency, he found

that the shopkeeper was afraid of werewolves. "You need not fear the wolves, no one will know." Harry continued.

The shopkeeper nodded before going into a back room. He came back with an assortment of silver knives. "Pure silver..." the shopkeeper was saying and slowly getting back into his bargaining element.

Harry ended up buying the lightest and smallest knives. He bought six knives, one of which he gave to Adam. He knew that with just a little bit of practice, he'd be able to throw the small knives like he could throw his darts.

Both of them wore their armor under their robes and made for the exit. Harry walked out of the shop smirking...feeling the small part of his brain that feared the werewolves dissipating.

X-x-x-x-x

There was rain falling down now and the clouds covered the sky. Harry and Adam had been lazing around Diagon Alley for quite some time but now they decided to head home.

Harry was walking through Diagon Alley when he saw an owl headed straight towards him. Ducking to avoid a collision, Harry avoided the owl which dropped a letter on him before flying off. Who could be sending me a letter?

Harry bent down to pick up the letter. He saw the giant 'P' on the letter and stopped. The seal of the house of Potter. Harry was undecided on whether to open it or not. He was about to pick it up when Adam asked, "who's it from?"

"Probably from one of my parents." Harry replied, pulling his hand back again. "It's better to not read it and hear them insult you again." Adam stated.

Harry nodded as he straightened up. Both of them made their way towards the Leaky Cauldron from where they could floo to their

homes. The letter remained on the stone floor of Diagon Alley as the rain caused it's seal to open up.

Someone's hand bent down to pick it up. The person scanned through the letter before tossing it aside with a sound of annoyance. The man pulled something out of his robes, a moment later, he vanished in a puff of smoke.

The letter lay now on the floor. Had anyone cared to read it, the words...

Dear Harry

I'm sorry...

...could be read until someone's boot stepped on it thus tearing it apart.

X-x-x-x-x

The next day, Harry and Adam were back at Hogwarts and back to their usual lives. The thing that Harry looked forward too though was his next meeting with Grindelwald. He couldn't wait to tell Grindelwald about all he had learned as an elemental. Hopefully, he'd be able to go on missions sooner.

But things don't always go according to plan...

x-x-x-x-x

Harry was walking excitedly behind a grumpy Filch. Filch didn't feel the need for small talk and hence proceeded in silence. They arrived at the usual designated spot. Harry saw the Grindelwald was already there with his guards.

Harry's first glance told him that Grindelwald was troubled.

"Hello Harry" Grindelwald's voice was also lacking the usual exuberance

"Hello Sir." Harry replied.

"How was your stay at the weasleys?" Grindelwald asked. It took a moment to comprehend the question and when Harry did, he was surprised to say the least. "what? How did you..." Harry left it at that.

Occlumency shields up, Harry awaited an answer.

Grindelwald sighed. "What you have to understand Harry is that secrecy is essential if we want to achieve our goals. Therefore I take steps to ensure that the secret actually remains a secret."

"So what...you track me?" Harry asked repulsed.

Grindelwald nodded. "Naturally, I'm afraid of Dumbledore's men. If Dumbledore ever found out about the brotherhood before the time is right...all our efforts will have been in vain."

Harry nodded, still a little dazed.

"I can think of no reason for you to visit the Weasleys which are predominantly Dumbledore sided. Would you care to elaborate?" Grindelwald asked.

Harry relaxed a bit as he thought of his elemental skills. "Yeah, I was about to tell you. I figured that Charlie Weasley was an air elemental but I wanted to confirm."

"Oh?" Grindelwald's eyebrows rose.

Harry nodded. "Turns out he is, and had a few tricks to teach too." Grindelwald's lips curved into a wide smile.

The rest of their meeting was passed by Harry showing off his new found tricks and Grindelwald praising him giving tips here and there on how to utilize his abilities. By the end of the session, the tension between them had cleared off.

"I'm sorry for ever doubting your commitment Harry." Grindelwald apologized. Harry shook his head, "It's ok, I would've done the same if I was in your place." Harry replied.

"Well, you have improved beyond my expectations. Soon I will give you the opportunity to meet the Brotherhood and see what all of this is about." Grindelwald said.

"Really? When?" Harry asked eagerly.

"During your summer vacations. My owl will find you. This was our last meeting for the year. I have some matters in other countries to attend to. I hope to see you during the vacations. Good bye Harry." Grindelwald concluded.

"But..." Before Harry could say anything else a smiling Grindelwald and his guards vanished in a puff of smoke.

"Oh well..." Harry said as he started to make his way back towards the castle.

X-x-x-x-x

Chapter Three : Telekinesis

Telekinesis is the moving of objects with the power of the mind. It is a most convenient tool for mind mages. Many wizards will think of it as a common thing but besides the fact that you do not need a wand, there are many other advantages Telekinesis has over the normal object motion charms.

The first advantage of Telekinesis is the speed of motion. Telekinesis allows a person to move an object at speeds unachievable by any other magical methods. This can be used both as a fatal attack and as a quick defense...

"Wow" Harry exclaimed. He was reading his Mind Magicks book again and had finally started the third chapter. By the looks of it, this was going to be very exciting but hard to learn. But he would learn it regardless.

He had to use all the alternative magic available to him and only then could he achieve power. More power than any wizard. He would show his parents, he would show the rest of the world but for now he needed to keep his powers hidden. His plans went beyond Grindelwald's squib movement. Thinking like the true Slytherin that he was, Harry closed the book and went to sleep.

For the rest of the year, Harry practiced his telekinesis in the chamber of secrets. Adam was busy with his school work as well as learning all sorts of charms that Harry practiced alone. He hadn't even told Adam about his telekinesis yet. He would have conversations with the Basilisk now and then, and had even hunted a few animals from the forbidden forest to give a feast to the Basilisk.

He had perfected his ability to throw knives as well as he could throw darts. He felt himself itching to throw a silver knife at a werewolf.

His apprenticeship was going amazingly well. Snape was pretty happy with Harry's potions work and said that he was 'anxious' to get past teaching these simple potions. Seeing the look on Snape's face, Harry could guess what kind of potions Snape meant. After all, he knew the kind of books that Snape published. Harry himself was eager to learn dangerous potions.

By the end of the year Harry had completed his fourth year potions text. Snape had tested him very roughly for his end of year exams and Harry had come out extremely well. Heck if Snape gave him a compliment on his work, it mean that it was truly excellent work.

In all his Quidditch matches Harry had caught the snitch. Thought they lost one match on point difference, they still won the Cup at the end of the year. Thankfully, he was able to control his air elemental skills so as not to summon the snitch or worse, fall off the broom.

X-x-x-x-x

During the last weekend of the school year in the Great Hall at breakfast times. There were only a few students and staff present in the Great Hall. Prominently Dumbledore was present. He looked

around the Great Hall calmly with a smile. This year had been great. He had heard John was doing great in his classes. There wasn't any episode like last year.

This was how the school should be all the time. His eyes fell upon one Harry Potter. Dumbledore gave a sigh. He felt pity for the child. The sacrifice of his magic had gone untold. It would come up eventually, he knew, when Voldemort returned. But it was all for the better and most people would agree with him. The people would find solace in a boy-who-lived with magic rather than one a squib. After all, it was for the greater good.

Dumbledore saw Harry reading a book like most times. They might have lost a great wizard, he thought. But that was the past, he would make sure that in the future, Harry would have credit for his sacrifice

He watched as Harry stood up and put the book in his bag. He saw Harry going towards the doors when Harry collided with someone, Ginny Weasley. Both were exchanging words. Dumbledore leaned forward slightly and with a nifty charm, he could eavesdrop on them. It was one of the few quirks Dumbledore had in his position.

"...how can you stand there happily knowing you killed my friend. But I guess to you Slytherin's it doesn't matter. Killers the lot!" Ginny said. Dumbledore was alarmed. Harry had killed someone. He was sure he would've heard if something like that had happened.

"Oh yeah, it was my great pleasure to kill Tom Marvolo Riddle! Tell anyone you like!" Harry replied. Dumbledore nearly fell off his seat. Dumbledore immediately jumped to his feet which caused the plates on his table to rattle. The staff looked at him oddly but Dumbledore ignored them all as he headed towards Harry Potter.

Both Harry and Ginny saw Dumbledore approaching and kept quiet. "Harry Potter, Ginerva Weasley, in my office NOW!" Dumbledore looked menacing.

X-x-x-x-x

A/N: Yeah I know, i picked up quite a pace. Hopefully you all enjoyed it so please drop a REVIEW!

Next Chapter Dumbledore's office + we get to see what the Brotherhood is all about + things i can't reveal :P

The Brotherhood

X-X-X-X-X-X

“Take a seat” Dumbledore gestured as he sat himself on his own seat. Both Harry and Ginny sat down on the seats opposite. Ginny had a confused look wondering what this was about. Harry meanwhile had a pretty good idea what the meeting entailed. And he was already planning for how to answer Dumbledore’s questions as he sat down.

Harry felt something warm in his pocket but ignored it as he sat down. Dumbledore was about to speak something when all of them heard a rattling sound. Harry felt his pocket grow warm again and this time, he could feel his dagger vibrating inside it.

Looking on top of a shelf Harry could see a sword, as beautifully carved as it was, rattling inside its case. Dumbledore stood up. Harry put a hand in his pocket to calm the dagger but he instantly withdrew it as he felt an electric jolt coming from the dagger.

Looking at the sword once again, Harry winced as the sword broke through it’s glass casing and flew out of it.....straight towards Harry. Harry gulped, he didn’t want to pull out his dagger to deflect it in case Dumbledore saw it. He didn’t want to use any of his powers either.

Dumbledore raised his hand and Harry was brought out of his musings, the sword immediately stopped, a faint glow around it indicating magic was at work. Dumbledore had a strange expression on his face, he waved his arm and the sword went to the back of Dumbledore’s office and into a back room.

“Wow Professor, that was amazing!” Ginny said. But Dumbledore was staring straight at Harry. Before Harry had a chance to think, Dumbledore was using Legilimency on him. . This was different to the attacks by Grindelwald or Snape. Dumbledore approached his shields at a single point and concentrated on breaking through. Dumbledore sliced through the three outer layers of his shields before Harry knew what was happening.

Harry soon got the situation under control and ejected Dumbledore rather forcefully. Harry would've been very angry right about now if his occlumency hadn't been at full force right now. Instead, Harry spoke in a calm manner that even Dumbledore was amazed at the boy's level of occlumency.

"What you just committed Professor is an offense punishable to the extreme by the Ministry." Harry spoke. Dumbledore shook his head, "I'm sorry Harry, curiosity got the better of me." Dumbledore replied, seemingly in a sad tone.

"Nevertheless, I will be pushing for charges." Harry said though his face was still an emotionless mask.

Dumbledore gave a small smile, "I'm afraid I don't understand what you mean."

A little irritation shown on Harry's face when Dumbledore continued to smile. "Was I speaking in French? Or are you deaf?" Harry asked. Ginny gasped at the obvious insult to the Headmaster.

Dumbledore however adopted a semi-sad smile, "It saddens me to tell you Harry, that squibs have rights equal to those of Werewolves and Centaurs in the magical world or more specifically...none."

This time, even Ginny could notice the anger in Harry's eyes as he stood up. Harry made to leave as Dumbledore told him that he had not been dismissed yet. But Harry ignored Dumbledore as he stormed out of the office.

Dumbledore meanwhile proceeded to hear the story from Ginny. She had acquired the diary of Voldemort. It must've had a compulsion charm upon those who read it which explained Ginny's infatuation with Tom. Then Harry Potter had destroyed it, although Dumbledore couldn't get a clear answer as to how. The image he got when searching through Ginny's mind was hazy and blurred, but it seemed like Harry had pierced the diary with something.

Dumbledore contemplated. The fact that the diary could be so easily destroyed meant that it wasn't as magical as he had first thought it

was. Tom must've created the diary during his younger years, probably when he hadn't turned over completely to the dark. But nonetheless, in the end, it was better that anything of Tom Riddle's was destroyed.

X-x-x-x-x

Thump! Thump! The sound of his knife penetrating through the tree made Harry feel better. He was standing a few yards away and was throwing knife after knife at the tree. When all of his knives were embedded into the trunk, he would pull them out again and repeat his training.

"You know, you'll miss the train if you hide here in the forbidden forest." Adam called out from behind him.

"I'm...just...angry...at...Dumbledore!" Harry said throwing knives in between pauses.

Adam pulled out his wand and summoned them all when Harry was done, though Harry had to catch them out of air in order for them to avoid piercing through Adam. Adam grinned sheepishly at that.

Harry just put all the knives in a bag before heading towards the train. He had an idea while he was walking. "Adam, can you place curses on objects?"

Adam thought for a while before answering, "Yeah, I could place a spell on an object but don't expect me to learn curses so soon, I'm sure they teach that in Slytherin though..." Adam replied cheekily.

"How does it work?" Harry asked.

"Well you use a container spell followed by the spell you want to contain. There are different container spells, each with different amounts of power and each having a different release type. The different release types include 'Touch Release' 'Timed Release' and many others but those are the only types that I know of." Adam replied.

"Can you cast it?" Harry asked.

"Well, I can cast a very low powered container spell with a 'Touch Release' mechanism." Adam replied.

"Does it need human touch for a release or any object touching it will release the spell?" Harry asked.

"No, only human touch, the other that you're talking about is the 'impact release' I think." Adam replied.

"Perfect...cast it on all of my knives followed by the usual shrinking charm." Harry asked.

When Adam was done casting, Harry levitated all of his knives into a pocket.

X-x-x-x-x

Both Harry and Adam were on the train when Harry saw an owl headed towards them. He opened the window by a motion of hand to allow the owl entry. Harry regretted that action after he saw that it was the Potter Family owl.

Harry plucked the letter out of the owl's claws when the owl was still in mid flight. Harry opened the letter with a sigh. Better to get it over with.

Dear Harry

It took me a long time to gather the courage to write another letter after my previous one. I know I don't deserve it but it hurt to not see your reply.

There's this feeling that only now I'm in control of myself, it feels almost like my eyes have now been opened. I can not imagine how I could even act like I did towards you. But I know, no amount of excuses are enough for the amount of neglect towards you.

How can I hope to gain your forgiveness if I can not even forgive myself. The reason that I write this letter is that I fear that you will not return home this summer. Please Harry, return home and give me one more chance to be the mother that I never was.

With Love,

Your Mother

Harry sighed after he had read the letter. This complicated things. He didn't know what to make of the letter. He quashed all feelings under his occlumency barrier. He needed to think logically. Adam's patience gave out as he snatched the letter from Harry's hand.

"I know it's not my place to say Harry, but I think you should give her a chance." Adam said quietly after he too had read the letter. Harry nodded.

Harry took out a parchment to write a reply. He would still go through with his summer plans and not return to Potter Manor.

Dear Mother

Unfortunately, I didn't read your last letter. Reading this letter I still haven't decided whether to outright forgive you or not. But I am willing to hear what you have to say, and also what father has to say (if anything).

I'm sorry I can't return to Potter manor as I have other plans but I appreciate that at least one of my parents has finally returned to their senses. I will inform you of a date and place to meet by owl.

Harry

Harry laid his head back to think over this new turn of events for the rest of the trip after he had sent the owl.

X-X-X-X-X

Harry got off the train with Adam in tow. Both of their trunks were shrunk and in their pockets. He made his way through the crowds towards the gateway to the muggle world.

Just before he went through the gateway, he turned around as his gaze swept across the platform. He stopped as he saw the Potters. Emerald eyes met emerald eyes, as he saw his mother staring at him.

Lily gave a sad smile as she nodded. Harry nodded in return before turning on his heel.

“Why didn’t we just floo home?” Adam asked as they made their way out of King’s Cross. Harry smirked in reply.

When they exited, Harry started walking towards the nearest bus stop. Right before they reached the bus stop, Harry turned right. He walked down an alley before going into another branched alley before coming to a dead end.

“What the hell?” Adam asked. Harry just motioned with his finger to the entrance to the alley. Standing there were two men with rugged clothes....werewolves. Adam shrieked, “Are you crazy? You led us here just to face these creatures?”

“This time, I’m prepared” Harry said. He started running towards the werewolves. The werewolves ran towards him as well. Harry put his hand on his pocket and he pulled it out to reveal a single silver knife. He threw it with amazing accuracy as it pierced through the forehead of one of the werewolves. The werewolf disintegrated into ash.

The other werewolf paused and halted his assault. But that was all he got to do as Harry made motions with his hand. The werewolf was flung towards the wall. Harry held his left hand up, palm face towards the werewolf as the werewolf was held in place against the wall with the force of air.

“Now it’s time for some questions.” Harry declared as he pulled out another silver knife from his pocket with his right hand. Harry stared into the eyes of the werewolf as he tried a bit of legilimency. But it

yielded no results. It seems that werewolves have natural occlumency shields. Harry thought.

The werewolf was clearly scared now. Harry held the silver knife against his neck. "Why were you following me?" Harry asked in a deadly tone.

"You...your scent....we were ordered to chase down that scent..." The werewolf replied.

"What objective would you gain by killing us?" Harry asked.

"No...we were told not to kill.....we were simply told to maim you and kill the rest" The Werewolf said motioning towards Adam at the end.

"By whom?" Harry asked.

"The....leader of our pack...." The werewolf replied.

"And who is the leader of your pack?" Harry asked.

The werewolf hesitated and Harry had to press his knife closer but remain careful not to pierce the skin. Before the werewolf could say anything though, a knife pierced through his skull. Harry turned immediately to look at the attacker but could see no one.

"Damn!" Harry called out in frustration.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry sat calmly in a couch in his bedroom as darts flew about him. The darts would strike the dart board and then be levitated back before once again striking the board as if an invisible person was throwing them.

Harry was using Telekinesis to do that. Sure, he could've used his Air Elemental powers but the results couldn't even compare to this. The air element was tricky and not exactly precise. So, while he could throw a dart, it wouldn't be dead on target, neither was it guaranteed

to hit head first. Moreover, the air element couldn't achieve the speed that had with telekinesis.

Harry let the darts drop as Adam entered the room. He didn't know why he was hiding this from Adam anyways. Harry could never doubt Adam's loyalty. Perhaps it was the feeling that he could do something that Adam couldn't. A feeling in return for his slight jealousy of Adam being able to use a wand. Harry was still barely thirteen years old after all.

X-X-X-X-X

Harry was lying on a couch in the living room reading a potions book when he heard the doorbell ring. Harry sat up instantly, he hadn't told anyone where he lived. He saw the door to Adam's room was closed, he was probably in there studying or practicing spells.

Harry made his way towards the door, one hand going towards his pocket as he grabbed the hilt of his dagger. He opened the door to find a person there clad in gray robes.

"Mr. Potter", the man gave a short bow. "I've been sent by Master Gellert. I'll escort you to the Brotherhood Headquarters." The man said.

Harry raised an eyebrow, "Wait here." Harry told the man before going inside. He definitely needed to find a way to set up some wards around here if anybody could come as they please. He changed into one of his more elegant robes and put some shrunken silver knives in his pocket. He knocked on Adam's door.

A sweaty Adam opened the door and Harry saw scorch marks marred most of the walls in Adam's room. 'Spell practice then' Harry thought. Adam gave a questioning look, "going somewhere?" he asked as he saw Harry all dressed up.

"I'm going out.." Harry said. "..I don't know when I'll be back so take care of the flat." Harry continued.

"But..", Adam started. "later..." Harry replied before heading towards the door.

When Harry closed the door to the flat behind him he saw that the man was still standing there. "Well?" Harry asked.

The man nodded before pulling out a small metallic spherical object. The man asked whether he was ready and Harry nodded. The man pushed a button on the sphere and soon Harry found himself in surrounded by smoke. When the smoke cleared Harry saw that he was in a completely different location.

Harry observed his location. He was in a narrow corridor. The corridor finished abruptly behind him but it led on in front. The corridor was lit dimly by muggle lighting. Harry saw a woman clad in silver robes approaching. The man gave Harry a short bow before leaving. As the woman approached she raised an eyebrow. "Harry Potter?" She asked in a questioning tone.

"Yes" Harry replied. "Hmm, I expected you to be...older." The woman said in a mocking tone. "Very well, I'm Christine Harris, head of the Research Department in the Brotherhood." She continued with a sigh.

"I've been given the task to show you around before meeting Master Gellert for dinner. Follow me." She didn't seem too happy about the assignment Harry noted.

As she moved underneath a light, Harry observed her features. She was young, roughly twenty five by his estimate. Her skin and blue eyes seemed normal enough that Harry could tell she wasn't either a werewolf or a vampire.

The woman ordered Harry to follow.

Soon they reached a metallic doorway, Christine halted. "This is where the wards start." She explained. "If you were to take one more step further, you'd be dead." She said with a smirk.

Harry observed the doorway and he could feel the high magical concentration. She took out a piece of parchment and a knife. After

spilling three drops of blood on the parchment. She folded the parchment and inserted it in an opening just before the archway. The parchment was sucked in.

They waited for five minutes as Harry observed the corridor. He could see metallic openings, screens and buttons all along the corridor. His seeker eyes could pick up the cameras hidden in corners. After five minutes the parchment returned.

Christine tossed the parchment through the doorway. Harry raised an eyebrow at that. "If the parchment can get through, then so can you." She said before going through the doorway herself. Harry stepped carefully through but nothing happened so he followed.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry followed Christine into a large hall. The hall was filled with teenagers placed in groups and practicing martial arts with each other. It looked just like a muggle karate school. "This is a part of our Academy. You are currently watching the Martial Arts class." Christine said, "We take in most of the squibs born in the magical world and any underage werewolves and vampires that we can find. There are a wide variety of subjects including muggle ones."

Harry looked on with wonder. He could've come to this 'Academy' instead of going to bloody Hogwarts. "The Academy keeps very high standards. The students who fail to keep with those standards, their memories are erased and they are thrown into the muggle world." Christine enjoyed the widening of Harry's eyes.

"Why would you just throw them out? I mean, aren't more people going to make the Brotherhood stronger?" Harry asked, maybe he was better off at Hogwarts.

"We are not training an army Potter, we are an organization who accept only the best in their fields. Sure, it filters all the crap and we are left with barely one forth of our students but in the end, it's better than a bunch of dunderheads." Christine said.

“What about the adult squibs, werewolves and vampires?” Harry asked.

Christine smiled at that. “I am not at liberty to discuss that with you.” Though the look in her eyes really disturbed Harry.

Harry followed her out the hall and into another corridor. They kept walking until they reached an opening. Harry found himself in a large hall. There were four corridors leading out of the hall including the one they had just come from each at right angles to other. In the center of the hall there was a huge fountain. There were a few people going from one corridor to the other wearing colored robes.

Christine motioned towards the corridor they had come from. “That leads to the Academy. The only place in HQ outside the wards is in the academy. That's where the new recruits are added to the wards.” She gestured towards Harry as she said that.

She gestured with her finger towards another corridor, “that leads to 'Defense' and 'Research' departments.” she said with a smile which made Harry feel that she really loved her job. “That leads to the 'Offense' and 'Intelligence' departments which is where you'll be working.” “The final corridor leads to a number of different rooms which I am not at liberty to discuss with you. Though we will head for dinner with Master Gellert there.”

Harry nodded taking it all in. 'Wow, who knew that old man was the leader of this organization.'

“Let's visit the Offense department. I doubt you are allowed in any of the others yet.” Christine said before going in that direction. Naturally, Harry followed after.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry was tired. He had been following after Christine going through the Offense department. The most he had seen were people practicing, be it hand-to-hand or muggle arms or swords or any other weapon you could think of. There was also a dueling arena for wizard werewolves who wanted to duel. There was some paperwork as well

but Harry had paid no heed to it. The two main corridors in the department that Harry had wanted to visit, he had not been allowed to.

The 'Missions' corridor and another corridor named 'Assassin'. Christine herself feared going down the Assassin corridor and she said that he would visit the Missions corridor quite a few times in the future, "if they ever give you a mission that is" she had said with a laugh.

Though she had explained a bit about both of the sections of the Offense department. There were a few people who were in charge of the Missions section and they would give a requirement of the type of person or persons they required for said mission. Then specific available people would be briefed inside the Missions section and given their respective gear. There was a Missions section in each of the departments. So this Missions section would only assign offensive missions, things like taking out a pack of werewolves / threatening a vampire community / abducting people to be made new recruits...etc. Harry had been alarmed at the last one.

The purpose of the Assassin's section was unclear. But from what Harry was able to understand, they were assigned targets directly by Grindelwald and they were to Assassinate them but mostly, leave no trace of an assassination

Harry walked along with Christine until they reached a dead end. "Now" Christine said turning and giving him a large smile. "only department heads are given information on this." She pushed a series of buttons on the wall to reveal a doorway. "Elementals..."

She led Harry into what seemed like a very cozy living room. "Since there are only three elementals, you get a really nice common room." said with a sad sigh. But suddenly a thought occurred to her as she was smirking the next moment.

Harry saw that there were three doors to the common room. One of which had his nameplate on it. Christine started to say, "There's an earth elemental but he's mostly with Master Gellert and then there's a fire elemental. She's in her room at all times so let's go meet her."

Harry looked at her huge smile in suspicion but followed after her to the middle door. Christine started to enter a series of numbers in a pad and then proceeded to unlock the door with a key. Harry raised an eyebrow at that, why was it locked so heavily?

When the door was finally open, Christine told him “you go inside and chat for a moment, I have some things to attend to. I'll meet you in five minutes.” When Harry took one step inside the door bolted shut behind him. He tried opening it but it was locked once again.

Senses on full alert, Harry turned around and observed his surroundings. He saw a posh bedroom mostly decorated in red, blood red. It looked ancient, as it was lit by torches. There was also a fire burning in the fireplace. Harry's eyes finally settled on a girl standing a few meters away from him.

The girl looked to be about his age, maybe a year or two older with silky black hair. Her skin was smooth and her black eyes were shining. Harry could see the fire reflecting off of her eyes even from here. He had to admit, the girl was beautiful. Harry gave a small smile.

The girl's demeanor changed from calm to angry in an instant. "Get OUT!" She yelled. Harry didn't have time to comprehend that though as he saw a ball of fire headed straight towards him.

[illegible]

A/N: I'm not so sure about how this chapter came out. Please review and tell me how you like it. C&C welcome.

Next chapter: We'll see a meeting between Harry and Lily and of course finish the meeting he's currently in...hehe. And some other things i'll think of while writing.

Ok...now explaining myself. I've got my A levels exams coming up in May. And since I'm a straight A's student, I have to study hard for it. Which is why it took so long to update. Hell the only reason I updated was because so many people reviewed. Once again thank you all to

those who reviewed. The papers have yet to come hence, I will not update until they are finished. So i'll pick this back up in June, sorry. If you liked my story, please show your appreciation by reviewing, I'll definitely pick this up in june.

Grindelwald's Plans

X-X-X-X-X

Harry stared at the fireball for a moment as his mind froze. But as the fireball came closer he blinked and the danger became apparent as he jumped to the right, barely avoiding the fireball. Why had he frozen like that? Was it because he had seen a fireball for the first time in his life or was it because he couldn't expect the delicate girl in front of him to harm him? Harry checked the door, he would rather avoid this fight, but it was locked.

'What's with her?' Harry thought as the girl began to prepare another fireball. This time he was a bit more ready and dodged it easily. The couch behind him wasn't so fortunate. "That was my favorite couch!" The girl shrieked before making a fireball in her hands, this one seemed bigger than the last two.

This girl twirled the fireball in her hands before one of her hands made a fist shot forward, as did the fireball. "Let's see you dodge this one." The girl whispered.

Harry raised an eyebrow at the look of triumph on the girl's face. He observed the girl's fist was still extended forwards. Suddenly the girl smirked at him as she opened her first, five fingers extended. Harry's expression turned to incredulity as the fireball split itself in mid air into five smaller fireballs'. This left no time to dodge as Harry's arms instinctively raised and gathered his element in front of him.

The concentrated shield of wind was able to withstand the fireballs. Harry sent his own smirk. This seemed to anger the girl further. She threw fireball after fireball which Harry's shield withstood though Harry was starting to sweat by the strain of keeping the shield.

"Enough" Harry muttered as he made flowing motions with his hands. Blasts of wind were sent from Harry but the girl would simply conjure up small fireballs that would burn holes through the blasts. When a blast of wind was pierced even once, it dissipated. Harry tried another strategy. Suddenly, pieces of furniture were trying to try to attack

the girl. Needless to say, the girl was irritated at having to burn her own furniture to avoid being hurt.

It was time to take her down, Harry decided. He slowly inched closer to the girl. The girl meanwhile was doing something with her hands as if molding something but as Harry could see no visible effects yet, he ran towards her. Intent on holding her hands down. Harry reached the girl in a sprint and held both of her hands stationary. She felt weak in his hands, an indicator that she was physically very weak. "Now listen to me girl!" Harry was furious.

The girl gave him a smirk. Harry didn't have time to contemplate though as a fist connected on his face and he was sent flying. Thankfully the bed broke his fall but his face was hurting like hell, and not only that, it was stinging as well.

Harry looked towards the girl to see a golem made up of rock and fire coming towards him. "Shit" Harry cursed as he got up and took out his dagger. He sent blasts of winds at the golem but it was able to withstand them, only pausing momentarily to ride out the effects. The girl was laughing at his antics.

Suddenly clicking sounds could be heard and the door opened. Christine walked in and Harry saw her pressing a button on a remote control she had. The golem instantly vanished and Harry could see the girl fall to her knees, groaning from pain. A flash of light from above had Harry staring at the ceiling. It was covered in runes that appeared to be flashing right now.

Christine answered Harry's unasked question. "Elemental Suppressor Runes, you'll find that you won't be able to use your Air element either. That..." she indicated towards the girl that was on the ground holding her stomach, "...is the backlash of the Runes activating. Apparently, she was using too much elemental power at the time I activated the runes." Christine said with no hint of pity in her voice seeing as she was the one who had activated them in the first place.

"She's a bit crazy hence the need for the Runes, though her element is dead useful." Christine threw the same spherical transportation device that he had used earlier at him. Harry caught it and observed it.

He could see a faint fire burning inside the dark glass sphere. "Elemental fire doesn't need fuel to burn, although it'll burn any fuel it encounters just as well. It powers this genius little transportation device. Of course I was the one who invented it." Christine exclaimed with a proud smile. Harry meanwhile was observing the runes. The time it took Christine to explain, Harry had been staring at the runes, memorising them, after all he wouldn't want himself to be in the same situation, not that he didn't have other tricks up his sleeve.

Harry followed Christine out to the door. Before closing it Harry's eyes locked with the girl once more, Harry gave her a small smile which surprisingly, the girl returned. The door banged shut the next moment though. Christine once again began locking the door from the outside before pulling out her remote control. She pressed a button which Harry guessed disabled the Suppressor Runes.

"Why the locks on the door?" Harry asked. "Oh, Lisa has never needed to go outside." Christine commented off-handedly. 'Doesn't need to or Isn't allowed to...' Harry thought but decided to keep quiet. He didn't know nearly enough about this situation, his Slytherin instincts reminded him.

X-x-x-x-x

Walking through a whole maze of doorways, they finally arrived in a hallway that looked much more exquisite and comfortable than the rest. They had visited a medical facility to get the burns on his face treated. Harry had been surprised to find a medi-witch there. That was until she smiled and Harry could clearly see the canines to conclude she was a werewolf. Harry observed his new surroundings carefully.

The carpet on the floor had intricate designs on it. But Harry was becoming better at recognizing signs. "Are those Runes?" Harry asked Christine, pointing to the floor.

She gave him an astonished look, "Not many people are able to recognize that but Yes, they are Runes. Warding Runes to be more precise. As we are approaching Master Gellert's chambers, the

Runes are for extra security. It was a genius idea to imbue them into the carpet, disguising them as mere designs.”

Harry nodded, Runes had just become a much more interesting subject for him. He remembered reading that Runes could be drawn with the blood of a magical being. He wondered if using someone else’s blood would do. It probably would, he thought with a shudder leaving that line of thought for now.

They approached a set of doors that were guarded by two men in black robes. Their hoods covered their faces and Harry recognized the men tense as they approached. Both men drew their swords when Harry was about a meter from them.

“No need for that.” Christine exclaimed taking out an identity card. They gave her a slight bow as they seemed to recognize her but Harry had the feeling that they didn’t like her that much. One of the men then turned and went inside the door. He came back a few seconds later looking flustered. Harry was surprised when he even bowed slightly in front of him.

“Ah, Welcome Harry, have a seat.” Grindelwald said, a smile on his face. Harry nodded and cautiously made his way towards the seat next to Grindelwald. Selene came in and sat on his other side after giving a short bow to Grindelwald. Harry raised an eyebrow, he would never bow.

“I assume you have a few questions?” Grindelwald asked. Yes, he had questions but there was only one question bugging him right now. “Yes...you have quite a big and powerful organization under your command, so the question is, why me?” Harry carefully observed Grindelwald's face but his face remained smiling as he answered. Harry knew his elemental powers would be a very good reason but the fact was, Grindelwald was interested in him since before he knew of his elemental powers.

“Harry, to understand that you need to know a bit more about Dumbledore and his Order. The Order of Phoenix is Dumbledore's organization for fighting against Dark Lord's and the like. The wizarding world think of it as some sort of elite war ready organization

but the fact is, Dumbledore uses it as a spy network of sorts. Sure there are powerful wizards in the order, but there is an equal amount of weak ones. The members of the Order are settled in different positions around the wizarding world. They work for two purposes, one for gathering information and two, for gaining support and sympathy for Dumbledore.” Grindelwald paused to let that information sink in.

“So what's that got to do with me?” Harry asked a bit frustrated that Grindelwald wouldn't give him a direct answer.

Grindelwald nodded. “Now, Potters have always been a prominent part of the Order being the most politically powerful of the purebloods in the Order. Then comes the boy-who-lived and Dumbledore is just giddy to have him under his wing. Of course I would've loved to get my hands on him but sometimes the best of plans fail...” Grindelwald's eyes widened a millimeter but it was enough and Harry noticed it. Grindelwald had said something he didn't want to say.

“SO I'M JUST A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BOY WHO LIVED?” Harry practically shouted. It was very rare for him to lose his anger but all the tension and unease since entering the brotherhood headquarters had finally made him lose his control.

“Do not be so childish, let me continue!” Grindelwald's voice was low though spoken with such force that Harry actually felt scared for a moment. The reality of the situation came back to him, he was sitting in front of a former dark lord and a head of a powerful organization Harry nodded, his emotionless facade taking control.

Grindelwald's calm facade returned as he continued, “...then you come along and you are absolutely excellent at Occlumency. Your barriers, not even Dumbledore could break. This gives me the perfect person to place as a spy in the Order.”

“So you want me to spy on Dumbledore?” Harry asked. Nothing in his posture or words betrayed his raging emotions.

Grindelwald noted the emotionless statement. “In the future yes but let me continue. Then you become an apprentice to Snape and you

are a future Potions Master as well. And finally you have elemental powers. You see Harry, you have a lot of potential and ability that is unmatched and it is one of the greatest assets to our cause. You are much more than John Potter is. And to prove that, You have become one of my apprentices."

Harry's eyes widened in surprise. "Apprentice?"

Grindelwald gave a small laugh. "Of course Harry, do you expect me to give lessons to every other person of my organization Needless to say, you hold power over this organization secondary only to me and my other apprentice."

"Who else is your apprentice?" Harry asked.

"Ah well, his name is Shaun Colbert, he is the earth Elemental that I had you meet. He is also a werewolf and wizard. A very powerful combination indeed." Grindelwald said.

"I'm Curious though, why haven't you taken over the wizarding world yet? They seem pretty weak to me." Harry asked, now a little more at ease.

"Ah, a good question. But the fact is, it's not that simple. You see, if I had even half a powerful organization as this one comprised of only wizards, then taking over the wizarding world would have had a sure chance of success. You need to understand that more than half the wizarding families remain neutral on all wizarding wars. Most of these are the pureblood faction."

"But I thought the purebloods supported Voldemort?"

"Yes about half of the purebloods did support Voldemort because they were power hungry and Voldemort provided them just that, power over the wizarding world. Of course the more powerful purebloods do not wish to control the lowly levels of the wizarding world as they consider themselves above it. And they would rather remain neutral than follow in the ways of a half-blood. "

"Now, what's stopping us from taking over? It is the fact that if we were to try and gain control over the wizarding worlds, the purebloods would not sit back and watch. Because they may consider the rest of the wizarding world below them but they consider us as a different species altogether. They would think of the taking over of Werewolves and Squibs as a threat to wizardry itself."

Harry nodded. That made sense but he couldn't yet conceive Grindelwald's approach yet. If not a frontal assault then how? "So what's your strategy? Surely you do not have enough power for a political takeover seeing as werewolves and squibs are rarely given high ranking jobs." Harry asked.

"You are right of course Harry. But over the years, I have used bribery, assassination and many more ways to influence the decision making inside the wizengamot and the ministry." Grindelwald said with a smile which turned into a smirk, "did you know that Cornelius Fudge is actually a member of the Brotherhood?"

Harry was left gaping, this was unexpected. "Fudge? But he actively opposes rights for Werewolves and Squibs?" Harry asked.

"Yes, but I'm afraid that is what I expect him to do. You see Harry, the more the ministry oppresses the werewolves and squibs, the more they rebel, hence the more recruits we get. Of course I only take the elites among the squibs but with werewolves, it's a different game. Any werewolf, no matter how untrained, can be dangerous on a full moon. It was a carefully thought out plan which was effective in raising our numbers. We could probably raid the Ministry and every other Wizarding place except a few places like Hogwarts and of course the Pureblood Manors with the sheer number of werewolves that we have at our command. That is why Dumbledore actively opposes any anti-werewolf laws. He knows how much real the threat of a werewolf rebellion is. He does wonder why a rebellion hasn't risen yet not knowing about the Brotherhood but I can only assume that he puts it down to in-fighting and wars with the vampires."

"Speaking of Vampires, what's the Brotherhood's standing on that?" Harry asked, clearly remembering the incident where a vampire had saved him.

"The Vampires" Grindelwald started, "are not considered by the Wizarding World like the other races. The vampires are in fact in an agreement with the wizarding world. The Wizarding world is, quite rightly so, afraid of vampires. They are organised in clans which form a sophisticated network around the world. The agreement I think is that vampires would be left to their own devices in the muggle world provided that they don't interfere in the wizarding world. So as it is, Wizards rule the wizarding world while Vampires rule the muggle world. That brings in another difficulty for us, were we to declare war on the Wizarding world, the vampires would surely support the wizards and we are not ready to take on the vampires too."

Grindelwald paused, "so we are going to take over the wizarding world slowly under the cover of being a Squib revolution. And when the vampires find out about the werewolves, we'll already have control over the wizarding world. That will be when we on equal footing with them and can probably take them on. So what do you think?"

"Hmm, there are quite a few holes in your strategy but the general idea is brilliant. Though I think you mentioned having Vampires in the Brotherhood quite some time ago." Harry asked.

"Yes, we do tend to collect the rogue vampires as well." Grindelwald smirked and Harry knew that there was more to it than that.

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Harry was scribbling shapes on a piece of paper. He had just arrived back from headquarters. He had had dinner with Grindelwald and quite a lot of discussion on Grindelwald's strategy. The more he looked at it, the more it revealed to him how devious Grindelwald could be. Which led him to drawing the 'Elemental runes' down on a piece of paper. The very small Gryffindor part of him wanted to trust Grindelwald and the Brotherhood and actively participate in a movement that could very well take him to the top if the movement was successful. The larger, Slytherin, part of him reminded him of the dangers and to take every step filled with caution.

Which was why he had decided that he would have a way to counter the runes the next time he would enter headquarters.

“What the hell are you doing Harry? You go someplace without telling me and when you come back you are drawing something weird. Where did you go anyways?” Adam was almost at the point of yelling.

“Ok sit down and I'll tell you.” Harry simply stated not taking his eyes away from the paper.

Adam sat on the couch and Harry finished the runes. “Ok, when I was in my first year, I joined...” Harry stopped as he felt pain go through his mind. “I joined an...” The pain returned, this time more severe. 'Of course, I should've guessed that Grindelwald wouldn't just blab out all of his plans to me or on information about the brotherhood without some method of ensuring secrecy. Damn him.' Harry thought.

“Well I'm under some sort of spell which doesn't allow me to speak, so you'll just have to trust me on this.” Harry said.

“And are you OK with whatever it is that you're doing?” Adam asked, concerned.

“Yes.” Harry answered simply.

Adam nodded. “Could you at least tell me what you're drawing?” Adam asked exasperated.

“These are Runes which I found which have the ability to suppress elemental powers.” Harry stated.

Adam's eyes went wide. “Is there even such a thing?”

Harry nodded. “It appears so, and I have to find a way to undo them or something.” Harry said, “which means..”

“a trip to Diagon Alley!” Adam completed the sentence excited.

“Yes but not now, I'm tired, maybe tomorrow.” Harry said as he headed off towards his room to change. He had a month until his next

visit to headquarters, when, Grindelwald had said he could even do a mission. He couldn't keep a smile from coming to his face at the thought of that.

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Adam yawned, "Can we go to Diagon Alley today?" That had been what Adam had been repeating every morning for the previous three days since the day that Harry had visited the Brotherhood Headquarters. Harry looked down on the tome in front of him. Man, I've just finished the chapter on Telekinesis... He had been perfecting his telekinesis from the tips of the book. And Harry really wanted to get his mind magic to the next stage. He flipped the last page to find himself staring at the title for the next chapter...Illusions.

Harry was about to refuse Adam's request when an owl flew in through the open window. Harry thought it looked oddly familiar. Harry then remembered it as Snape's owl. 'Strange, what does Snape want?' Harry thought.

He quickly opened the letter attached to the owl.

Apprentice,

I have decided to take a more active roll in your education of potions. I require of you to gather the following ingredients of the amounts given by the time the term at Hogwarts start. Know that they are necessary for something the importance of which we will discuss in person. Also in order to facilitate your search, I gift you this owl, it will allow you to order ingredients from a wider range of locations.

...

...

There were several ingredients given which Harry promptly skimmed through. He knew half of them but the rest would require a bit of effort to find. Harry sighed. "It seems we'll be going to Diagon Alley after all..." Harry told Adam who pumped a fist into the air, "...tomorrow."

Harry finished. He smirked at Adam's face as he turned back to his book. He couldn't put off this chapter for another day now, could he?

Besides, Harry thought with a sigh, He might as well meet his mother tomorrow and see what she has to say. He simply wrote:

Mother,

Meet me tomorrow at noon at the Leaky Coudron.

Harry

Harry watched as the owl flew into the air with his letter. He didn't like how this apartment was unprotected. He made plans to get Adam into studying warding. He didn't think more on what would happen tomorrow as he promptly went back to reading his book (tome). 'Hmm, I might need to scan the Potter Library once more to see if they have any other good books.' thought Harry.

[illegible]

A/N: So how'd you like it. Review and tell me. The next chapter...Diagon Alley and Harry's first mission for the Brotherhood, moreover a visit to Master Li as well. Oh and some more of Lisa as well (the fire elemental girl)

Okay people i need to know this: Should I give Harry another element to control? So REVIEW!

A Mission:

X-X-X-X-X

In a deserted alleyway hidden in the shadows stood a person. Wearing a black hooded cloak, one would almost think he was a death eater. But as the hood was raised, the absence of a mask betrayed that fact. Messy black hair scattered all over the place and below that, a sharp face. The most striking features of the face though were his eyes. An emerald green that seemed to glow in the darkness. The man, no boy, raised a tube filled with a colored liquid to his lips as he drank it.

Emptying the tube he placed it back on it's holster attached to his belt. "I've got to get a better way to store my potions" he muttered as seemed to grow until in his place stood an exact replica of him though looking ten years older. Another swallow of a potion and his jet black hair changed into a light brown color as his eyes changed to match his hair. The dark looking teen was now an average looking adult.

Calmly walking out of the alley he headed towards a dusty old restaurant nearby which only wizards could see, the Leaky Cauldron. Another person, another boy fell in step with him as he stood outside the door to the Leaky couldron. "Come on Adam, Let's go shopping." Harry simply said.

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"Can we go to the bookstore now, we've sold the basilisk skin, added extra money to our vault and practically bought whole new wardrobes." Adam pleaded.

"Yeah you head off, I've got some ingredients to buy." Harry said as he headed towards the Apocathery.

As he entered the potions store he headed straight towards the counter. "I need these ingredients, money is of no concern." Harry said in a no nonsense voice.

The shop keeper took a look at the list and whistled. "I'm afraid we don't sell these three ingredients. And the final ingredient, the hair of a werewolf isn't sold in a shop. Werewolves would raid it and destroy such a shop." The man told him.

Harry nodded as the man went to work. Soon all except the aforementioned ingredients were in a bag shrunk in his pocket. The man made a bill and Harry gave it a look. "What's the hundred galleons of extra charges?" Harry asked more from curiosity than from any hesitation to spend money.

The man gave him a look of understanding. "Ah, so this is your first time. Well, you should know that even carrying a list can indicate what potion you're going to make. And the list is evidence enough that you're going to make an illegal potion. So the hundred galleons is for not calling the aurors. Now get out of here before I change my mind." The man told him after he received his money.

Harry meanwhile was thinking, 'An illegal potion.....and here I was thinking Snape was never going to start teaching me those with Dumbledore around.' A smirk appeared on his face as he made his way towards the bookstore.

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The shopkeeper's eyes widened as he saw both Harry and Adam carrying very large amounts of books inside the weightless baskets. Today was his lucky day, he just hoped they had the money to buy all these.

He waved his wand as the books were dropped on the counter and were automatically sorted into bags. He then touched his wand to a piece of parchment and read off of it to Harry and Adam.

"That's a total of 114 books, thirty from the defense section, thirty from Warding, forty from the Runes section and the remaining from the Potions section. Which makes a grand total of two thousand five hundred and ten galleons. I'll knock off the ten galleons so two thousand five hundred galleons please." The shopkeeper said with a wide smile.

“WHAT? These are books! Not gold!” Adam proclaimed. “I assure you sir, that the prices are very much reasonable, after all, some of these have only a few other copies left.”

Adam was about to complain again when Harry put a hand on his shoulder his eyes telling Adam to shut up. Harry gave the money as he hurried out of the store.

“You could’ve bargained a little you know.” Adam told Harry, exasperated.

“Not my thing, and besides, I’m already late for something” Harry said as he headed off towards the Leaky Cauldron. Adam got a look of understanding in his eyes as he followed Harry.

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“She’s not coming Harry.” Adam told Harry for what seemed the millionth time. But this time, Harry’s response was different. Harry sighed as he looked at the clock. “Yeah, I guess you’re right, It’s been an hour already.” Harry stood up.

Adam stood up quietly. For the first time since arriving here, he saw a glimpse of the emotional turmoil going on inside Harry’s head. Finally Harry’s emotionless mask returned but Adam, as skilled as he himself was in Occlumency, knew that it was all just a mask.

“Let’s go home and rest.” Adam suggested. Harry considered that idea, it seemed pleasing, but he had work to do.

“You go on, I’ve got some work to attend to in Knockturn Alley.” Harry said before turning around and heading off towards Diagon Alley. Adam knew that there was nothing he could do to convince Harry otherwise so he headed towards the floo.

Harry meanwhile was cursing himself as he stood in front of the closed Diagon Alley entrance. ‘Damn!’ Harry kicked the wall but found his foot in further pain. The pain enraging him further, Harry lost

control of his occlumency as he pulled out the dagger of Slytherin and aimed for the wall.

Harry was surprised when the dagger plunged straight inside the solid wall. A moment later, the wall exploded outwards. "Shit" Harry cursed as he began to think rationally and noticed the people looking at him. A crowd was gathering around him as Harry tried to think of a way out of this while quickly pocketing his dagger.

Suddenly the crowd parted as a wizard in red robes stepped forward. He held his wand out ready to fire. "You are under arrest, drop your wand or I will be forced to make you." The auror yelled loudly.

Harry snorted, thankfully he was still in disguise. Harry's hands went to his pockets. The auror thinking Harry was about to pull out his wand, yelled "Expelliarmus". Harry had now pulled out a potion that he had made for emergencies like this. Harry smashed the potion into the ground which caused a lot of smoke to rise from the ground.

The last thing the people surrounding him saw was Harry being hit by the disarming charm which was why nobody retaliated. Harry shook off the physical backlash of the curse as the smoke thickened. Harry pulled out a touch enlarge spelled invisibility cloak which he put around himself. Pulling the cloak around himself Harry flew over the crowd of people and straight at the entrance to Knockturn Alley.

Harry knew not to mess around in Knockturn Alley, so he went straight to the first shop that sold potions. He came out quickly with some ingredients. Another potions store and he had all the ingredients necessary. When Harry reached the entrance to the Leaky Cauldron, he was surprised to still see a crowd there. Though the debris had been cleared and now people could pass through without the magic barrier. Harry smirked as he went through and flooded home.

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"Damn it Harry!" Adam proclaimed as he bumped his head into a wall. Harry smirked and removed the illusion. He had taken to making illusions around the house which were becoming a real pain for Adam.

Currently he had woven an illusion to make the door to Adam's room appear a meter to the right. The results were amusing to say the least, for him.

"I always tell you to keep your occlumency barriers every time. This will help you make it second nature. So even passive legilimency won't work." Harry told Adam.

"Yeah well excuse me for not worrying about threats in my own home!" Adam retorted. Harry didn't bother to reply as he went back to reading about Runes. Adam just sighed, Harry had become obsessed with runes and wards. Adam shuddered at the thought of Harry making runes. The thing that scared him was that Harry used blood to make them. It made him sick, but Harry explained that it was the only way he could as a squib make runes and the fact that blood was far more efficient than the wand was an advantage as well. Adam blocked his line of thought, just thinking about it was enough to make him sick, while Harry looked unaffected using it. 'Bloody Slytherins' was his last thought on the subject before he began looking forward to his own training which consisted of Defensive Magic.

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Harry was laughing. "What are you laughing at?" Adam asked more than a little concerned about Harry's sanity. Harry was beginning to look like a ghost. There were dark circles around his eyes indicating how less he slept. Physically, he was in a bad shape, sitting in his room or in the living room all day reading books on runes and wards with notebooks scattered everywhere, filling with runes drawn with ink. He was more skinnier than usual. His skin pale and he was getting sloppier. And if Adam knew one thing, it was that Slytherins were never sloppy.

Harry tore a piece of paper from his notebook and held it up for Adam to see. He had a smug smile on his face.

"Em Harry? I don't understand anything about runes..." Adam said.

“I’ve done it. I’ve finally constructed the counter to the elemental suppressor runes. At least I think so.....” Harry said before he fell asleep on the couch.

Adam resisted the urge to smack his head against the wall. Instead he took out his wand and levitated Harry to his bed. He cast a heavy sleeping charm on the already sleeping boy. “That’ll make sure he doesn’t wake up anytime soon”. Adam declared wondering why he hadn’t thought of that sooner.

X-X-X-X-X

Harry appeared in a puff of smoke in the central hall of Headquarters. He knew this to be transportation by the element of fire. ‘Now that I think about it, this is the most comfortable form of transportation in the wizarding world. Hmm... I wonder if the air element can do it as well or maybe it’s just specific to the fire element.’

Harry was brought out of his musings by the arrival of Christine. By the look on her face, she was pissed off. “Damn it boy, I’ve got better things to be doing at the moment. Follow me and remember every passage, I don’t want to have to show you around every time you come here.” Christine said harshly as she made her way to the ‘Offense’ department.

This time Harry was a bit more familiar with the passages. They finally stopped in front of a door with the ‘Missions’ plate on top of it. Christine opened that door and Harry followed her in. Inside was a very clean waiting room. The floor made up of tiles and there were seating arrangements around the walls except where there was a fireplace (which was also a floo connection) and another door. The highlight of the area was the person sitting behind a desk noting things down on a piece of paper.

“Hey Sam, need a mission for this newbie over here.” Christine said as she jerked her thumb in Harry’s direction.

“Hmm, I think I had a level 5 available.” Sam replied.

"Nope! Master's orders, Level 2 Mission code D1." Christine said with a smirk. Sam looked shocked. "You're kidding me right? A Level 2 for a newbie? He'd die within seconds!" Sam said.

"Excuse me, but what are these levels?" Harry asked though he had a rough idea.

Sam replied, "The levels indicate the difficulty of the mission with Level 1 being the most difficult, usually done by the elites and level 5 the easiest, done by the newbies. Though I can't think of why Master would order such a thing." Sam said with a sigh.

"I can think of why, because he's Master's new apprentice! Now hurry up." Christine said, irritated.

Sam was shocked once again. "Of course." He began shuffling through the papers, soon he drew a piece of paper. "Hmm here it is, Michael Dawson and holy shit, Robert Lafore is on the team. And the Briefing is to be given by none other than Master Gellert himself."

"Sign it. His name's Harry Potter, put him in. When's the briefing?" Christine asked looking amused.

"Very well, I'll put him in. The briefing is at 10 AM, two hours from now." Sam said.

Christine gave Sam a nod and ordered Harry outside. "Ok any questions?" Christine asked.

"Yes, Am I allowed to show my elemental powers? And what does the mission entail?" Harry asked, he wanted to ask about Robert Lafore but he thought of a better way.

"No, only under dire circumstances are you to use your elemental powers and you'll only find out what the mission entails during the briefing. Now you can spend the next two hours sitting in the waiting room, doing some physical training or in your common room."

"Common Room." Harry simply said.

“Very well, follow me, and remember these passages!”

Harry had a smirk on his face as he followed her. Apparently Christine had no occlumency shield at all. He pondered over the information he had retrieved, Robert Lafore was a young prodigy werewolf. He had been trained by Shaun Colbert (Grindelwald’s other apprentice) himself. Though he didn’t have any elemental powers,(which Harry thought was the reason Grindelwald hadn’t taken this Robert guy as his second apprentice.) he was capable of quite a lot. The only reason he wasn’t given high level Assassin duty was because of his age and hence lack of experience.

Soon they were inside the common room. “Could you tell me the key code to open Lisa’s room?” Harry asked.

Christine looked at him as if he was crazy. Finally she took a very familiar remote control out of her pocket and tossed it to him. “The key code is 45282 and use that remote to activate the runes if things get messy or even as a precaution. Do you remember the way to the Mission’s room?”

Harry nodded.

“Very well, I’m leaving. You can go to the Mission’s room after two hours and ask Sam where the briefing is.” Christine turned on her heel and left.

Harry gave a sigh as he twirled the remote in his hands. It was time to test something, Harry pulled up the robes on both of his arms. Sure enough, the arms were covered by runes that were made with blood. He’d had to take a blood replenishing potion after drawing those on his arms but hopefully it would be worth it.

Harry used the key code and unlocked Lisa’s door. He saw her sitting in front of the fireplace staring into the fire. She turned to look at him once before continuing to gaze back into the fire.

“May I come in?” Harry inquired. When he received no response from her, he ventured inside. He took a seat on a couch. “What, no fireball this time?” Harry asked, still no response from her.

"Ok, let's start again. Hi, I'm Harry Potter." Harry said standing up. This time she turned to face him. "I'm Lisa" she simply said.

"How long have you known you were a fire elemental?" Harry asked. "Since I could speak." She said. "Wow, that's a long time, I only got to know recently that I was an Air Elemental. So, who taught you?" Harry asked.

"My father" she said and this time Harry could see her struggling to contain her emotions.

Seeing that this was probably a sore topic for her, Harry changed the topic. "So, why did you join the Brotherhood?" Harry asked.

Apparently this was an even more sore topic. "I was forced to" she replied through clenched teeth. Harry changed the topic again, "So, why were you so angry at me last time? And why not this time?"

"Because usually people either come here to see my elemental powers, like I'm a circus freak or to feed me potions and to harness my elemental powers. And I am not angry at you because even after you faced me, you still had the audacity to smile at me. But you'll be caged soon enough especially with those blasted runes that suppress our powers."

Harry raised an eyebrow. Should he share his secret? His Slytherin side was against the idea. But Harry took one look at the girl, she looked so fragile, and the only power that she has can be suppressed, Harry shuddered at the thought of 'all' his powers suppressed. In the end, it was the resigned look on her face that made the decision.

"Well, I've got a surprise for you." Harry said smirking. She looked at him with raised eyebrows. Harry took out the remote Christine had given him. She became sad again, "I thought you were different." Harry heard her whisper.

"Don't use your element." Harry warned as he activated the runes. Lisa looked up at the ceiling as the runes started glowing and then at Harry. Harry raised his arm towards her, a wind started blowing.

Lisa's eyes widened as the wind whipped around her in what was clearly a display of Elemental Magic.

"How?" She asked. Harry deactivated the runes on the ceiling before going near her. "Counter-runes" Harry replied as he raised the sleeves on both of his arms. They were covered in markings in what looked to be dried blood. Harry grimaced as he thought of the blood he had wasted. Thank Merlin for blood replenishing potions.

Lisa was staring intently at his arms when he said, "If you want, I could do these for you." Lisa nodded immediately, "Yes Please".

"It'll take some time and a lot of blood." Harry told her.

"I'm not going anywhere, and I don't care how much blood it takes." She replied firmly.

"Well, you should be thankful I keep some shrunk potions in my robes. And I think this will take an hour." Harry told her as he pulled out two vials of blood replenishing potions. And then began the process of taking out her blood and drawing the runes with Telekinesis. Of course Lisa thought he was using his wind element, but Harry needed the precision of telekinesis for this kind of job. One wrongly drawn line, and he might just end up killing her. But he had practiced with ink so many times before attempting with blood that he could do it no less perfectly, even if he tried.

After an hour and a half of intense concentration, Harry sighed as he dropped on a couch. Lisa was drinking the potions and inspecting her runes, careful not to touch one. "They are tied to your magic in your blood, they won't be erased by anything less than another magical rune." Harry replied easing her fears. They then proceeded to check the runes and they worked as perfectly as did Harry's. "Oh and before I forget, don't use any other part of your body to do elemental magic because the runes only provide for your arms." Harry remembered. He himself could only do elemental magic with his arms but he had heard from Grindelwald that it was possible to use different parts of your body as well to get different results.

After fifteen minutes of Lisa testing her element while the Runes on the ceiling were activated, Harry stood up. "I have to go to a mission." Harry declared. Lisa came up to him and hugged him. Harry was surprised for a moment before he returned the hug. "Thank you" She whispered.

"You're Welcome, just remember to keep this a secret....for now." Harry told her as she broke the hug. She nodded.

X-X-X-X-X

Harry unsuredly opened the door to the briefing room. He saw a muggle projector and screen inside. One man and a boy were sitting on the chairs in front of the screen, chatting. They were wearing darkly colored robes. Both of them turned to stare at him as he entered. Harry was getting better at recognising the signs, a strange roughness to their skin, eyes alert and sharp, they were definitely werewolves. "Leave boy, this is a restricted room." The man said, the boy, Robert, was scrutinizing him with an intense look.

"I was told to report to Briefing room 9 for my mission." Harry replied. The werewolves were evidently surprised, "What! A boy? What's your mission record?" the man asked. "And we don't need a squib for this mission." Robert declared, apparently he had recognized Harry's signs as well, or rather lack of them.

"This is my first mission." Harry replied.

Cries of surprise and outrage came from both the werewolves. But before they could ask him anything else, the door opened once more and this time Grindelwald himself entered. Both the werewolves put one knee on the ground and bowed their heads in a submissive gesture. Harry stood standing proudly. The older werewolf growling, made to grab him but Grindelwald's voice cut through. "Your loyalty is appreciated, but leave my apprentice be."

There was a moment of awkward silence as both werewolves registered that. Grindelwald gave them the order to sit on the chairs once again. Grindelwald turned off the lights and the projector on as he started speaking.

“A few months ago, we found that there was a squib inside Dumbledore’s Order of Phoenix. Naturally, we could not let such an opportunity go waste. So we sent one of our best squib’s specializing in stealth who captured Arabella Figg, Dumbledore’s squib, and instead took her place inside the Order of Phoenix by means of large amounts of polyjuice. His second report should’ve arrived to us two weeks ago. In it’s absence, and a stealth mission revealed to us enough information. He has apparently been caught in the act. Dumbledore is keeping him prisoner at the house of one Peter Pettigrew.”

Harry gritted his teeth in annoyance and just a bit of anticipation. Of his father’s friends, he hated Pettigrew the most, Remus was ok and Sirius he hadn’t had the chance to meet. It was because Peter showed the most favoritism to John, well, it was time for some payback.

“You are to break in, get the prisoner and get out in no more than approximately thirty minutes. As it takes the Order about that amount of time to call for backup. All three of you are to go together. You are to kill or capture any person you encounter. Peter Pettigrew most likely will be in the manor and there is a chance that his friend James Potter will also be.” Images of James and Peter appeared on the screen. Grindelwald looked at Harry questioningly, asking, no daring him to decline the mission. Harry set a determined expression on his face as Grindelwald explained Potter’s position as an auror.

Grindelwald nodded before continuing the briefing. “If you are to encounter either Albus Dumbledore or Alastor Moody, you are ordered to retreat. Kill the prisoner if it is not possible to retrieve him. Here is a map of the building.” A map of the building as well as pictures appeared on the screen.

“You may build your infiltration plan outside the house wards based on the guards and entrances.” All three nodded at Grindelwald’s orders.

“All of you will be provided and are ordered to wear gray cloaks that obscure your face, voice and scent. You will be provided with

standard communication equipment as well as emergency elemental portkeys, potions and an assortment of weapons at your discretion.” Grindelwald said looking at Harry since this was his first mission.

Harry knew what the catch was. Grindelwald had specifically ordered Harry on this mission as a means of testing his loyalty and dedication to the task. Harry had known the consequences of being on the opposite side of his family in this war long before.

“You are dismissed.” Grindelwald said.

Harry followed the werewolves to the cafeteria where they had lunch in silence for the most part. When they were finished, Robert turned towards him, “Okay kid, listen up, I don’t give a shit that you’re ‘his’ apprentice. You’ll get no special treatment and you better stay out of my way as well if you don’t want accidents to happen.” Harry merely raised an eyebrow. Harry wanted to say that he looked no more than a kid himself but kept quiet. One of the most important rules of Slytherin coming to mind, ‘observe’.

Harry followed the werewolves back to the offense department and the mission’s corridor. They went to another room to get ready. He was soon in his cloak, had a muggle like communication device attached to his ear with a mouth-piece. He also took a few knives from the weapons that were provided. Harry eyed Robert taking out a sword from inside his robes and strapping it to his back. The other werewolf merely took some daggers. Both werewolves were given vials of potions but they each took a pink colored one which was provided by Christine herself who had just come.

Harry refused other potions as well but asked Christine what the pink potion was. “It’s a potion that forces a werewolf into a transformation.” She smirked and Harry just knew that she was the one to develop it.

Soon they were provided with emergency elemental portkey’s and one big elemental portkey which was a spherical glass globe. Harry could see the fire burning inside it. When they pressed a button on it, they were covered in smoke. When it cleared Harry found himself and the other two werewolves in a forest from where they could make out Pettigrew’s house some distance away. Harry saw the fire in the

glass portkey fade away. Robert vanished it by pulling out his wand. Harry looked at the other werewolf but didn't find a wand so he guessed this was a muggle or squib turned werewolf.

Soon they moved out after Robert disillusioned them all and stayed quietly just behind the edge of the forest. There was a large clearing outside Pettigrew's house and it seemed the wards extended just till the forest started.

They observed for any guards but there appeared to be none outside. Harry was gazing at the windows when something caught his eye, sure enough, there was James Potter staring at the sky from inside the house.

“So what’s the plan?” asked Dawson.

[illegible]

A/N: I know you'll be beating me up over the cliffy but sighs I needed to get this out soon. Next chapter, complete the mission and another trip to Diagon Alley, and finally return to Hogwarts which I await very much eagerly. Oh and I've decided whether or not to give Harry another element, but I won't be telling you people that. Worry not though, even if I do give him another element, it won't just be popping out of nowhere.

Anyways, a hint for the next chapter to make it even more interesting : John is an elemental ;)

Mission Complete

X-X-X-X-X

Harry looked in shock at his father. He was brought back to reality by a nudge from Dawson, "Pay Attention." Harry used occlumency to stop his line of thoughts as he paid more attention to the plan.

As soon as Robert broke through the wards, Harry and Dawson would take out the two guards that were roaming around the cottage, chatting. That would give Robert enough time to recover. Then, all three of them would go in through the only door leading in and out of the house.

Robert nodded towards both of them as he started to take down the wards. He was weaving runes in the air with his wand. Harry watched in fascination as the guy worked. He was mesmerized and not for the first time, Harry wished he could do magic with a wand. He was brought out of his musings as he saw Dawson drink the pink potion, instantly going into a transformation.

Harry pulled out a dart in one hand and a knife in the other. He could've used his dagger but he didn't want anyone to know about it. "Now" hissed Robert as he sat down on the floor of magical exhaustion.

Dawson, who had already started growling, leapt a distance and straight at the two wizards. Harry immediately followed after. Both wizards were in a state of stupor for a few seconds before they pulled out their wands. Dawson made his first attack by attempting to claw the wizard who jumped away at the last second. The wizard ran to put some distance between himself and Dawson before starting a spell. The other wizard was also starting a spell and Harry felt it was high time he stepped in.

The wizard who was standing near Harry immediately noticed him and finished his spell while turning to aim at Harry. Harry managed to circumvent the red colored spell as he closed the distance, meanwhile launching the knife in his hand. The wizard raised a small shield that apparently could block physical objects as his knife

rebounded off it. Harry kept running, knowing the man would either have to release the shield to throw a spell. If not, Harry was still pretty good at hand to hand.

The man became nervous as he saw Harry charging and broke the shield. Harry threw the dart immediately, which hit the man on his leg. It contained a basic poison. It was a slow acting, but it was the only poison Harry knew how to brew. While the man was still in a bit of shock, Harry hastily approached him. The man threw another stunner which Harry easily avoided, before punching the man in the face. The punch along with the poison knocked the man unconscious.

Harry looked up to see Dawson tearing into his opponent, blood flying everywhere. Harry saw Robert approaching him. "He'll be dead in a few minutes." Harry told Robert who was observing the wizard. Robert it seemed had other id'eas as he took out his sword and chopped the man's head off cleanly. "No need to wait." Robert exclaimed as he took off. Harry followed after him with a nod.

Robert ordered Dawson to go 'hunting' in the house while Harry and Robert entered behind him. Dawson in his werewolf induced state was all too happy to comply. Harry and Robert headed towards the basement, the most likely place to keep the prisoner. This was confirmed when they encountered another layer of wards.

"Damn!, these are some strong wards." Robert exclaimed and Harry too could feel them. They could hear struggling going on upstairs. "It has started, cover me while I break the wards." Robert told Harry and Harry nodded.

Harry could hear footsteps and the first to step through the door was Peter Pettigrew himself. Harry snarled as he threw two knives straight at the short man. Peter didn't move fast enough as one hit him in the leg while the other put a deep gash in his gut.

"Avada Kedavra!" Peter bellowed as the green curse flew straight towards him. But Harry was already on the move as he dodged the curse. But Harry then realized his mistake as the curse was heading towards a chanting Robert. Robert's eyes widened as he saw the curse approaching him. Harry pushed his hand forward in a sharp jab

as wind spread past the curse and knocked Robert away. Robert, though a bit injured by the knock had survived the curse.

“Avada..” Peter started to say again but was cut off as a knife embedded itself in his chest spraying blood, also making Peter unconscious from blood loss.

Robert slowly got up and nodded at Harry in thanks before speaking, “I’ve managed to temporarily put a block on the wards, we need to get the prisoner.” Harry nodded and they both turned to open the door that was bound by wards when they heard someone else coming down the stairs.

That someone just happened to be James Potter. James took one look at the bloody form of his friend Peter, fearing the worse, before going on a rampage. “I’LL KILL YOU!” he roared. Harry dodged the first spell that came his way, recognizing it as a bone-breaking curse. The next curse he didn’t recognize, but Robert did, it was a heart stopping curse. Instant death it may guarantee, though you needed to aim straight at the heart. Harry was about to dodge this one as well before a shield simmered into existence as Robert joined the duel.

Harry resisted the urge to use his elemental powers. He tried long range legilimency but once again his father had strong occlumency shields. Robert was holding James to a standstill, but just barely, which was helped by Harry’s occasional knife thrown.

Harry then carefully observed his situation. He couldn’t go forward against James’ whose casting speed and reflexes were exceptional and, James was about to beat Robert as well. His knives and darts were not being helpful as James would use simple physical shields to block them. Since he and Robert didn’t have enough practice together, Robert couldn’t take advantage at the right moment.

Harry stepped back further so that he was out of the field of view of Robert and took out all of his remaining knives. Using telekinesis, he levitated them and spread them in the air. Once again using his telekinesis, the one on the right shot straight at James and this time with exceptional speed. James was able to just barely dodge it, unable to even conjure up a shield. Harry wasted no moment as one

on the left side shot at James, this one able to break through his guard and slicing his leg. Robert took the advantage now as he started the offensive and Harry made all the knives shoot forward. The timing couldn't have been more perfect as James conjured a shield to block Robert's spell which it did, but all the knives passed straight through the magical shield and impaled James.

Harry approached an injured James who was experiencing a lot of blood loss but Harry knew James could live if taken to a St. Mungo's within an hour. For wizards magic, could substitute for blood for some time depending on the strength of the wizard. "Finish him." Robert told him from behind who was healing his own injuries.

Harry nodded shakily as he picked up a knife from the floor. His hands were shaking as he held onto the knife. He closed his eyes, it didn't matter if his father hated him and he hated his father. He couldn't kill his father. Harry lowered the knife as he opened his eyes. He saw his father pointing his wand straight at his heart. A moment of shock passed over Harry as James started the motions for the heart-stopping curse. James couldn't recognise Harry as Harry's cloak had magic to make his face, voice and smell unrecognisable. But he could see the shocked look on Harry's face, which he mistook for fear as he grinned.

a line of blood formed on James neck before it was cleanly cut through with Robert's blade, who had, apparently finished healing his own injuries. "That makes us even." He told Harry. Harry nodded dumbly as he stood up. Robert made his way towards the door and Harry followed, chancing one last glance towards the sight of his father's cut off head, face still formed in a grin. Harry knew he would have nightmares of this but he put all thought out of his mind as they entered through the door.

Inside was a lone room, with walls and floors of stone. In the center of the room a single person sat chained on a chair. The chair itself was warded and it was easy to see the runes carved on the chains as they approached. It was then that they heard the sound of apparitions. The cracking sounds echoed all around them.

It was a moment before they realized it, this had been a trap. Harry looked up to see Alastor Moody leading the front. Harry looked straight into the eyes of Robert, they were both thinking the same thing, they had orders to leave. Robert looked at Harry and nodded once in the direction of the prisoner as they were bombarded by spells which were thankfully being blocked by a shield Robert had conjured. Harry knew what had to be done and wasted no time as he pulled out his dagger and impaled the neck of their target. One more nod and Robert disappeared in a puff of smoke, as did his shield. Harry found the curses travelling at him from all directions and with a sad look in the direction where his father lay, dead, he too disappeared in a puff of smoke.

X-X-X-X-X

All of them stood before Grindelwald. The werewolves had their heads bowed while Harry held up his head and stared right at Grindelwald. They had given their reports and now awaited Grindelwald to speak.

“I am pleased” Grindelwald said, his mouth curving into a smile, especially as he looked at Harry. Harry knew what this meant, Grindelwald was pleased with Harry’s show of loyalty. Grindelwald dismissed the others as he began to tell Harry of the powers he now held over the organization.

Harry could observe and use any of the research being done and he could even initiate a research to be done. Harry could choose any missions he pleased and could even ‘give’ missions including offense and defense but not the assassination ones. Harry listened intently noting all the important parts such as his shared command over the brotherhood with Grindelwald’s other apprentice. Grindelwald also told him that everyone in the brotherhood would be identified of his status.

After he was dismissed, Harry wandered silently towards Lisa’s room. Hell, he even had a room for himself there and he had yet to enter it. Harry came to a halt just as he entered the Elementals Common Room. In front of him stood Shaun, the Earth Elemental and Grindelwald’s ‘other’ apprentice.

Shaun started waving his arms and in less than a minute, five strong looking golems made of stone stood by his side. Another wave and the ceiling was covered in spikes. "Now Listen here boy! I have had enough of you." Shaun hissed.

'Intimidation tactics.' Harry thought. He had one hand in his robe twirling the dagger of slytherin in his hand. Harry stood there with a calm face waiting for Shaun to continue.

"I don't care whether you're his apprentice or not! But I will not allow YOU to order MY werewolves around!" Shaun said, his voice considerable high.

Harry's mind went into overdrive as he came to a conclusion. "It was you. You were the one who sent all those werewolves after me!" Harry said getting a little heated.

Shaun's face turned into a smile, "Yeah it was. And guess what, Master Gellert encouraged it."

Harry was thinking, 'why would Grindelwald allow it? A test perhaps, seeing as the werewolves were only slightly powerful? Hmm, Now that I think about it, the power level of the werewolves started to increase since my first encounter...' Harry ceased his line of thoughts as he came back to the situation at hand. "Fine, I will not use your werewolves but under two conditions, one, you will not use 'my' squibs or vampires. And two, you stop sending werewolves after me." Harry said calmly.

"You think this is a bargain?" Shaun asked, smirking as he pointed towards the spikes on top of Harry.

Harry had enough of this and waved his hands in a jabbing motion as a strong burst of wind decimated the mud spikes on the ceiling. In a second, the dagger was out of his hand and sailing towards Shaun at a speed that the human eye could not follow. With some concentration, he managed to stop the dagger just in front of Shaun's eyes. "Yes, I do think this is a bargain." Harry smirked as he pulled

his dagger back, once again at blinding speed. Shaun would not know but Harry had used telekinesis to achieve that.

“Very well, I will not use your pathetic squibs or the few damn vampires but I can’t guarantee that I won’t send werewolves.” Shaun sneered as he made his way towards the exit. “Oh well, I’ll just have to kill them. Your loss.” Harry replied just as Shaun stormed out.

Harry made his way towards Lisa’s room and after a few words of farewell, left the Brotherhood headquarters.

X-X-X-X-X

A week later, Harry stood far away from the funeral procession under the shade of a tree as his father’s funeral went underway. He could see lots of people including Albus Dumbledore himself. He didn’t know why he himself was here. Perhaps it was out of duty more than anything.

Harry waited until only his family remained. His mother turned to go but caught his eye from far away. Lily immediately apparated near Harry. She enveloped him in a hug and started crying. Harry was momentarily stunned.

“Why...di..didn’t..you reply....to....any....of my letters?” Lily asked in between sobs. “I didn’t receive any of your letters, mother.” Harry replied in a monotonous tone. “In fact, I sent you the time and date of a meeting and you never arrived.” Harry continued. His face was calm but inside his emotions were raging.

Lily broke the hug and looked at him questioningly. “What?” she asked.

Using a bit of Legilimency, Harry was able to ensure that indeed, his mother was telling the truth. Harry narrowed his eyes, “Meet me on the twenty fifths of august in the Leaky Cauldron at noon.” Harry said.

His mother nodded. She was about to say something but apparently John arrived as well. “What are you doing here you filthy Snake?” John yelled. Harry could see that John had also been crying. “You

see that over there? It's the grave of your DEAD FATHER! And you stand here emotionless as if it never happened. Dad always knew what you were, a disgrace! He always wanted to strike you off from the Potter family, but Mum never let him. See Mum, Dad was right!" John yelled before he broke into tears.

"I don't have time for this, goodbye." Harry said as he disappeared in a puff of smoke. He was pretty used to using these portkeys by now. He had also asked Christine into researching a way for himself to travel using his own element.

X-X-X-X-X

During his inspection on his own house a few weeks later, Harry found that it was indeed warded against owls with the owls being re-directed and only the owls that arrived were with the warder's permission.

Harry's first guess was Grindelwald, but once again the question of 'why' arrived which left Harry thinking. He decided to put it into the back of his mind as he continued with his studies. He had soon built a rune to break the ward as well.

X-X-X-X-X

It was the twenty fifth of august and Harry was waiting in the Leaky Cauldron for his mother to arrive. He had already sent Adam home with all of their supplies for the next year. Harry had been given a single choice for next year's electives and naturally, Harry had jumped at the chance for studying Ancient Runes. (Since Rune casting started at high NEWT level).

His own studies at home had gone exceedingly well. Harry was now proficient enough in casting illusions that he could move on to the next level of mind magic. He planned to do that after the start of term. Besides that he had learnt more about Runes and warding such that he could now put basic wards up easily. Though sometimes the use of blood did sicken him but it was getting less the more he used it.

As far as the Brotherhood was concerned, Harry was still not used to it. He hadn't done any more missions after that nor assigned any. Sadly, Christine's research had told him that only Fire Elementals could teleport using smoke seeing as the wizarding world used magical fire for floo. Apparition was an option and Harry had made a note to research it and whether he could do it or not at Hogwarts library. He had only visited twice after his first mission and both times, he had just chatted with Lisa. He was trying to break her shell and calm her anger so that Grindelwald would let her out again, or so he presumed. Grindelwald had actually advised him to go slow and Harry had actually gone with that seeing as every other werewolf in the Brotherhood growled at him before bowing. (which they were required to do).

Harry heard the floo roar and he looked up to see his mother enter the Leaky Cauldron. Dropping the illusion that had surrounded him, Harry waited for his mother to notice him. She soon did and came over.

"Hello Harry. How are you?" She said. Harry could see that she didn't look as healthy as she usually did and her skin was pale as well. She was probably saddened over James' death.

"Hello Mother. I'm fine." He simply said.

Lily waited for him to say something else before sighing. The pleasantries were over and she knew he wanted her to explain. "Harry, you see, I have loved you both since the day you were born equally. It hasn't mattered to me whether John was the boy-who-lived or not." She started.

Harry was beginning to get angry. "Let's start with when I was first wronged, The Magic transplant! I could've been killed!" Harry said with venom in his voice.

"I...can't explain that. Dumbledore told us about the urgency of the Boy-who-lived having magic and hence suggested the magical transplant. The fear of Voldemort still being alive and my baby having to face him once more, I guess I got caught up in the moment

especially with both Dumbledore and James being so adamant about it.”

Harry shook his head in exasperation but motioned for Lily to continue.

“On the night of your sixth birthday, I think I became ill, my memory isn’t that clear about that night. But ever since that night, I felt a heaviness in my mind. I couldn’t think clearly. I would lose control of my emotions very often and the worst thing was that some sort of hate for you started to envelop my mind. I think it was helped by the fact that James supported this new development. He became more assertive, and I started to lose my courage and my self confidence. I’ve been a witch long enough to know that this wasn’t natural. This phenomenon broke when I saw you leave at the weasleys, as if the water from a dam was being held back and suddenly the dam broke. Please Harry, believe me, this could only have been due to a spell. I would never neglect my own son like I have you.”

Harry's mind went into overdrive as he looked for any possibilities. "Even if I were to believe your story, a spell on a wizard cannot last that long. Though it is possible that a potion was used."

Lily nodded, impressed with her son's deduction skills and knowledge. "do you believe me now Harry? Please come home with me." Lily pleaded.

“Sorry, even if I were to come home, John would throw a fit and the house would become a battlefield. It is not possible.” Harry said as he stood up.

“Wait Harry, Do you believe me? Forgive me?” She asked, a hint of desperation in her voice.

"I.....don't know." Harry said before he went to the fireplace and flooded home.

[illegible]

A/N: So, how did u like it? Please r-e-v-i-e-w-!

Next Chapter: Finally we return to Hogwarts, we find out what the ingredients snape had Harry collect were for and we find out john's element! I'll mostly go fast through the next year since I have big things planned for the fourth year.

I also need your opinion on whether I should explain in more depth, Harry's training in runes? Also if someone has a neat idea on a major event so I could put it in for next year (like the stone in 1st and chamber in 2nd) otherwise I'll just breeze through it.

Rituals

X-X-X-X-X

As soon as Harry entered his office, Snape sent a spell at the door and Harry could see the Rune etched on the door glow for a few seconds indicating that the wards had been activated.

"I see you have brought the ingredients I ordered, Harry." Snape commented as he examined the ingredients. "I hope there was no trouble..." Snape continued.

"No." Harry simply stated. Finally after a thorough examination, Snape seemed pleased as he straightened.

"What I am about to teach you Harry, is strictly considered Illegal, dark magic if you may. This is one of things that was responsible for the Dark Lord's rise to power. Tonight Harry...", Snape paused, "...you will learn about rituals."

"Rituals are a combination of Potions and Runes, using blood as the main source to power them. This is also sometimes referred to as Blood Magic. Rituals can be used to alter your body or your magic. Senses of a werewolf, strength of a giant, speed of a cheetah, they are all within the realm of possibility." Snape started lecturing Harry.

"Yes but why don't more people try it and why is it banned?" Asked Harry.

"I guess it is too good to be true. Firstly, The Potions required for rituals are very hard to brew and the Runes are no 'walk in the park' either. And secondly, whenever you perform a ritual, your magic becomes very volatile since it has to mix with the magic of the ritual. There is a very high chance in every ritual that the magics do not mix, in that case, the results are capricious. You could die, be permanently disabled, magically explode or implode, or you could simply vanish from existence without a trace. At least those are some of the most common results. The Dark Lord found, through Slytherin's diaries, some way to stabilize his magic during the rituals that allowed him to perform rituals without worrying about all the possible after effects."

Snape paused as Harry processed what Snape had said. "So, do you know the method that the dark lord used?" Harry asked. Snape actually shuddered at that, "no I do not, but I do know that it involved innocent human sacrifices, children more specifically. No Potter, you will definitely not be using the Dark Lord's method, even if you did know the process." Snape replied in a morose tone.

"Sorry Professor but unless I know for sure the after-effects are not there, I will not go through with any ritual." Harry replied tersely.

"I have a theory about you Harry, you see, you do not have any magic that will go haywire, unlike any wizard, which will protect you from the effects. But unlike squibs and muggles, you have a fully functioning magical core, which is the only thing that will allow you to perform the rituals. If my theory is false, the ritual will have no effect on you, but if it is true, it will truly be advantageous."

X-X-X-X-X

A month had passed since his arrival at Hogwarts. Snape's theory actually turned out to be true and Harry found himself with heightened senses. Snape had explained that this was a sort of basic ritual with a low margin for error or disaster, even for normal wizards that simply heightened your senses and conditioned the body to become more accepting towards other rituals.

Harry looked upwards to see the Potter family owl heading towards him. His mother had been writing to him practically every day. He let out a sigh of annoyance but, even though he didn't realize it, he found himself looking forward to his mother's letters more and more. He would reply every once in a while but it was now more often than not.

To his surprise, as Harry opened the letter, there was a shrunken box of homemade cake inside the letter as well.

Dear Harry,

I was given a day off from my job today due to the charms incident that I told you about yesterday. All research labs in the ministry were closed for the day...

...

Well, I decided to cook this new recipe that I learnt. Tell me how you like it

Love Mum

Harry enlarged the cake and looked towards John. Sure John also received treats like these from home but he took some unexplained pleasure from the fact that John hadn't been sent any today. Taking a bite, Harry found the cake delicious. Yes, he would reply today. Harry pocketed the letter with a smile.

x-x-x-x-x

Harry calmly explained the function of each and every rune that was part of the runic combination for the second ritual. He had also brewed the potion required for the ritual himself. Of course, the runes would work whether or not he knew them and Snape could have made the potion for him in less than a few hours, much better than the month it took for him to perfect, but Snape had told him that he had to learn to brew the potions on his own and knowing more about runes would allow him to improve and later, even create his own rituals.

Harry had selected this ritual from the very few rituals that w'ere explained in a book that Snape had. This ritual would give him inhuman reflexes. "You know, I could crush the opposition in quidditch." Harry commented.

"You will do no such thing. If Dumbledore were to see you, he might suspect something. We can't afford the risk. You will deliberately slow down your reactions during a quidditch match." Snape commented.

Harry nodded as he began the ritual. Cutting himself, Harry drew the runes on the ground in his own blood. After that, Harry drank the

potion. Then Harry carefully drew the activation rune on the palm of his hand with a knife. With blood still flowing out of his hand, Harry placed the palm of his hand in the center of the rune combination on the floor. Instantly a blinding light illuminated the runes and Harry's body. Harry let out a scream as his body was changed both physically and magically.

X-X-X-X-X

Harry was standing on the platform with Adam when he saw his mother walking towards him, John in tow. Before he could do anything, she had engulfed him in a hug. She hugged Adam too. Harry saw John glaring at him and he smiled in return which caused John to become more incensed.

Harry was happy that his mother had insisted that both him and Adam spend the winter holidays at Potter Manor. They arrived by floo and Harry was assigned his old room. He saw it was refurnished with expensive comfortable furniture. Pictures of himself were placed on the walls and Harry noted that most of them were from before his sixth birthday.

He smiled nonetheless, seeing a time when he was loved. "She's trying really hard isn't she? To earn your forgiveness?" Adam asked from the doorway. Harry smiled sadly, "Yes." Why couldn't the neglect have ended sooner? Why did it happen at all? But he knew he had forgiven his mother, even though he hadn't told her that.

"Harry, the library here is HUGE and most of the books are on DADA. I can't believe you never mentioned this to me." Adam said, wisely changing the somber subject. "Boys, lunch is ready." Came his mother's voice through the hallway. Harry and Adam made their way downstairs.

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As Harry appeared in the headquarters of the Brotherhood, he found himself facing The Academy corridor. Curiosity led Harry down that particular corridor. Harry soon felt wards washing over him. Of course Harry sought out the anchor for the wards and found inscriptions on

the walls. The wards were impressive, but he had seen better wards around Grindelwald's office. A few moments of wandering through corridors found Harry in a crowded hallway.

Then Harry saw all the kids part as they gave way to three strong looking werewolves. Harry just stood there, observing until the werewolves reached him.

"Move over squib!" exclaimed the one in the center.

Harry didn't bother to answer, choosing instead, to merely raise an eyebrow. When he realized that Harry wasn't going anywhere, he swung his massive fist towards Harry's face. Harry dodged it while also pulling out a silver knife and making a small cut against the werewolf's skin which sent the werewolf into temporary paralysis.

Placing the knife back in his pocket, Harry sneered, "I think not werewolf." As soon as the werewolf regained his senses, he was incensed to say the least, his companions also cracking their knuckles. But not even their acute senses could prepare them for the blast of wind that knocked them a couple of meters back.

After getting directions from some other students, Harry had no trouble finding the Headmaster's office. The office was lavishly decorated, with a large emphasis on comfort. The darkly lit room and the glass filled with blood both told Harry that the Headmaster was a vampire.

"Master Harry, I have heard a lot about you." The vampire said with a sneer. "What brings you here?" continued the vampire.

"Just curiosity, I suppose." Harry said casually as he seated himself.

"And how may I satiate that Master?" The vampire sneered disdainfully, making even the word 'master' sound like an insult.

"You can start by showing some respect." Harry reprimanded, becoming serious.

"I have not hidden my dislike for you Potter, but at two hundred years of age, I refuse to bow to someone who hasn't even hit puberty. Now, I ask you again, why are you here?" The vampire abandoned all pretenses of respect.

"You should be happy vampire, that Grindelwald has chosen another apprentice. I doubt a werewolf as the next leader of the Brotherhood would be pleasant towards vampires." Harry replied.

"Be that as it may, we do not need a kid representing the vampires and squibs. I would have been a far better candidate as the eldest vampire in the brotherhood and the most powerful of all vampires and squibs in the brotherhood." Stated the vampire with hubris.

Harry could very well understand that. After all, no one in the Brotherhood knew of his abilities. It must be hard for them to digest the fact that Grindelwald had taken a kid as an apprentice. Perhaps it was time for a little demonstration. If the incident earlier was any indication, it was very likely that werewolves lorded over the rest of the students and this probably extended towards the entire Brotherhood as well. That needed to be changed. But firstly, to the matter at hand....

"And can you back that claim with actions, a duel perhaps? Do you have a hall, If possible I would like the entire academy to be there as well." Harry stated calmly to the shocked headmaster. Harry's Slytherin side screamed at him not to reveal his abilities to such a large audience but gaining the admiration of the future generation of the Brotherhood would be a long term advantage.

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Whispers broke out in the entire dueling arena as both Harry and the Headmaster, Dimitri made their way to the center of the arena. Almost everybody now knew that Harry was Grindelwald's apprentice and everybody wanted to see this. There was only one rule, no killing allowed. The dueling instructor of the Academy created a ward around the arena so the students wouldn't get hurt.

Dimitri took out a large sword from a sheath on his belt while Harry took out his dagger. When the referee signaled for them to start, the vampire ran straight towards him at a speed that was inhuman, but thankfully, Harry's reflexes had been enhanced by his second ritual. Harry neatly intercepted the slash with his dagger which surprised the Vampire, judging by the widening of his eyes. The force of the impact left Harry reeling as he took a few steps back. Damn inhuman strength, he had planned the body strength ritual after the winter break.

The vampire was extremely fast and strong as he kept slashing and Harry blocked most of his attacks. Parts of his skin had been cut and his cloak torn. 'Time to step this up' Harry started using the wind element as every thrust of his dagger was accompanied by a blast of wind. One strong blast of wind put a large amount of distance between them, and Harry pocketed the dagger. He might accidentally kill the vampire, if such a thing were possible.

It was time for the demonstration Harry thought, as five darts, each laced with strong potions that could render the target unconscious, levitated in the air around him. There was a murmur amongst the students of how he was controlling them. Dimitri was still a distance away as he stared at the darts. Within the blink of an eye, the darts raced through the air at immeasurable speed towards Dimitri who knew he could not dodge in time, nor block all five with his sword.

Just as they were about to make contact, Dimitri vanished. Harry's senses told him Dimitri was behind him and he was already making motions with his hands as sharp bursts of air circled around him. This was a new form of defense with his element that Harry was still working on. Dimitri's clothes started to tear as he neared Harry and Harry could also see wounds starting to form on his skin but Dimitri still managed to come close and take swipes at Harry with his sword. Harry dodged the first few and took out his dagger to block the next but he was still getting hit. A particularly fast thrust of the sword went through his stomach but Harry just smirked in return as Dimitri fell to the floor unconscious and bleeding, five darts embedded on his back.

Harry instantly downed a blood replenishing potion in order to avoid losing consciousness due to blood loss. There was a roar of approval

from the crowd and Harry just smiled in return. A medic had arrived and was now looking Dimitri over. After that the medic used a spell to close Harry's wound.

Dimitri soon returned to consciousness and as soon as he stood up, he went down on one knee in front of Harry and bowed his head. "Forgive me Master, shall we return to the office?" Dimitri asked.

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When they were once again seated in the office, Harry asked for more information on the academy. Harry found that there were essentially ten years of classes from ages eight to eighteen. The classes consisted of Weapons training, physical Combat, Potions, Astronomy, Magical Creatures, and all classes usually found in muggle schools. Students were judged based on their strengths in the first few years and then assigned only to those classes in which they excelled in. There were also advanced classes which included assassination, deception, etc which prepared students specifically for missions. Harry was impressed by the vast array of classes for the relatively small number of students.

Harry found that Dimitri truly cared for his students and was concerned with the Werewolves bullying the rest of the students. But there was nothing he could do as most students feared the werewolves too much to speak out against them. Harry assured him he would talk to Grindelwald about this.

"Master Harry, if I may speak freely?" Dimitri asked and Harry nodded. "The Invasion on the wizarding world is coming near and Master Gellert is needed for it since only he knows the entire plan. I fear that after the invasion, the werewolves may plan a coup on the Brotherhood by killing Master Gellert and yourself. Besides Master Gellert and you, the werewolves are basically in command of most of the Brotherhood. Though I am not pleased with Master Gellert's leadership, I believe it will be far worse under the Werewolves." Dimitri said solemnly.

Harry contemplated on the information before asking, "do you have any reason for your speculation?"

Dimitri nodded, "I have my personal spies in the Brotherhood and they hear and see things. The werewolves are getting excited, planning secret meetings and most importantly, Master Gellert has removed his werewolf guard and assigned the best squib warriors as his guards. Master Gellert is no fool, he knows that rebellion is brewing. I guess that is why he has told you to lay low and not do any missions. After all, accidents could happen..." Dimitri said.

Harry's eyes widened in surprise at the fact that Dimitri knew that. And Dimitri simply smirked in return. Re-composing himself, Harry asked, "And why are you telling me this?"

"It is because I would rather side with you than with the werewolves. I know a Brotherhood ruled by squibs is way better than ruled by werewolves. You have been given power over the Brotherhood as Master's apprentice, and you are our only chance against the werewolves." Dimitri said, almost pleading.

"I'm afraid there is not much I can do, I am at Hogwarts most of the school year." Harry replied.

"Then allow me to be your connection to the Brotherhood. I can teleport to any place that is not specifically warded against Vampires. I could carry out your orders." Dimitri said.

Harry nodded. That would be beneficial, "Very well, I will need your oath of allegiance." After some hesitation Dimitri nodded, Harry cut himself once again and began drawing a rune on his hand, he then cut a different rune on Dimitri's hand."

Dimitri nodded as he looked at the runes, recognizing them. "Impressive." He simply stated. They both shook hands carefully aligning both the runes. Both their hands glowed for a few seconds before returning to normal. The oath had been cast. The oath was not as serious as some others but it still enforced loyalty. In the case the one who alleged managed to be disloyal, the other would know and the one who had alleged would have his hand destroyed by the magic in such a way that it could never be repaired, regrown or fixed. That was the penalty for the oath.

"Any orders Master?" Dimitri asked. Harry shook his head, "Not yet, I still need to think up of a plan, await my owl." Harry said before saying goodbye and heading out. It was time for dinner and Lily would be worried where he had gone off.

After Harry had left, Dimitri sat contemplating what had happened. Sure the boy was smart and powerful but he was only a boy. He shook his head; he wouldn't survive in the Brotherhood if the werewolves took over. He had nowhere else to go either, his clan had sentenced him to death but he had run away. Now there was even a bounty on his head amongst the vampires. He would be killed if he went out in the muggle world and there was no place in the wizarding world for vampires.

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A/N: Tell me how you like it, I ain't really sure if I'm happy with how this turned out but oh well. Also the fight scene, give me your views on it. One more thing, please REVIEW! It only takes a while and it fuels me to write the story.

A/N: I've decided to update the story weekly. Anyways, I was seriously disappointed with the number of reviews . Seriously, I find myself with such a small number of reviews that I haven't received since Chapter 3 of this story. *sigh* I guess I'll have to build up the momentum again. Even though I hadn't exactly planned on a whole chapter covering the winter break, I guess you could call this a Christmas special. Happy Christmas, since my next chapter will be after Christmas. Anyways, enjoy and as always, please leave a review at the end.

X-X

Christmas

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Harry strode calmly towards Lisa's room. As soon as he opened the door and stepped inside, he was engulfed in a hug from Lisa. It took Harry a moment to realize that she was crying and muttering something. "Calm down Lisa." Harry said as he directed her towards a couch. "Now tell me what's wrong?" Harry asked.

Lisa managed to wipe the tears away from her eyes before saying, "it was horrible Harry, I was so lonely and that woman came practically every day to take blood samples, give me potions and what not. I was constantly getting strong headaches and my control over my element was getting unstable day by day. It has only been a week since she has left me alone and now I'm feeling better. I missed you Harry." Lisa said sullenly.

Harry looked upwards to see the elemental suppressor runes were permanently turned on. "You didn't let anybody see you using your element despite the suppressor runes, did you?" Harry asked.

"No, Harry, I knew if they knew it didn't work, they would find some other way to suppress it." Lisa replied.

Harry knew very well who 'that woman' was, Christine Harris, head of Research in the Brotherhood. "She has probably started another research project with you involved." Harry concluded.

"Harry, please take me with you, get me out of here. I can't stand being imprisoned in this room." Lisa pleaded.

"I will be returning to Hogwarts in a few days. I cannot take you away from here to a safe enough place in such a short time. You will probably have to wait until next summer," Harry said. Seeing Lisa's gloomy mood, "Why don't you come with me and have dinner at Potter Manor tonight?" Harry asked. Lisa didn't look as unhappy as before.

"Now hold my hand." Harry said, when Lisa did as he said, he pushed the button on the smoke portkey but nothing happened. Looking at the ceiling, Harry thought that since the smoke portkey thing was based on elemental fire, the suppressor runes probably suppressed it. Deciding that if they weren't in the room, the portkey would work, Harry tried to lead Lisa out of her room. But as soon as she approached the doorway, Lisa couldn't even take a step outside the door. "Damn" Harry said as he shut the door again with some force. Harry looked at the backside of the door and saw to his surprise that what he used to dismiss as designs were actually runes, more specifically warding runes. "Holy shit" Harry said as he saw the complexity of the runes. Considering his own level, Harry thought this would take months of research to figure out and find a way to counter them. And they were all drawn in blood, Lisa's blood Harry guessed since they confined only her.

"I would have to work really hard to even try and get you out of here next summer." Harry commented. Apparently, this was the wrong thing to say as Lisa started crying again.

Harry had no idea what to do to calm her down. He put a hand on her shoulder and turned her until she was facing him. "Look, I'll get you out by the summer holidays and I'll even come to visit you everyday as long as I'm here." Harry said in a slow calming voice.

"Promise?" Lisa asked.

“Yeah I promise.” Harry said, ‘thankfully she calmed down’ thought Harry. Harry spent the remaining time telling her some of the things that had happened to him at Hogwarts and also doing some elemental training.

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John was sitting with a scowl on his face, it was Christmas morning and it was finally time to open the presents. ‘Come to think of it, I’ve barely seen John home at all.’ Harry thought. John glared at him when he saw Harry looking at him; Harry just went back to ignoring him.

Harry opened the present addressed to him. His mother had gotten him a beautiful dress robe in Slytherin colors, even with an insignia of Slytherin on the back. “Thanks mum, this means a lot.” Harry said, and it did mean a lot, it meant that his mother had accepted him as a Slytherin. Of course John looked like he had swallowed something fowl, he was also about to say something but was silenced by Lily’s look.

John had gotten the latest broomstick from his mother. Something called the ‘firebolt’. Harry really didn’t care but judging by the ecstasy on John’s face, and the look of wonder on Adam’s face, Harry could guess.

Adam had gotten a very thick book on Defensive Magic from Lily. “I’ve seen you looking through and practicing from Defense books in the library. James started using this book after his OWLs and it helped him succeed in becoming an auror on his first try.” Lily said with a wistful look on her face. Her eyes became watered as she gave one more present to both Harry and Adam, “this is for both of you, from James, I know he would have wanted you to have it Harry.” Harry opened the present to find two hand mirrors. Seeing the look on his mother’s face, Harry didn’t comment that his father wouldn’t have wanted to give him anything. Lily explained the function of the mirrors, to communicate with each other especially because they were in different houses but was interrupted by a loud “YES!” from John.

John became flustered seeing everyone looking at him and the tome in his hands. Harry barely made out the word 'Ignis' on the cover before John covered the book in wrapping paper again meanwhile glaring at Harry. "Is that a gift from Professor Dumbledore dear?" Lily asked John.

"Yeah." John simply stated as he got up, and left the room with his presents.

Lily shook her head in resignation, "he's been a little anti-social ever since he started his training with Professor Dumbledore." Lily commented.

"What kind of training?" Adam asked. 'So the headmaster is training his golden boy.' Harry thought.

"I'm not sure dear.....let's open the rest of our presents." Lily said.

There weren't much presents left, Harry had gotten a letter from Snape which included a list of ingredients and a bunch of runes. Harry quickly pocketed the letter, these were the necessary items and runes required for the Body Strengthening ritual. Lily got a beautiful jewelry set as a combined present from Harry and Adam. She hugged them both but thankfully didn't question where they had gotten the money.

It was at that moment that the bell rang. Lily went to answer it and came back with none other than Peter Pettigrew. 'That bastard is still alive' Harry thought.

Out of all the marauders, Harry hated Pettigrew the most. Pettigrew had always belittled him when he was younger. But it was more the way that Pettigrew looked at him, like he was a piece of trash, which angered Harry. Pettigrew sneered when he spotted Harry.

Harry was even more angered the way Pettigrew was looking at his mother, trying to talk morbidly about James and to comfort Lily, who by now had tears in her eyes. Harry was about to take out his dagger and kill the man when he put an arm around Lily. Adam had

apparently sensed, Harry's anger and quietly whispered in his ear, "I'll handle it."

A subtle spell that neither Lily nor Pettigrew noticed, left Adam's wand and hit Peter. Harry looked at Adam questioningly when nothing happened but he mouthed, 'wait for it', in return.

Suddenly Peter jumped up screaming, and despite Lily's protests he was still screaming. Adam sent another silent spell which stopped Peter's screams. Peter was now panting hard, and it looked like he was still in pain. "Why don't you rest in the guest room Peter?" asked Lily.

"We'll escort him mum." Harry said as he stood up and both he and Adam dragged a still panting Peter out of the living room. Instead of going to the guest room, they dragged him outside and at the Potter gate. When Peter took a look at his surroundings, he started to protest, but Harry slammed him down on the ground hard. "Stay the hell away from my mum." Harry said taking out a knife and holding it to Peter's throat, "or I'll kill you." Harry whispered.

Peter was absolutely terrified. Harry made a cut that drew blood. Harry knew the wards around Potter manor were inscribed into the stone supports of the gate. Using Peter's own blood, Harry replicated exactly the containment ward runes in Lisa's room and threw Pettigrew out of the manor before finalizing them. Though they were used to keep Lisa in, they could just as well do the opposite and keep Pettigrew out.

Pettigrew could not stand up due to loss of so much blood and the drain on magic since magic was intimately connected with one's blood. "Things are happening Potter, things that you have no idea about, you will regret this." Pettigrew said before portkeying away.

When Harry and Adam re-entered the living room, Lily asked how Peter was feeling to which Harry replied that he was feeling fine but decided to go home instead. Harry then told his mother and Adam that he had some friends to see and headed out.

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Harry first visited Master Li, whom he hadn't visited for a long time. When he finally got to Master Li's house, he found Master Li in his bedroom, lying on a bed.

"What happened Master?" asked Harry.

"Ah, Harry, it's good to see you. As for me, I have a heart disease that cannot be cured. It seems I have a few months if not days left to live." Master Li said.

"But Master, there is still hope, there is a secret hospital and they may be able to cure what others cannot. I will take you to..." Harry said anxiously.

"... To St. Mungos', yes Harry I know all about the magical world, I am a squib Harry. But even St. Mungos' cannot cure this disease." Master Li said, smiling at the shocked look on Harry's face.

"I used to be a member of the Brotherhood, more specifically an assassin for the Brotherhood. I have some old friends there so I know that you have also become a member, and not just a member but apprentice to Grindelwald himself. I'm proud of you Harry." Master Li said.

Harry's mouth was literally hanging open at this.

"I was the best assassin for the Brotherhood. Well known in both the wizarding and muggle world, or feared most likely." Master Li said quietly.

"Then why did you quit Master?" Harry asked.

"Grindelwald, he betrayed me, he betrayed my trust. I used to think of him as a friend, but when he ordered assassins after me, fearing my popularity would threaten his role as leader, I knew he was no friend. I knew I could not defeat him with his 'elemental dog', that werewolf. So I 'vanished' from the world deciding to live the rest of my life peacefully in the muggle world. I will caution you Harry, be very wary of Grindelwald's motives. He may look like your friend but there is

nothing he would not do to get his way.” Master Li said as Harry nodded.

“I have trained you Harry, in martial arts and in all sorts of weapons so that you may defend yourself. But there is one thing, I haven’t taught you, assassination. In that regard I give you my last gift.” He motioned towards a black trunk that was lined up against the walls. “It consists of my journals as well as my weapons. Use them well.” Master Li said.

“I will Master.” Harry said giving a slight bow.

In that instant, a nurse entered and ordered Harry to leave, saying the Master Li needed his rest. With a farewell, Harry left the house, trunk in hand.

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Harry then went to the headquarters of the Brotherhood to visit Lisa. She was happy to see him. Harry had gotten her a beautiful red fire-proof robe, since she had complained about all of her better clothes having been singed. She had thanked him profusely for that but had regretted the fact that she couldn’t get him anything in return. Harry spent the remainder of the day with her; he knew all too well the pain of loneliness.

It was late by the time Harry returned. As he was walking down the hallway towards his room in Potter manor, Harry stopped abruptly. Standing in front of him holding a wand was an angry looking John Potter.

“I have had enough of your bullshit, Harry!” John declared. “I don’t know what spell you’ve weaved over Mum but I’m not buying it. And mum giving you dad’s and uncle Sirius’s mirrors for a present? What a joke! If either of them were alive today, they would kick you out of the house!” John was becoming more and more incensed.

“Guess what? They’re both dead! So it doesn’t matter what they would have or wouldn’t have wanted.” Harry replied in a snide tone.

Apparently, that was all the incentive John needed as he started casting a spell. But before he could finish, a silent spell shot out from behind Harry and hit John, doing nothing physically but still causing John's wand to sail overhead and into the waiting hands of Adam. Harry gave Adam a grateful smile, he didn't want to have to reveal his powers, especially in front of John.

When Harry turned to face him again, it was to see John about to punch him. Harry smoothly caught the would-be punch aimed at his face. Harry was about to twist John's arm when he felt a burning sensation in his hand and immediately let go. Harry's eyes widened in surprise. He saw John looking uncomfortable, not looking at Harry.

It was when his eyes did meet Harry, that Harry attacked, mentally at least. Harry went sifting through John's memories at a fast pace before John forcefully broke the legilimency through will alone. John looked at Harry fearfully knowing that Harry knew his secrets now, before running towards his room and shutting the door with a loud sound.

Adam watched as Harry's expressions changed from surprise to anguish to anger. Harry went into his room and Adam followed. When Adam entered the room, it was to see Harry standing silently by the window. Knowing Harry was in a bad mood, Adam just sat down on the bed.

"The one thing..." Harry said, his voice barely above a whisper as Adam struggled to hear it. "...the one thing, I thought I had that John didn't, and now I get to know he has it too." Harry said, his voice clear but still strained with emotion.

"What does he have?" asked Adam curiously.

"Of all the things, he had to be a freaking elemental as well!" Harry said.

"What! Are you sure?" Adam asked, surprised.

"Yeah, I used Legilimency on him, saw it all in his head. He's a fire elemental and apparently, Dumbledore is giving him special

elemental training. Turns out Dumbledore is an air elemental himself. Dumbledore's element is also a huge secret that Dumbledore does not want getting out. Plus, now I also know about John's secret, his element, his supposed element of surprise against Voldemort when he returns." Harry spoke, his occlumency draining his voice of every last emotion.

"I suspect Dumbledore will have a word with you soon, most probably about keeping his golden boy's secrets." Adam said.

Harry nodded, "Yeah, But the sad truth is, John can't even control a single flame around one hand.....unlike Lisa."

"Yeah, at least that's a relief," Adam said, before another thought occurred to him, "Wait, who's Lisa?"

"Can't tell you." Harry said silently cursing himself for his slip of tongue.

"Is she your super secret girlfriend?" Adam asked with a smirk on his lips.

At Harry's glare, he acquiesced, "fine, can't tell me. Jeez, can't you take a bit of humor." Adam said.

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Adam's guess turned out to be true as the very next day Dumbledore arrived at Potter Manor.

"Harry dear, Professor Dumbledore wishes to have a word with you." Lily said, directing Harry to his father's study.

"Greetings Professor." Harry said formally as he entered the study, subconsciously strengthening his occlumency shields.

"Ah, Hello Harry, have a seat." Dumbledore said. Harry seated himself and waited for Dumbledore to continue.

"Now, Harry it has come to my attention that you used Legilimency on your brother. I find myself wondering where you learned it." Dumbledore said looking at Harry questioningly.

"As his apprentice, I find it my right to keep Professor Snape's teachings secret." Harry said, smoothly avoiding the topic.

Dumbledore nodded, "Very well, but nonetheless, it does not excuse you from using it. As you very well know, using Legilimency against another person is a criminal offense. You could very well be sent to Azkaban for it." Dumbledore continued with a fake grim face.

"So why is the Headmaster of Hogwarts, Supreme Mugwump of the Wizengmot and Chief wizard of the ICW here to deal me justice?" Harry asked, sarcasm dripping from his tone.

There was an odd expression on Dumbledore's face. "There is also the information that you learned of from young John's mind." Dumbledore said.

"Yeah, I bet Voldemort would be happy to have that information when he returns. I mean, all he needs is a water elemental at his side to negate 'young' John's little surprise." Harry said with a smirk.

Even though he didn't show it, Dumbledore was frustrated, both with Harry's tone and the surprising amount of knowledge Harry had about elementals. He had been counting on Harry not knowing much about the value of that information. He needed to seal the deal quickly.

"If you are willing to make an unbreakable vow not to disclose the information you learned of in John's mind, I will be willing to let your offense go, otherwise you will be punished and expelled from Hogwarts." Dumbledore stated getting serious.

Harry nodded, he couldn't actually make any demands at this point. "I swear upon my magic and life that I will not disclose any of the information I learnt of in John's mind if the Headmaster does not push charges against me for said crime." Harry said.

“So mote it be”, Dumbledore said, Dumbledore’s wand providing the magic to seal the oath.

Harry quietly left the room, if he really needed to, Adam could disclose the information for him. After all, Dumbledore probably never considered that he had already told someone. He smirked, Dumbledore should have known he was dealing with a Slytherin. ‘Or maybe he just underestimated me because of my age’ Thought Harry.

X-X-X-X-X

It was their last day at Potter Manor, tomorrow they would be returning to Hogwarts. John had avoided Harry since that incident. Harry didn’t really care either way. Harry was thinking about how sullen Lisa had started to look. Today would be his last visit to her this winter. He couldn’t even owl her since as far as he knew, the Brotherhood headquarters existed underground. It was then that an idea struck him.

“Hey Adam, could you give me your mirror, I have another friend who needs it more than you since you’re at Hogwarts with me and she’s not.” Harry said.

“Ok, but tell me one thing”, Adam said getting a strange gleam in his eyes, “Is it Lisa?” He raised his eyebrows suggestively. Lily who had been hearing the exchange perked up at that.

Harry gave Adam a blank stare while Adam handed Harry the mirror.

“It is, isn’t it!” Adam exclaimed with barely concealed excitement.

“Shut up Adam.” Harry said.

“Who’s Lisa?” Lily inquired, her eyes dancing playfully.

Harry groaned in return.

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“I will try and solve it master.” Dimitri bowed. Harry had just handed Dimitri a diagram of the containment wards on Lisa’s door.

“Yes, But remember, this must be kept absolutely secret. If we manage to break these wards, I assure you we will have a very big asset to our cause.” Harry told Dimitri.

“Of course”, Dimitri replied.

“And meet me at the Hogs Inn at Hogsmeade in exactly one month’s time. We will start our plans soon.” Harry said.

Dimitri smiled as he nodded in reply. Harry left the Academy and headed straight towards Lisa's room.

“Hey Lisa.” Harry said as he entered.

He saw Lisa sitting on a couch with fire surrounding her clenched fists. “Hello”, she replied in a mellow face. Harry knew why she was upset, he was going back to Hogwarts and she would be lonely again.

"I've got a gift for you." Harry said.

Lisa perked up and the fire vanished.

“This here is a communication mirror, I have the counterpart of it. When you face it and speak my full name, my mirror will warm up and when I accept, we will be able to talk face to face. The same will happen if I speak your name.” Harry said.

Lisa was beyond happy at hearing that. She hugged Harry and didn't let go until Harry himself pushed her away. "Ok now, try it."

She spoke ‘Harry James Potter’ and Harry’s mirror warmed up. “Yeah it’s working. But wait, I don’t know your full name.” Harry asked.

“Lisa Grindelwald.” She replied.

[illegible]

A/N: I don't beg teachers as much for grades as I do my readers for reviews. :P

Anyways hope you enjoyed the story, tell me what you think, I especially need to know whether I should focus the rest of the year on Harry learning assassination, doing some more rituals, learning dangerous potions, etc. Although I plan to end Harry's third year next chapter (big things planned for 4th year, hehe), if you want I could extend it by probably one more chapter.

Till next time, wait I forgot, please REVIEW, and then goodbye.

Bearer of Bad News Part 1

X-X-X-X-X

Harry stood shocked. "So...so...are you Grindelwald's daughter?" At Lisa's nod, blasts of wind materialized and threw the furniture in the room into disarray as Harry partially lost control over his element. "How could someone be so cruel to their own daughter? I mean, I know what neglect feels like but even then, nothing my parents did could ever compare to doing experiments on your own child like a lab rat!"

As Harry gazed into Lisa's eyes, black orbs dripping with sadness, Harry found himself wondering about the injustice of it all. And yet underneath all that sadness, Harry could see a flame that burned, a desire to take control and live. Harry engulfed Lisa in a hug, her face now smeared with tears. Harry took deep calming breaths as his mind began to think logically again and started searching for answers. He wanted to go and confront Grindelwald about this but knew that that would amount to no good. What he needed to do was step up his plans to get Lisa out of here. "I promise I'll get you out of here soon." Harry whispered.

X-x-x-x-x

"Hello everyone, my name is Simon Oswell and I will be your lead examiner for the day. The OWL to be taken today is the Potions OWL and it is the winter session of OWLs in progress. You have two hours for the written portion which will be followed by an hour long practical. You will find all the rules and regulations on the cover of your exam paper. Good luck everyone and your time starts now!" Simon Oswell was a short man, with huge spectacles. He wasn't a talented wizard but as a potions master, the ministry had no better man.

Simon observed the students taking the exam. There were about ten of them, and he knew most of them were taking this OWL for the second or third time, trying to pass again so they could fulfill the potions OWL requirement required by most good jobs. He had no doubt they were talented in other fields but he didn't care about that, it was only talent in potions that caught his eye. His eyes were glued

on one student in particular, Severus Snape's protege. Snape was not known for his skills in teaching but it would be interesting to see how good this thirteen year old was.

Harry calmly finished up the written portion of the exam well before time and found himself waiting for the practical. When the time was up, the students were taken to potion labs specifically prepared for this portion of the exam. Harry found that it was the lead examiner for potions himself who was to overlook his exam.

"Mr. Potter, your assignment for this portion is to brew, within an hour, the cure for the Amortentia potion. You will find all the materials and instructions on the table, you may begin at any time." Simon Oswell said with a smirk on his face. Harry raised an eyebrow at the man, the potion was barely mentioned in the Potions OWLs syllabus, and the brewing was definitely NEWT level at the least. Looking at the instructions, Harry smirked. Some of them were similar to the ritual potions Snape had had him brew and he definitely had experience with those.

Simon Oswell watched in amazement and awe as Harry Potter sliced the ingredients to perfection and then started brewing the potion. His reflexes were amazing and he seemed to flow between steps required to brew the potion. He had never seen such grace in brewing potions in a student in his life. At the end of the process, a near perfect potion was ready and he doubted that he could have done better himself. Potions masters were highly sought after in the wizarding world and he knew that the ministry would love to get their hands on this young boy when he graduated. Harry knew for certain that he had just brewed himself an Outstanding by the look on the examiners face. He had cheated a bit, using telekinesis to help him cut ingredients but the examiner didn't need to know that.

X-X-X-X-X

"Harry, Harry! Are you alright?" Harry stirred at the sound. Slowly opening his eyes and sitting up, Harry examined his surroundings. He was in the dungeons, and the room was lit by candles. He rubbed his temple as he remembered why he was here. Looking around, he

spotted the communication mirror and picked it up. "It's alright Lisa, the ritual went fine." Harry said in a calm voice as he stood up.

"Now, to see if this body strengthening ritual actually works" Harry said as he punched the wall as hard as he could. "OW!" Harry exclaimed as he saw that his fist was bleeding badly. Lisa's worried voice carried over from the mirror but Harry ignored it, looking at the wall in astonishment. He had left a hole in the hard stone wall of the dungeons the size of his fist. His amazement did not last long though as pain shot through him again. Bone was showing at the forefront of his fist and he was beginning to lose blood fast. Apparently, he had forgotten that while the ritual did indeed give him the strength of a giant, his skin still remained as human as ever.

"Harry! What happened?" Lisa called out to him from the mirror. "Nothing, just a minor bruise. I'll talk to you later." Harry said as he cut off the connection. After drinking a blood replenishing potion, Harry packed up his stuff and made his way towards Snape's office.

"The ritual was successful sir." Harry told Snape. "Indeed?" Snape asked looking pointedly at Harry's bloodied hand. "Oh that was an accident sir, it happened after the ritual was already done." Harry explained sheepishly. Snape took out his wand and with a simple spell, bandages wrapped around Harry's hand. "Thank you sir, If I might ask, what is the next ritual I should undergo?" Harry asked.

"I'm afraid this is the last ritual I have for you Potter. Most of the rest in the book I have are either too mundane, such as growing animal like sharp teeth, or useless for you since you do not have magical reserves. So unless you come across another ritual text, which I doubt you will or create a ritual for yourself for which you would at least need mastery in both Potions and Runes, I think we are done with rituals." Snape explained to which Harry nodded in understanding.

"We will however step up your potions learning. So that you will be able to take your potions NEWT next year. After that you can choose a branch of potions you wish to specialize in and eventually achieve your mastery." Snape said. "I am pleased by your performance so far, including your outstanding in your OWL. In fact, it seems word of your

potions skills have already reached the 'Worldwide Association of Potion Masters'. The ministry is already seeking to have you recruited, St. Mungoes has shown interest and finally, once you complete your NEWTs, Dumbledore will look to have you join his cause as well. There is also the possibility that the Dark Lord will return and in that case he will also seek to recruit you. This is the true worth of a potions master, you could choose fame by joining Dumbledore, wealth by joining the ministry and power by joining the Dark Lord. From now on, I want you to keep that in the back of your mind as you study potions, because which faction you choose to join will most likely decide your specialization."

"Thank you for laying it all out for me sir. I will think about it." Harry said, a bit overwhelmed.

X-x-x-x-x

As a squib, I knew I could never take down a wizard in a fair fight, yet being an assassin is not about being fair, honest or moral. It is about getting the task done, killing someone by any means possible. An assassin needs to be quick, silent and have ultimate precision.....

As Harry read through Master Li's journals, he became both enamored and disgusted by it. To kill someone without a moment's hesitation, without them even knowing they were going to be dead the next moment and without leaving a trace, it was both horrible and beautiful. Harry didn't know if he would ever become an assassin but every morning, he would go through the precision and stealth exercises given in the journals nonetheless. Harry also learned some nifty runes that, once applied to clothing, would allow the user to move both silently and unseen.

And he knew that his illusion mind tricks would blend perfectly with these techniques, forming a deadly combination of mind magics and assassination techniques.

Looking at his watch, Harry noted that it was midnight and exactly one month after he had told Dimitri to meet him in the Hog's head. Harry made his way towards Hogsmeade.

Harry spotted the old vampire sitting in a corner of the pub shrouded by shadows. Harry's first question after sitting down was asking about the containment wards on Lisa's room. "I am afraid I bring bad news master, those wards were custom developed by Lord Grindelwald. Only a Rune Master with sufficient skill could break those and I'm afraid there are no true Rune Masters in the Brotherhood barring Lord Grindelwald. The only way past them would be to break into Lord Grindelwald's office and steal his journals." Dimitri said serenely.

"This is troubling. It seems I'll have to break into his office." Harry said. "How soon could you get me a layout of that section of headquarters as well as other wards in the area?" Harry asked. "That would take some time well over two months though." Dimitri replied.

"Very well, have that done by the time the school year at Hogwarts ends." Harry said sternly. Dimitri nodded in reply. "How is the situation with the werewolves going?" Harry asked.

"There have been unusually quiet. I suspect they are up to something big. I have tried planting spies amongst their midst but it is proving.....difficult." Dimitri said.

"They must be plotting something big. It is not like werewolves to keep quiet. If it ends up as violence, this will go down badly for us. Dimitri, as it is, the squibs in the brotherhood are all in disarray. There is nothing connecting them. I want you to sort of create an organization within the brotherhood consisting of squibs and the few vampires that we have. Nothing tangible but such that if in-fighting does break out inside the brotherhood, we should have a united front against the werewolves."

X-X-X-X-X

The thick branches of the trees barely allowed any light to reach the ground. Harry squinted in the darkness, he could barely make out anything but knew to trust his instincts more than his eyes. It was well past midnight and Harry was deep within the Forbidden forest. He had been following his prey for long. He knew his prey was fast and would outrun him if it had even the slightest hint of Harry's presence.

A quick glance at his surroundings showed no change and he decided to take action. As Harry moved, his prey suddenly became alert but before it had time to register the sound, Harry was upon it and in one fluid striking motion, his enhanced reflexes and strength guiding him, Harry sliced the head of it's prey clean off it's neck. Quickly taking action, Harry drew his own blood as he began to draw runes on the ground. Once done, the runes activated, disintegrating his pray into ashes. A wind began to blow as the ashes found themselves carried away by the wind itself like a broom sweeping them away. A little more mind magic and the subtle changes in the atmosphere like the grass that had been stepped on looked as untouched as ever. The illusion complete Harry released a sigh.

There was no sign of anything that had happened. It had started out small, killing rabbits to improve his assassination techniques. It had seemed laughable at the start but he found out that killing them was not as easy as he had hoped without using any of his powers. From rabbits to deers. And finally to the Threstral that he had killed today. Perhaps he needed to move on to bigger and more intelligent things. He had seen an acromantula nest a while back but the giant spiders had tried to swarm him when he got too close. Perhaps now he was ready to kill their queen. Yes, to do so silently and escape without a full on confrontation would be a true test of his skills in stealth and assassination.

Suddenly Harry heard the sound of hooves. Looking around, he saw that he was surrounded by a dozen centaurs.

"We have seen you hunt in our forest. You are not welcome here."
Said one of them.

Harry saw they had their crossbows pointed at him. Knowing that this was not a fight he could win, Harry decided to retreat and show off of course. Wind began to blow in a circle around him, this time picking up dirt and rocks from the ground. The centaurs were about to shoot when the circle of wind blasted outwards. Harry was already on the move, stepping past one of the knocked out centaurs, he had his invisibility cloak on him.

"Well, that was close." Harry said as he exited the forest. "Maybe next time I will go centaur hunting." Harry said with a smirk on his face.

X-x-x-x-x

Harry was excited to open the package his mother had sent him, not that he showed any emotion externally. When he finally reached his room, he ripped apart the packaging. What fell on the ground was a robe. Colored entirely in black with silver markings on the back and hem of the robes, Harry could discern that the markings were runes of some sort. The robe was a beautiful sight to behold. Harry began to read the letter that came with it.

Dearest Harry,

I've been working on this for quite a while. Knowing how annoyed you might feel when you cannot use your wand for simple charms like a warming charm, I thought you might like a robe that could do those for you. I have embedded within this robe, every useful everyday charm I could think of, from temperature charms, resistance charms to cheering charms. Sadly, the charms are only meant for the wearer of the cloak and will decrease in their potency the more you use them. I expect this should last you by the time summer comes around. I'll be sure to recharge the charms when you come home.

Here's a list of charms and how to activate them:

...

...

...

Just know that I will always love you Harry,

Your mother

Harry was touched. He held the robe close to himself for a few minutes and could feel the magic that was imbued in it, his mother's

magic. There was only a month left before the start of summer break. And the closer it came, the more he was looking forward to it. From getting Lisa out of Headquarters to creating an association within the brotherhood and hunting some werewolves to finally going home again.

Harry's happy mood lasted all day. "What's got you all giddy?" Adam asked as they made their way towards the great hall for dinner. "Nothing." Harry replied. He doubted anyone other than Adam could read him and tell when he was happy despite his occlumency shields in place.

"That's strange." Adam remarked as he saw that the headmaster as well as several staff members were missing from the head table. Harry too thought it was weird but decided to ignore it for now as he made his way towards the Slytherin table.

Most of dinner time passed before anything eventful happened. Harry was making subtle illusions to make a fool of Malfoy for fun when the doors to the great hall opened. Harry saw McGonagall walk in and head towards the Gryffindor table. Snape followed her in and headed straight towards Harry. Harry found himself feeling uneasy at the blank stare on Snape's face. "Follow me Potter." Snape said in a quiet voice.

Harry and when he looked back saw that John too was led to the headmasters office. Harry looked at John for any clue but found John to be just as much in the dark as he was. When they entered the headmaster's office, it was to see him standing behind his desk. There was no twinkle in his eyes as he told them to sit down. With a sigh, Dumbledore made a decision to be blunt. "I am sorry to be the bearer of such bad news but Lily Evans Potter was found murdered in her house as of one hour ago." Dumbledore stated serenely.

X-x-x-x-x

A/N: Yes I know what you all might think but it was necessary. It's always hard to write these types of scenes. I'd like to know if I pulled it off correctly. Anyways thank you all for reviewing, it was mainly your

reviews which helped write this chapter.

Well, ideas, criticism or simply random stuff, you can review to tell me what you think.

By the way, I realized why I have some grammatical mistakes. It's because I don't read over my chapters once I write them because I'm too lazy. If someone is willing to beta for me that would be awesome. Till next time.

The Bearer of Bad News part 2

X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X

Harry realized that Dumbledore was looking straight at him, waiting for some sort of reaction from those emotionless green orbs. It was a testament to his occlumency that none of Harry's inner emotions could be discerned by looking at him, his eyes devoid of emotion as a parchment is devoid of ink. 'He expects me to show emotion, ha! Laughable at best, but what emotion am I to show? I don't even know what I'm feeling right now. Is it pain and sadness for the loss of a loved one? I can't really tell from behind this curtain of occlumency...but I can feel it building up. I need to get out of here.' Harry's thoughts were racing.

The sound of shattering glass brought Harry out of his stupor. McGonagall was trying to calm John down who, it seemed had collapsed on the ground in a crying heap. John's magic was lashing about breaking Dumbledore's trinkets. 'My magic I suppose, but is it really mine anymore? Dumbledore's attention is diverted, only Snape is still looking at me, time to leave.' Harry spun on his heel and made his way towards the exit. Harry could feel Snape staring at him as he left without a word.

Malfoy noticed the squib Potter approaching him as he clutched the letter from his father in his hand. 'Father did tell me to make friends with the Potter boys now that their bloody mudblood mother is dead. Argh! It's preposterous to even think that Father is thinking of contesting for guardianship over the boys. Surely we could do without the Bloody Boy-who-lived, I mean, the Malfoys already have the fame and the money, there's nothing these Potters could add to....but father would be displeased if I didn't at least try...' Malfoy thought.

"Hey Potter, do you want to go flying?" Malfoy asked quashing his pride. Harry looked at Malfoy once before continuing on his way. The blank state of his eyes surprised Malfoy, he expected Potter to be a little more....vulnerable right now and thought that any act of friendship would be received well. But Potter was still continuing on his way. "I'm talking to you Potter!" Malfoy yelled after him but Harry was already a ways away from him. 'To hell with it! I'm not going to go

after a squib asking for his friendship. Perhaps the other Potter will be more receptive.'

Harry walked until he was deep within the forbidden forest. Standing in the middle of a clearing, Harry let his occlumency barriers fall. The pent up emotions hit him like a rock, his mind unable to bear it anymore. He let out a scream, it felt good and some of the pressure on his mind lessened. He screamed again and again until he could scream no more. With each scream, a circular blast of wind materialized around him as his element took form and spread outwards, doing damage to the trees or rocks it hit. The clearing was now a mess from broken branches, up-heaved rocks and layers of dirt covering everything in the vicinity. His throat dry from screaming, his emotions having found an outlet, Harry felt exhausted. His occlumency barriers took over, now in perfect control of his emotions as Harry fell unconscious from mental exhaustion.

The sound of hooves rang through the clearing as a horde of centaurs approached. They had heard the commotion and came to investigate. Their crossbows pointed at the unconscious form of Harry Potter, they all stood in a circle around him. The eldest of the centaurs went forward to observe and recognized the boy as the one who dared hunt in their forest and who had escaped them earlier. "Lower your bows, have you forgotten our laws?" The elder centaur commanded. "We do not fight against someone who is already vulnerable. And no matter how much I would like to kill this foe of our forest, right now is not the time."

X-X-X-X-X

The rain and the clouds covering the sky were accurate reflections of the mood permeating the environment. It was impossible to distinguish the rain from the tears on people's faces. Umbrellas were not used as this was a gathering of wizards, their clothes eerily dry despite all the rain falling on them. The somber mood, the dark clothes, the aged wizard speaking and the casket in the midst of it all meant no one could mistake this for anything but a funeral, the funeral of Lily Evans Potter. "I remember Lily from when she first arrived at Hogwarts, a muggleborn that was unsure of this world, completely different from her own; yet in those eyes, I could see a

determination that I have rarely seen in children so young. As Lily grew up, her delightful personality, her brilliance with a wand and most importantly her strength of will brought about a change in many people. It is people like Lily that stand out sharply against all of this darkness that seems to surround us at every moment, and most importantly, the darkness in our hearts; their limitless love makes the world a better place. And I know in my heart, that with her departure the world weeps for the loss of such love." Dumbledore addressed the gathering.

Harry stood some distance away from the gathering, intense emotions swirling through his eyes. He ignored the fluttering of his robe from the wind lashing about. He did not care that he was soaked in water, nor the fact that his shoes were covered in mud. It had been an intense week for him. He had avoided people and despite all of Adam's efforts to find him, he was unsuccessful. Harry watched on as Lily was buried, as John broke down in tears, as all of those people came forward to say stuff about how they knew Lily and all of that. Harry could not watch anymore, and when the phoenix started to sing that song of his, he found himself about to throw up. But Harry could not look away, and time passed by. Harry watched on as people apparated away, and he was left alone, staring at his mother's grave from a distance. Before his thoughts could wander however, Harry heard an apparition behind him. Turning around, he saw an injured and bruised Remus Lupin on the ground.

"Remus!" Harry exclaimed as he approached him. "Harry, it was Grindelwald." Remus said.

"What are you talking about? And what do you know about Grindelwald? And where have you been for so long?" Harry asked.

"I'll start from the beginning I guess. I used to work for the Brotherhood. Then I heard news of a new squib apprentice to Grindelwald. Naturally, the werewolves were pissed and then our leader started sending werewolves after this apprentice. But when you told me werewolves were after you, I suspected you were the apprentice. But I needed to be sure before confronting you; I needed to know why Grindelwald chose you as his apprentice. So I went digging into the Brotherhood secrets. I found out about you of course

but then I stumbled upon something even bigger. Grindelwald had fed a long term potion to your mother, one that seeps into the bloodstream. Grindelwald wanted the BWL on his side, so he had his research department come up with a potion that would make the drinker hate their child. But not all the children, it would make the drinker dislike the child they loved the most. In his arrogance, Grindelwald assumed that being the boy-who-lived, your mother would love John more but as time went on and she did not start hating John, Grindelwald assumed the potion had failed. Unfortunately, it did work but Grindelwald realized this later, and your mother started neglecting you since she had originally loved you more. I suspect it was only Lily's strength of will that she never outright hated you but she could not fully withstand the strength of the potion." Remus said breathing heavily now. "That bastard," Harry exclaimed, furious but at Remus's motion, quieted down to listen.

"Coming back to the present, Grindelwald was excited about your power and how you would be his perfect weapon for Dumbledore's boy-who-lived. But Grindelwald had you monitored and found out about your improving relationship with your mother. He tried to interfere but then he couldn't stop you two from getting close so he ordered assassins after her. I would have told you all of this sooner Harry but I've been held prisoner at Headquarters for a long time. And when I heard of Lily's death, I knew I could stay prisoner no longer and did everything in my power to escape and as you can see, it wasn't pretty." Remus said coughing up blood from having spoken for too long.

Harry was livid. Looking at Remus's condition though, Harry put his revenge on the back of his mind for now. "Are you okay Remus? How did you escape? And you need to get to a hospital." Harry said, noting that Remus despite some makeshift bandages, he was still bleeding.

But before Remus could open his mouth, Remus fell to the ground, a silver knife sticking out from his back and soon, disintegrated into ashes.

"Ah, even the best ones turn traitor and it saddens me to kill them off," Remarked Shaun Colbert, leader of the werewolves in the

brotherhood, apprentice to Grindelwald and most importantly an earth elemental. He was standing a distance away and Harry could see he was wearing gloves so as not to get burned by the silver knife he had thrown.

Harry was beyond angry but his occlumency barriers were at full strength. Hence it was a calm faced, rationally thinking Harry who stood up and turned to face the earth elemental. He would go all out in this fight, and he would kill the werewolf.

Ten silver knives emerged from his pockets, and shot towards the werewolf at blinding speeds. Shaun just stood there with a smile on his face as the knives hit him and fell to the ground, their tips blunted. "Ah well Harry, you see the earth protects me from those quick little knives of yours. My body is covered by a thin layer of the strongest rock on earth." Shaun said smugly. Twirling his wand in his hand, Shaun remarked "you see Harry, I could always use my wand but I believe my elemental powers should be enough to defeat you."

Harry looked into Shaun's eyes and was about to use legilimency before he realized werewolves had natural barriers, which meant he couldn't use illusions either. Harry sent bursts of wind that sliced through the air as they approached Shaun. A wave of his hand and a wall sprang up in front of Shaun, and even Harry's piercing blasts could not penetrate it. Using telekinesis, Harry pushed hard and Shaun's own wall came towards him at crashing speeds. However, Shaun jumped aside just in time. "I'll admit, I didn't expect that," Shaun remarked dusting off the dirt from his clothes.

Harry sprang into action, running towards Shaun, trying to get into close combat. Knowing that nothing would pierce Shaun's armor and that the earth element was the perfect counter for an air element, his elemental attacks would be useless. However golems emerged from the ground in front of him and Harry had to fight them off. His wind attacks were withstood by the sturdy golems and his weapons could not pierce their bodies. The only way through was to fight them hand to hand. The inhuman strength did not however stop his body from bruising and bleeding all over and yet the supply of golems was endless. With the occasional telekinesis, Harry was able to incapacitate large numbers but there was only so much telekinesis he

could use. Suddenly Harry thought of something and jumped in the air. He flew upwards barely five feet when vines shot out of the ground and wrapped around his ankles. Taking out Slytherin's dagger for the first time, Harry cut the vines that decayed on the spot and landed on the ground gracefully. His dagger gave him warmth and a new found confidence. The dagger plunged into the golems and they disintegrated on the spot. Harry was finishing off the golems faster than Shaun could make them. And soon the path cleared and Harry lunged towards Shaun.

Swift wand movement and Harry could only watch as the dark red colored spell hit him in the chest. Harry fell to the ground screaming as it felt like burning needles were piercing all parts of his body. After only a minute that seemed endless, Shaun lifted the crucio curse and looked down at the heavily breathing Harry. "I would have finished you off easily but I supposed I underestimated you again and this time was closer than I would have liked." Shaun said looking at the dagger lying on the ground. He bent down to pick it up but hissed as the dagger burned his finger. He levitated the dagger using his wand and created a box of stone to put it in. Harry was bruised and was feeling pain all over his body but he still tried to get up one more time. Shaun noticed his movement and stunned him as the world went dark for Harry.

[illegible]

A/N: I'll have to cut it short here. Yes I know the chapter is unusually short but I needed to get this out before continuing with the story. I promise the next chapter will be twice as long.

Next chapter: Harry imprisoned, will he escape? Will Lisa be finally freed? The werewolves revolt and on the other hand, who will become guardians for Harry and/or John? Leave your ideas as reviews because I still haven't decided. Or just review anyways, it keeps me happy.

CHP24